PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
JUNE 1990 • $3.95
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR
RENEÉ TENISON
INTERVIEW: GREAT TALK FROM TV'S TALKIEST SHOW, THIRTYSOMETHING
MICKEY ROURKE AND CARRÉ OTIS ARE ON FIRE IN WILD ORCHID
PLUS: MEXICO FOR LOVERS, HORSE RACING FOR FUN AND PROFIT, BIKES FOR THE NINETIES AND MUCH, MUCH MORE
06
35220
0 300955 0

© Philip Morris Inc. 1990

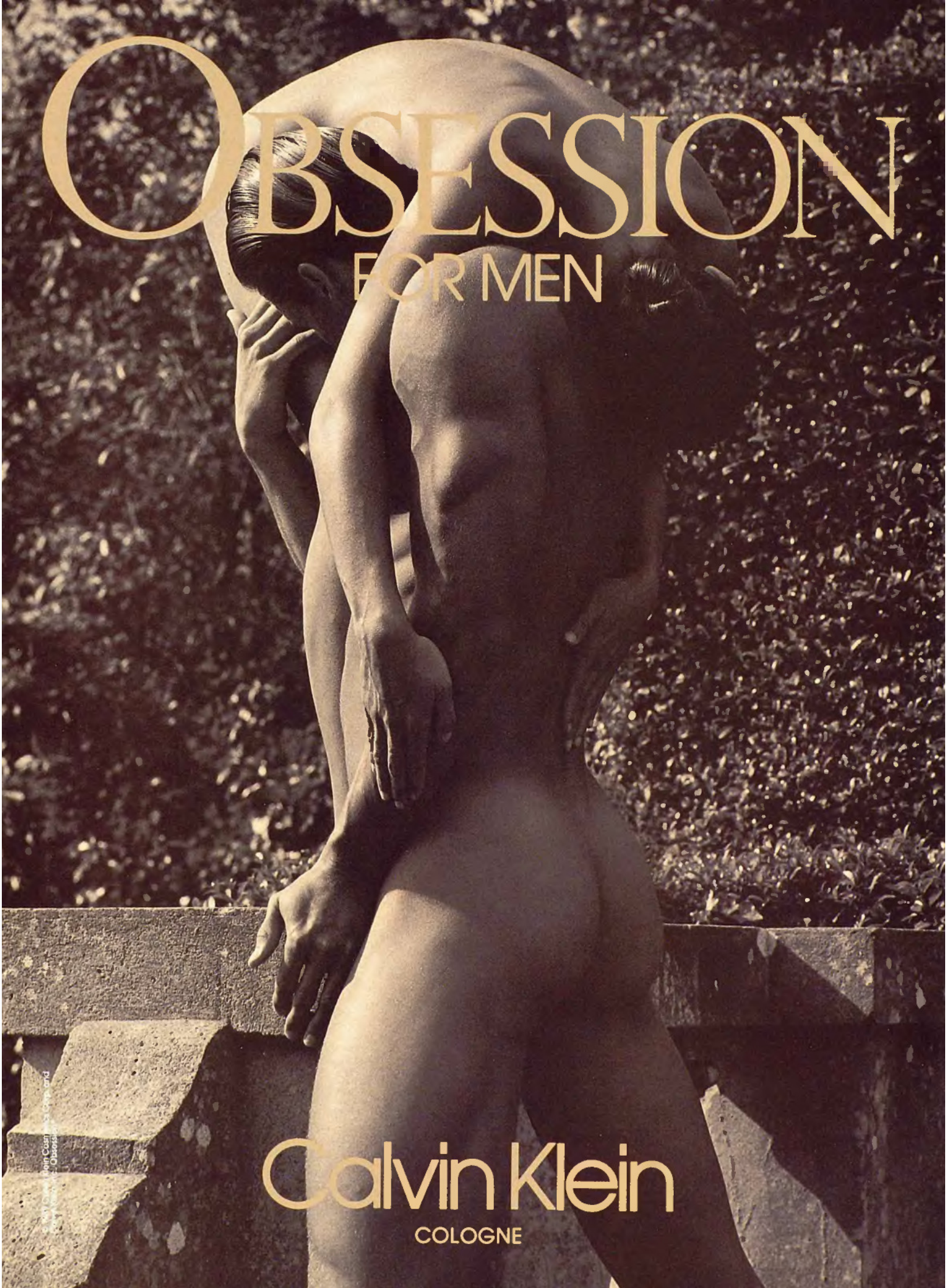
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Racing '90

These men know how to take the checkered flag. At Indy, Emerson Fittipaldi took it on the final lap last year. And at Indy in 1985, Danny Sullivan took it after spinning 360° between turns 1 and 2. Now these two CART Champions bring their horsepower to the Marlboro Racing Team '90. For 16 races, including the Marlboro Grand Prix, Marlboro 500 and the Marlboro Challenge, which is the only race held just for CART's top guns, their Chevy-powered Marlboro Penske Chassis will be the ones to catch—travelling faster than one football field every second. Sure, Fittipaldi and Sullivan are teammates. But when the green flag drops, it's every man for himself.

Presented by Marlboro Cigarettes.


OBSESSION
FOR MEN
Calvin Klein
COLOGNE

PLAYBILL

AH, JUNE. One of our favorite months. A time of changes, seasonal and sensational, when our thoughts naturally turn to the great outdoors, to fresh air and sunshine, to fun with friends in exotic places. We promise not to get too transported if you promise to pay close attention to an issue chockablock with excitement.

Start with our newest Playmate of the Year, **Reneé Tenison,** who ushers in a new decade, not to mention a new era: She's the first black woman to win that honor. The newly crowned Miss Tenison graced our pages as a hopeful in the 35th Anniversary Playmate Hunt before appearing on the November 1989 centerfold. She's off to a fast start this year, having been whisked from her Idaho home to the Paris studio of internationally known photographer **Francis Giacobetti,** where her pictorial was shot. We think you'll agree that the trip was worth it.

On the subject of special trips, in *Mexico for Lovers*, **Michael Tennesen** and Articles Editor **John Rezek** headed south of the border and designed five distinctive getaways (illustrated by **Nick Backes**), each to coincide with a different stage of a romantic relationship. Relationships, of course, are the special province of Yuppiedom's *Brady Bunch*—the talk-talk-talk cast of ***thirtysomething.*** And this month, all seven of the show's stars and the creators talk to their heart's content in a rare joint *Playboy Interview* with Contributing Editor **David Sheff.** It's really, well, something.

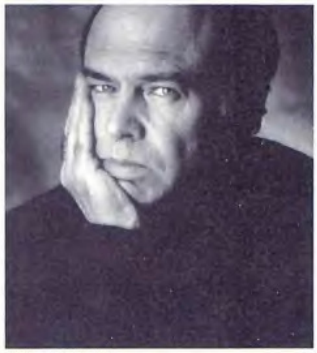
If you've ever gone to a race track and ended up feeling like you were on another planet, we have the horse player right here. The Lemon Drop Kid of *The Washington Post*, **Andrew Beyer,** a mighty good judge of horseflesh, shows that, in many cases, a fool and his money need not necessarily be parted. In *Gentlemen, Place Your Bets* (illustrated by longtime *Playboy* contributor **Le Roy Neiman**), he shares some untoutably inside track information on picking the ponies.

If your taste for summer entertainment tends to take you onto a faster track, check out the pedal-to-the-metal *20 Questions* with race-car driver **Willy T. Ribbs,** by Contributing Editor **Walter Lowe, Jr.** Ribbs, the International Motor Sports Association's former driver of the year, and a bit of a cult figure to the true racing enthusiast, is now driving for **Bill Cosby** and the Raynor/Cosby team on the CART/Indy car circuit. Cosby caught the infamous Ribbs victory shuffle after a Trans-Am race and was impressed enough to invest a large chunk of change on the man who is the first black with a shot at winning this year's Indy 500.

Not all is fun and games this month. *Sex Bullies*, by **Molly Ivins,** syndicated columnist for the *Dallas Times Herald*, is a disturbing look at attempts to legislate against sex by the anti-almost-everything crowd. A few years ago, its partisans packed the Meese commission. In this month's *Reporter's Notebook: Such Unholy Business*, **Robert Scheer** brings us up to date on one of its members, **Father Bruce Ritter,** the troubled founder of Covenant House who now finds himself—guilty or innocent—trapped in the same noxious atmosphere in which he once so heartily thrived. What goes around comes around, it seems.

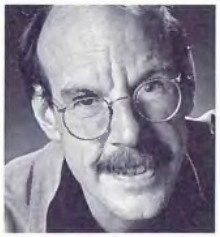
So you think June is hot just because it's summer? Think again and read up on the early history of jazz, which gets a close look in *The Devil's Music*, part one of an exciting new series of articles, *Playboy's History of Jazz and Rock*, by author/educator **John Sinclair.** Then check out our fashion, *Swimwear 1990*, with bodybuilder **Cory Everson** (photographed by **Mario Casilli**), and the pictorial *Wild Orchid*, a visit to the set of the very steamy movie (with scenes you probably won't get to see on American screens) starring **Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset** and **Carré Otis.**

Our summer fiction keeps up the suspense, as author **Lawrence Block** tosses some sinister turns into the mix in *Answers to Soldier* (illustrated by **Dennis Nechvatal**). Finally, June Playmate **Bonnie Marino,** another finely nurtured product from the California wine country, and a head-for-the-hills feature on super summer cycling round out the overture to what should be an exciting summer. The heat's on. Enjoy it!


GIACOBETTI

BACKES

SHEFF


BEYER

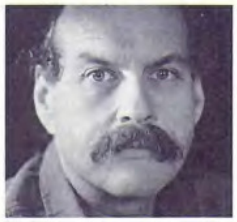
NEIMAN

IVINS

LOWE

SINCLAIR

CASILLI


BLOCK

NECHVATAL

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), JUNE 1990, VOLUME 37, NUMBER 6. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, & AT ADDL. MAILING OFFICES. SUBS. IN THE U.S., $26 FOR 12 ISSUES. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGE TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007.

250 YEARS BEFORE THERE WAS A GERMANY, THERE WAS A DUTCH BEER CALLED GROLSCH.

Holland was enjoying Grolsch beer when present-day Germany was a patchwork of feuding tribes and fiefdoms. Things have changed since then, but, fortunately for the beer enthusiast, the purely natural, non-pasteurized, uniquely satisfying qualities of Grolsch have not. **Grolsch**

Tastes the same here as it does over there.

PLAYBOY

vol. 37, no. 6—june 1990

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		**3**
DEAR PLAYBOY		**11**
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		**15**
MEN	ASA BABER	**33**
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL	**34**
SPORTS	DAN JENKINS	**36**
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		**39**
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		**45**
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK: SUCH UNHOLY BUSINESS—opinion	ROBERT SCHEER	**55**
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: *THIRTYSOMETHING*—candid conversation		**57**
ANSWERS TO SOLDIER—fiction	LAWRENCE BLOCK	**78**
WILD ORCHID—pictorial		**82**
SEX BULLIES—article	MOLLY IVINS	**88**
SWIMWEAR 1990—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	**90**
PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF JAZZ AND ROCK—article	JOHN SINCLAIR	**96**
BONNIE RATES—ployboy's ploymate of the month		**102**
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		**114**
GENTLEMEN, PLACE YOUR BETS—orticle	ANDREW BEYER	**116**
PEDAL POWER—modern living		**120**
MEXICO FOR LOVERS—travel		**129**
THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—pictoriol		**136**
PLAYBOY COLLECTION—modern living		**148**
20 QUESTIONS: WILLY T. RIBBS		**152**
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		**177**

Reneé Reigns P. 136

Deadly Mission P. 78

Bonnie Rates P. 102

Pedal Power P. 120

COVER STORY

She's $100,000 richer, the proud owner of a new Eagle Talon TSi and our first black Playmate of the Year. Kudos to Reneé Tenison, a lady who, at the age of 21, has it all. Turn to page 136 for more of Reneé in a special *Playboy* pictorial. Our caver was praduced by Jacques Trinquart Praductions, styled by Myriam Bernard and photographed by Francis Giacobetti. Hair and make-up were dane by Fabienne Sévigné. The Rabbit stakes his claim as hair apparent.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS FOR PLAYBOY IS RANDY GOSS. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1990 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE, MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DÉPOSÉE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. **CREDITS:** PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 3 JOSEPH BLOUGH, BRUCE FINE, TOM MCAFEE, WILLIAM O'LEARY, SCOTT SHIGLEY, MICHAEL P. SMITH, STEPHANIE WILLIAMSON; P. 20 MIKE JONES; P. 28 HENNY GARFUNKEL/© UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS; P. 30 STEVE SCHAPIRO/NBC; P. 56 BOB D'AMICO/ABC; P. 82 RICHARD AUJARO/VISION INTERNATIONAL; P. 85 STEPHEN VAUGHAN/© 1990 VISION INTERNATIONAL; P. 96 RICHARD IZUI; P. 97 WILLIAM RANSOM HOGAN JAZZ ARCHIVE/TULANE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY; P. 98 ICHI-08635, ICHI-08233, A HOUSE DIVIDED: AMERICA IN THE AGE OF LINCOLN EXHIBITION/CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ANDREW GOLDMAN; P. 99 ICHI-21634, ICHI-21660/CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY, GOLDMAN; P. 100 GOLDMAN, HOGAN JAZZ ARCHIVE/TULANE (2), THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY; P. 101 GOLDMAN, HOGAN JAZZ ARCHIVE/TULANE (2), JOSEPH MERRICK JONES STEAMBOAT COLLECTION/MANUSCRIPTS SECTION/HOWARD-TILTON MEMORIAL LIBRARY/TULANE UNIVERSITY; PP. 180–181 STEVE CONWAY; P. 182 RICHARD FEGLEY. PP. 138–145 PRODUCTION BY JACQUES TRINQUART PRODUCTIONS, STYLING BY MYRIAM BERNARD, HAIR AND MAKE-UP BY FABIENNE SÉVIGNÉ. P. 177 GEAR BAG FROM PORT SUPPLY, CHICAGO. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: P. 15 PATER SATO; P. 16 ADAM NIKLEWICZ; P. 18 KEVIN POPE; P. 20 RON KRISS; P. 32 GLENN ARVIDSON; P. 33 ART RUIZ; P. 34 LINDA BLECK; P. 36 JOHN BREAKEY; P. 39 DENNIS MUKAI; PP. 45–48 WILLIAM CONE; P. 50 JOHN SCHMELZER; P. 52 EVERETT PECK; P. 180 GREG PETAN, DAN PICASSO, SCHMELZER; P. 181 ELVIRA REGINE, DAVID WILGUS, DAN YACCARINO; P. 182 PAMELA HOBBS, DAVID LEVINE, TOM PATRICK. FRANKLIN MINT OUTSERT IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. RJR HORIZON INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 32-33 IN GEORGIA. ST. PAULI GATEFOLD BETWEEN PAGES 126-127 IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTIONS ONLY. SUBSCRIBER SERVICE INFORMATION ON PAGE 418. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

The Wrong Driver Is About to Get a Ticket (really, it isn't the policeman's fault)

Radar displays a speed, but doesn't say which car it is clocking. Who gets the ticket? It's a guess—sometimes the wrong guess.

Our engineers have prepared a full report on traffic radar. We feel every driver should have a copy. It's just off the press, written in plain English. Some of its conclusions may startle you. If you want one, it's yours free.

Why You Should Have This Report

As a motorist, you should know how radar works...and why radar operators don't always guess right. If they're wrong just 1% of the time, that's 100,000 undeserved tickets each year.

Call or write for your free report today.

(At Cincinnati Microwave, we make Escort, Passport, and the remarkable new miniaturized Solo radar detectors.)

FOR YOUR FREE COPY OF THIS COMPLETE REPORT MAIL COUPON OR CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-543-1608

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 900760
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

Send my free copy of your private Traffic Radar Report

Name

Address

City

State, Zip

JUST A PHONE CALL AWAY...

PLAYMATE ON-THE-AIR
It's bonus time! Hear either June Playmate Bonnie Marino or Playmate of the Year Renee Tenison reveal their turn-ons, turn-offs and much more. And you can leave them a personal message.

THE PARTY JOKE LINE
Laugh along with the red-hot comedy of PLAYBOY. Or leave us your joke and earn $25 if selected.

PLAYBOY ADVISOR ON-THE-AIR
Playmates respond to your recorded questions.

THE PLAYBOY MAILBOX
Tell us how you feel about the women of PLAYBOY, music, sports and more.

CALL THE PLAYBOY HOTLINE TODAY
GET A FREE AUTOGRAPHED PLAYMATE PHOTO AND LETTER!

1-900-740-3311

A product of Playboy Enterprises, Inc. Only $2 a minute.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor-in-chief

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*
TOM STAEBLER *art director*
GARY COLE *photography director*
G. BARRY GOLSON *executive editor*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: JOHN REZEK *editor;* PETER MOORE *senior editor;* **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor;* **MODERN LIVING:** DAVID STEVENS *senior editor;* PHILLIP COOPER, ED WALKER *associate editors;* **FORUM:** TERESA GROSCH *associate editor;* **WEST COAST:** STEPHEN RANDALL *editor;* **STAFF:** GRETCHEN EDGREN *senior editor;* JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* BRUCE KLUGER, BARBARA NELLIS, KATE NOLAN *associate editors;* JOHN LUSK *traffic coordinator;* **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *editor;* WENDY GRAY *assistant editor;* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor;* **COPY:** ARLENE BOURAS *editor;* LAURIE ROGERS *assistant editor;* MARY ZION *senior researcher;* LEE BRAUER, CAROLYN BROWNE, BARI NASH, REMA SMITH, DEBORAH WEISS *researchers;* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, DENIS BOYLES, KEVIN COOK, LAURENCE GONZALES, LAWRENCE GROBEL, CYNTHIA HEIMEL, WILLIAM J. HELMER, DAN JENKINS, WALTER LOWE, JR., D. KEITH MANO, REG POTTERTON, DAVID RENSIN, RICHARD RHODES, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, BRUCE WILLIAMSON *(movies)*, SUSAN MARGOLIS-WINTER

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors;* BRUCE HANSEN *associate director;* JOSEPH PACZEK, ERIC SHROPSHIRE *assistant directors;* KRISTIN KORJENEK *junior director;* ANN SEIDL *senior keyline and paste-up artist;* BILL BENWAY, PAUL CHAN *art assistants;* BARBARA HOFFMAN *administrative manager*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JEFF COHEN *managing editor;* LINDA KENNEY, JAMES LARSON, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *associate editors;* PATTY BEAUDET *assistant editor;* POMPEO POSAR *senior staff photographer;* STEVE CONWAY *assistant photographer;* DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers;* SHELLEE WELLS *stylist;* STEVE LEVITT *color lab supervisor;* JOHN GOSS *business manager*

MICHAEL PERLIS *publisher*
JAMES SPANFELLER *associate publisher*

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO *director;* MARIA MANDIS *manager;* RITA JOHNSON *assistant manager;* JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, CARRIE HOCKNEY *assistants*

CIRCULATION

BARBARA GUTMAN *subscription circulation director;* ROBERT O'DONNELL *retail marketing and sales director;* STEVE M. COHEN *communications director*

ADVERTISING

JEFFREY D. MORGAN *associate ad director;* STEVE MEISNER *midwest manager;* JOHN PEASLEY *new york sales director*

READER SERVICE

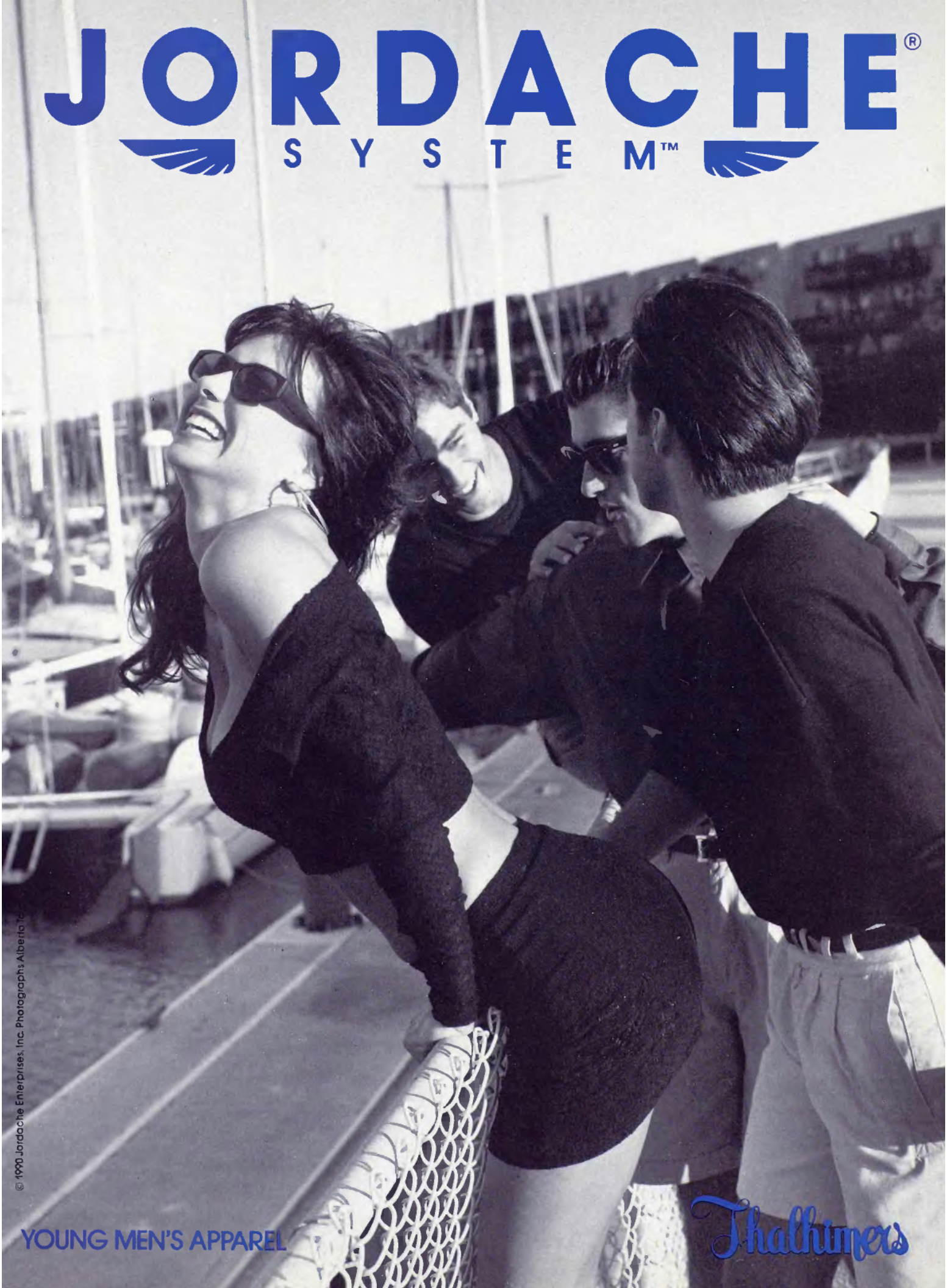
CYNTHIA LACEY-SIKICH *manager;* LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

ADMINISTRATIVE

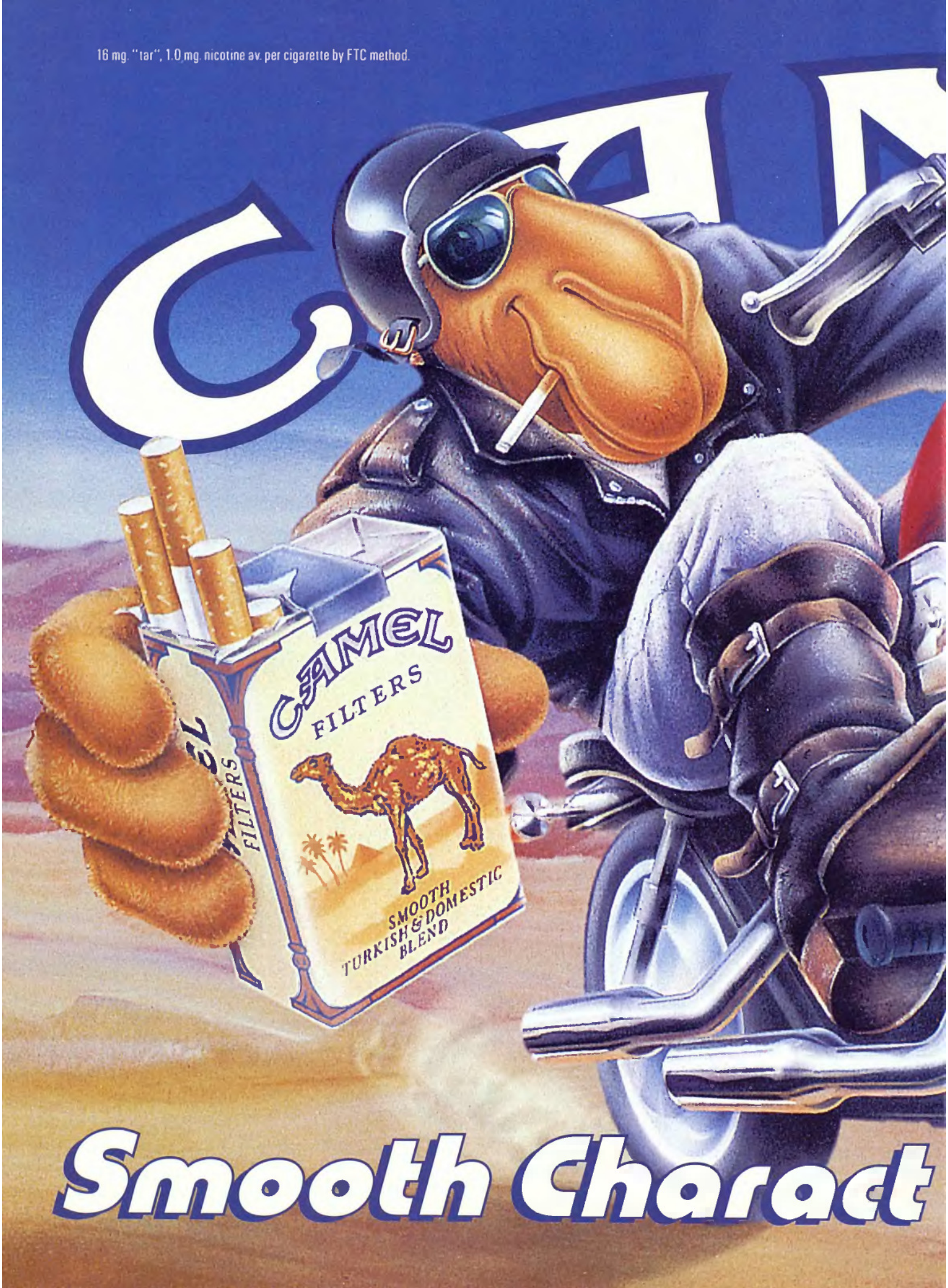
EILEEN KENT *editorial services manager;* MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions administrator*

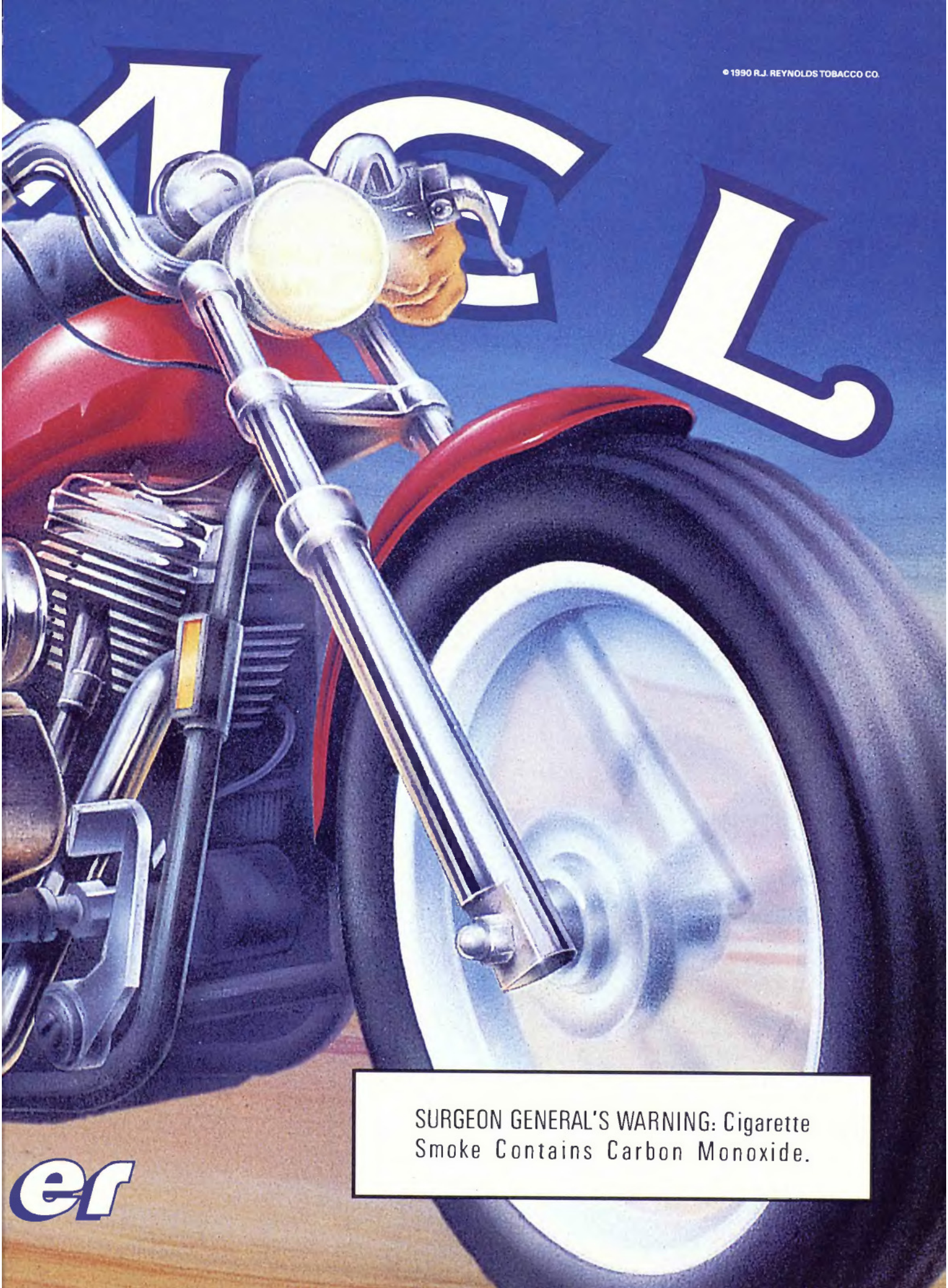
PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

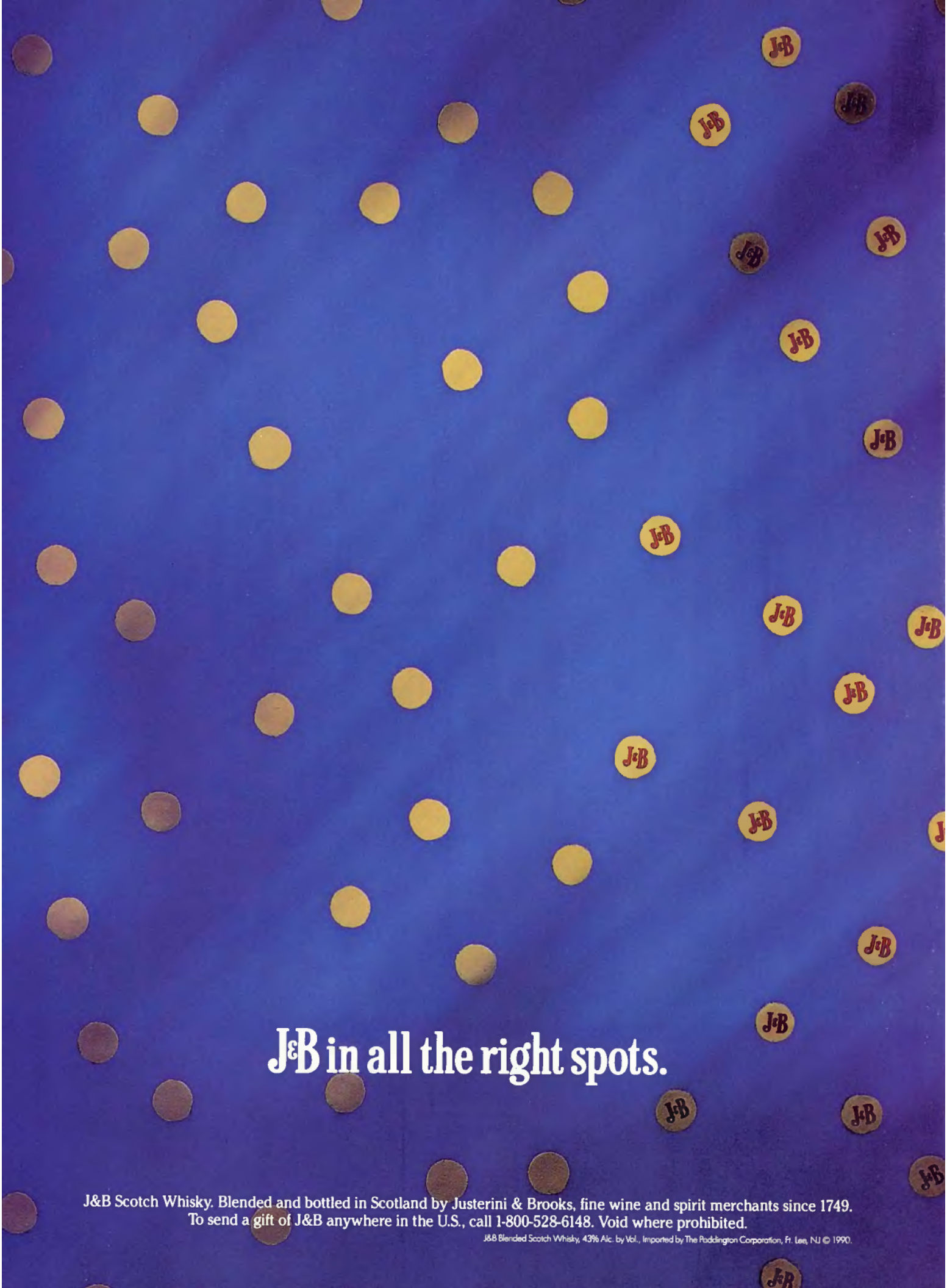
CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*


JORDACHE®
SYSTEM™
© 1990 Jordache Enterprises, Inc. Photograph: Alberto
YOUNG MEN'S APPAREL
Thalhimers

16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.




©1990 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.



J&B Scotch Whisky. Blended and bottled in Scotland by Justerini & Brooks, fine wine and spirit merchants since 1749.
To send a gift of J&B anywhere in the U.S., call 1-800-528-6148. Void where prohibited.

J&B Blended Scotch Whisky, 43% Alc. by Vol., Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Ft. Lee, NJ © 1990.

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY MAGAZINE
680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

TRUMP INTERVIEW

I enjoyed the *Playboy Interview* with Donald Trump in the March issue. His nonsense approach to life and business has earned my respect. I also thought it very special that Trump appears on your cover with one of my favorite Playmates, Brandi Brandt. And after careful consideration, I've reached the following conclusion: I would rather have Brandi's assets in my portfolio than Trump's holdings, substantial as they are.

Roger C. Ukele
Norton, Kansas

How can someone whose father made $20,000,000 and who grew up in a 23-room house say he's self-made?

Judith Shannon
Boonton, New Jersey

Your Donald Trump interview changed me from a critic to a fan. Hell, if he ran for political office, I would vote for him. Maybe if he were in charge of the national budget, we might make some progress.

Al Bannowsky
Vernal, Utah

The Trump interview confirms my suspicions about the man: incredibly shallow, a master of self-delusion and out of touch with 99.9 percent of human reality. Turning inherited money, borrowed money and stolen money (a more honest term than tax abatements) into fast food for the eyes isn't success, it's malignancy.

Here, stripped of buzz words, is how the economy operates for such types: We buy the chips and they gamble with them. If they win, they get to keep everything. If they lose, we pay them back. Simple.

Robert Lee Hefter
Wanamassa, New Jersey

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed Glenn Plaskin's March *Playboy Interview* with Donald Trump. I've read many past interviews and have never been so moved as by this one.

Even though I am only 29 years old and have been in business for a short five years, I can relate to Trump's ideas on the "art of the deal." Accepting that one cannot possibly work with or please everyone is an important realization in the business world. And knowing that this lesson has to be learned in big business as well as small has given me the motivation to look beyond what I have and strive for more.

Thanks for the shot of adrenaline.

Mark R. Matthews
Aurora, Colorado

ROCKING RACISM

Having read Dave Marsh's prattling in *Rocking Racism* (*Playboy*, March), I hope you'll allow a retort to his unconscionable generalities, knee-jerk reactionism and liberal posing.

Vernon Reid may very well have thought that the audience of 70,000 cheered Axl Rose's insipidities, but I was in that audience and I would be amazed if there were more than 1000 boneheads egging him on. To a black musician of Reid's excellence, 1000 antiblack sentiments must be very disheartening, especially after he just got through playing his heart out. All I can think to offer in return is that it would also be easy to find 1000 white-hating blacks. It's poor counterpoint, but that's the kind of backwater mud ball we're living on, Vernon.

Marc S. Tucker
Manhattan Beach, California

I wonder if Dave Marsh (flag-bearer for the music industry's oppressed) has ever used the term blue-eyed soul. Isn't that racism?

Ken Schroeder
Rock Island, Illinois

Dave Marsh's article in the March *Playboy*, *Rocking Racism*, is, for the most part, right on the mark.

The tearing down of the color barrier will occur only when the people who run record companies, radio stations and MTV stop looking for commercial potential and start looking for quality acts that

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), JUNE 1990, VOLUME 37, NUMBER 6. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $26 FOR 12 ISSUES, U.S. CANADA, $39 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $39 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6–8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: NEW YORK: 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611; WEST COAST: PERKINS, FOX & PERKINS, 3205 OCEAN PARK BOULEVARD, SUITE 100, SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA 90405.

Sensual Aids:

How to order them without embarrassment.

How to use them without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sensual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be sold or given to any other company. No unwanted, embarrassing mailings. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction – or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sensual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to pleasure (perhaps many you never knew existed!)

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasure.

If you're prepared to intensify your own pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection Gold Edition catalogue. It is priced at just four dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. PB 0690
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection Gold Edition catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for four dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase. ($4 U.S., $5 CAN., £3 U.K.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

I am an adult over 21 years of age:

_____
(signature required)

Xandria, 874 Dubuque Ave., South San Francisco 94080. Void where prohibited by law.

have something to say. That has always been the mark of true success, whether it be Leadbelly, Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, Tracy Chapman or Living Colour.

Mark Schnabel
Newton, Kansas

BACK TO THE FUTURE, STEALTH-WISE

Thanks for extending a sneak peek into 1991 in *Decade of the Driver* (*Playboy*, March). While we were pleased that you include the 1991 Dodge Stealth rendering

in your feature, we thought your readers might prefer to see this model in the flesh.

Scott Sweeney
Dodge Public Relations
Highland Park, Michigan

BIG DEAL IN PARADISE

As someone in the process of moving to Costa Rica, possibly near Golfito, I enjoyed Contributing Editor Reg Potterton's article *Big Deal in Paradise* (*Playboy*, March) and thought it funny; however, it represents the ultimate in "ugly American" thinking.

Potterton travels to Costa Rica without bothering to learn a few Spanish phrases or reading a book such as Beatrice Blake and Anne Becher's *The New Key to Costa Rica*. He makes fun of *The Tico Times*, which often carries articles by Americans discussing the advantages and disadvantages of living there. He wants Costa Rica to serve his interests and to provide an environment like that of Chicago.

Costa Rica has problems, but it rightly takes great pride in its reputation as a peaceful democracy and in its spending income on education and medical care rather than on tanks and obsolete jet fighters. Costa Rica has developed programs for retired people and investors who want to share in its paradise, but Costa Rica is Costa Rica and not a *Latino* theme park.

Sam Enslow
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Big Deal in Paradise, by Reg Potterton, would be hilarious if it were an accurate portrayal of Costa Rica and its beautiful people. Costa Rica is an unspoiled paradise whose inhabitants are not the poverty-stricken, half-literate boobs Potterton suggests they are, and its literacy rate far exceeds that of the U.S. Drug and gang violence kill more people in one weekend in L.A. than killer bees do in an entire year in Costa Rica. More than 30,000 Americans live and own property in Costa Rica and none, to my knowledge, have lost a square inch to squatters. I would be angry at Potterton for scaring away needed U.S. investment capital except for the fact that our friends from Tokyo are buying everything in sight at ten cents on the *colone*.

Ron Greek
Coto de Caza, California

Reg Potterton, who is contemplating buying a time-share condo in Detroit, wishes it to be known that he does not regard Costa Ricans as poverty-stricken, half-literate boobs, a description that, Potterton claims, accurately describes many of his living relatives.

FREEDOM TO BURN

My reaction to *Freedom to Burn*, an opinion piece by Robert Scheer in the March issue, is that it was indeed unfortunate that our shortsighted Supreme Court Justices struck down the Texas law banning desecration of our flag.

In my opinion, the First Amendment does not include in freedom of speech the right to destroy the nation's flag. The flag is an extension of the Constitution, a rallying point. Millions have risen to its call, risking life and limb in its hour of need. Scheer insults its image by referring to it as an icon.

It is the interpretation of the far-left liberals of this country that has weakened the moral fiber of our Constitution, resulting in the decay of our society today; i.e., drugs and crime.

Scheer, please do not try to burn the flag of our country in my presence. I am too old to spend my remaining years in confinement. To President Bush, "Forward, march."

Harvey L. Jones
Seminole, Florida

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLARSHIP

This is to acknowledge with appreciation *Playboy*'s $5000 contribution to the University of Georgia general scholarship fund in recognition of Alec Kessler's winning this year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award. The University of Georgia and our athletic program are deeply grateful for *Playboy*'s continuing interest in recognizing outstanding student athletes for their accomplishments in the classroom and on the court or the playing field. Alec Kessler is a most deserving recipient and we are confident that all will be proud of his achievements after his playing days are over. Alec, too, is most grateful for this recognition and adds his thanks to those expressed by the university.

Lee R. Hayley
Associate Athletic Director
University of Georgia
Athens, Georgia

HEIMEL'S "GAY BLADES"

From reading Cynthia Heimel's *Women* column titled "Gay Blades" in the March issue, one reaches the conclusion that she believes all of your readers are straight men: "Imagine what it would be like if you, a straight man. . . ." I have subscribed to *Playboy* for many years and I cannot be the only gay male who reads your magazine.

I take strong exception, however, to Heimel's description of gay men as being "easily excited into lust, willing and able to have sex with those they regard with indifference or even hold in contempt." And how dare she presume to speak about what gay life was like in the Seventies? I was there and living it, was she? The mistaken belief in Heimel's column about all gay men's being uncontrollably promiscuous is neither cute nor funny. It serves to perpetuate a false and potentially dangerous homophobic view of all gay men.

Steven C. Irving
Provincetown, Massachusetts

Cynthia Heimel, in her silly *Women* column titled "Gay Blades," perpetuates the myth that gay equals promiscuous and that it's promiscuity that has led to the AIDS crisis.

Proportionately, gays are no more promiscuous than their straight brothers. It is one of the ways we express ourselves sexually; and it is sex that has spread the disease—not promiscuity.

Charles Glasberg
Brooklyn, New York

Heimel's reply:

I can understand that a heterosexual writing about homosexuality can make a gay person sensitive. However, it is my strong belief that all men—certainly not just gay men—are innately more promiscuous than women. They don't usually act on this promiscuity, because they are socialized. This is exactly what I said in my column.

SOMETHING IN COMMON

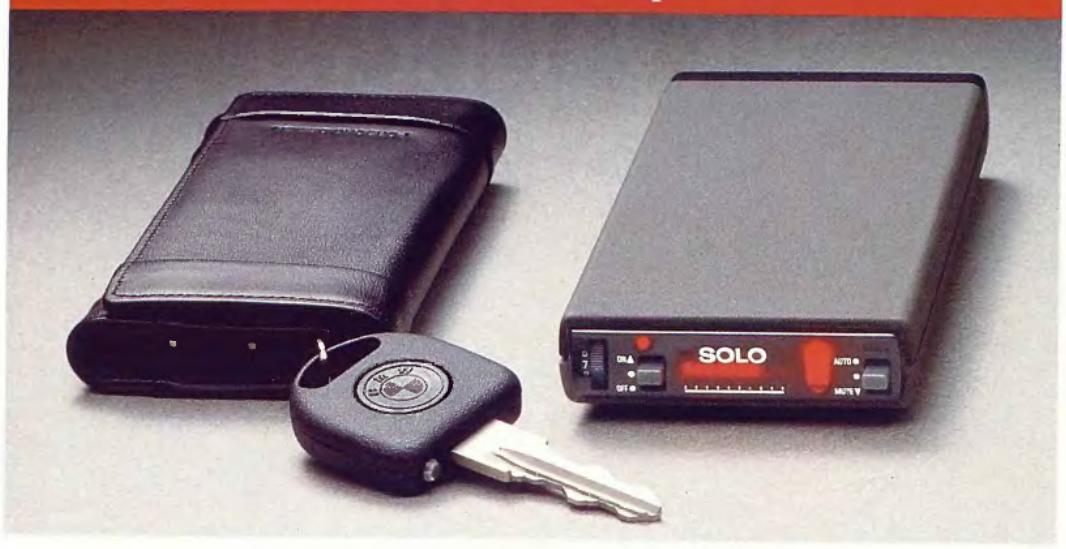
Thought you'd like to see this photo of the most memorable experience that has resulted from my posing for *Playboy* (*Working Girl*, November). My husband

and I had dinner with someone else once featured in the magazine, President Jimmy Carter, and his wife, Rosalynn, while they were in our area on a fishing trip.

Margaret Nelson
Grants Pass, Oregon

Can't wait to write? Record your own "Dear Playboy" "letter to the editor" on our national Playboy Hotline. Call ***1-900-740-3311*** *today! Only two dollars per minute.*

NEW! From the maker of Passport and Escort



Finally, a radar detector so advanced, you'll never be bothered with a power cord

Self-powered SOLO

Until now, high performance radar detection required a messy power cord. Plugged into your car's lighter. Dangling across your dashboard. And tangling in your pocket.

Finally, there is a better way.

No power cord

Solo is a totally new concept in long-range radar detection. All you do is clip Solo to your visor or windshield, and switch it on. It's that simple.

Solo comes complete with all accessories, including visor and windshield mounts that instantly conform to any car, but fold flat for convenient carrying. Both designs are patented.

You'll never need a power cord. Unlike any other radar detector, Solo has its own power source—inside its compact magnesium housing (Solo is ¾" x 2¼" x 4½"—just 5½ ounces).

How it works

After years of research, our engineers (who also designed Escort and Passport) developed circuitry fifty times more efficient than conventional detectors. This design provides long-range radar warning for 200 hours on a single 9 volt battery.

If you drive one hour a day, you won't need to replace Solo's battery for over six months. (Even if you drive two hours a day, you'll get over three months.)

WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY

"No other detector manufacturer has anything even close...Solo moves the state of the art to a higher plane."
BMW Roundel

"The most user-friendly detector yet... we fell in love at first beep."
AutoWeek

No compromise performance

With Solo, you get long-range radar warning with no hassles. And you never have to worry about Solo's performance.

Solo maintains all of its radar warning capability over its entire battery life. Solo is even smart enough to turn itself off if you forget. When it's finally time to replace the battery, Solo will tell you five hours in advance.

Order today and try Solo for 30 days at no risk

Call toll-free 1-800-543-1608

SELF-POWERED SOLO RADAR-RECEIVER

$345 Ohio add $18.98 tax. Higher in Canada.

VISA MasterCard DISCOVER AMERICAN EXPRESS

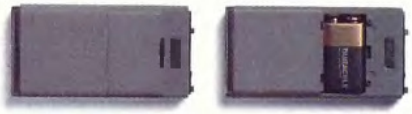
Cincinnati Microwave
▶ Department 400760
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

Then just drop in another lithium battery for 200 more hours (or use a standard alkaline to power Solo for 80 hours). Solo costs less than three cents per hour of use.

Experience the freedom

You'll slip your Solo into its leather case and carry it in your shirt pocket. In your car, just clip Solo to your visor and switch it on.

It's so easy, you'll never go without radar protection again. And now a special offer lets you try Solo for 30 days at no risk.



Solo's super efficient design never needs a power cord. A 9 volt battery provides 200 hours of power—several months of radar protection for most drivers (at a cost of only three cents an hour).

We GUARANTEE your satisfaction

Solo is available from us only, and comes complete with our Digital Key anti-theft system, all mounts and accessories, two batteries, and a one year limited warranty.

Here's our offer. Try Solo. If for any reason you're not completely satisfied, just return Solo within 30 days. We'll refund all your money and even pay your return shipping cost. You can't lose.

Once you try self-powered radar protection, nothing else will do. Order today.

© 1990 CMI

Six Appeal.

The next time you make eye contact with a six-pack of Cold-Filtered™ Miller Genuine Draft Longnecks, go ahead and pick one up. You won't be disappointed! Cold-Filtered™ Miller Genuine Draft.

Tap Into The Cold.

© 1989 Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WI

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

RABBIT DIPLOMACY

What is it that has changed the course of eastern European political history in 1989 and 1990? *Glasnost? Perestroika?* Or, just possibly, *Playboy*? Take a look at this startling chronology of some Eastern bloc developments, including *Playboy*'s recent activities there. You be the judge.

November 1989: *Playboy*'s German edition, featuring American Playmate Sandy Greenberg, is available to West Berliners but not to East Berliners. East German youths dismantle the Berlin Wall and flock to the West.

December 1989: *Playboy* launches its Hungarian edition. Not only Hungary but Czechoslovakia, Romania and Bulgaria make dramatic moves for freedom.

February 1990: *Playboy* publishes *The Women of Russia* pictorial. Mikhail Gorbachev proposes an end to single-party Communist rule in the U.S.S.R. and encourages, ahem, a more open society.

We assume tomorrow's history texts will present these events in a slightly altered form, but as *Playboy aficionados*, we'll know the real story, won't we?

NEOTRAD FAD

Progress is fine if you're a pilgrim or General Electric, but for young jazzmen in the Nineties, turning back the clock is the highest calling. While the rest of the world prepares for the year 2000, jazz's hottest young talents yearn for the years of their births.

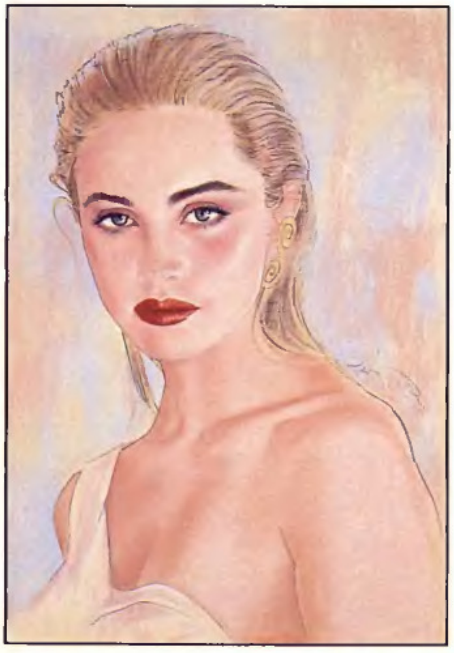
"Ben Webster, Chu Berry, Coleman Hawkins—I study these guys by learning their solos," tenor-sax man Branford Marsalis told us. "I mimic them just like I learned to mimic Ronald Reagan." His latest album, *Trio Jeepy*, is a study of jazz's Pleistocene era, with due homage paid to blues, romantic ballads and that old-time religion, swing.

The Marsalis brothers—Wynton, Branford and producer/trombonist Delfeayo—are jazz's leading practitioners of neotraditionalism—the term used to describe this curiously backward-looking trend. Those young men, as serious as P.C.B.s who have learned their ABCs (Adderley, Bird, Coltrane), acknowledge their debt by playing music based on the three B's—blues, ballads and bebop—with a dazzling technical virtuosity. It's as though they were asking, Who says jazz must evolve?

Marcus Roberts, pianist in Wynton Marsalis' band, says that they play standards to pay tribute to the people who could really play this music—Ellington, Monk, Parker. His solo disc, *Deep in the Shed*, boasts six blues numbers ranging from a classic 12-bar Delta blues to another with adventurous harmonies springing from a delta considerably to the east—that of the Euphrates.

The English tenor player Courtney Pine is firmly in the neotrad camp with his obvious debts to John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins. On his latest, *A Vision's Tale*, produced by Delfeayo and featuring the Marsalis brothers' father, pianist Ellis, Pine gives a nod to Rollins with his rendition of *I'm an Old Cowhand from the Río Grande*.

Of course, you don't have to be named Marsalis, play in any of their bands or come from New Orleans to be one of jazz's neotrads. The Harper brothers—drummer Winard and trumpeter Philip—come from Baltimore, but their album *Remembrance* owes a major stylistic debt to trumpeter Clifford Brown, as well as to Cannonball Adderley. Welcome to bebop heaven!



THE SOUL OF AN OLD MACHINE

OK, so you've never looked at a pencil and wondered how they get the graphite inside the wooden husk. Nor have you ever said, "Gee, I wonder whose idea that was in the first place?" Neither had we until *The Pencil: A History of Design and Circumstance*, by Duke engineering professor Henry Petroski, crossed our desk.

A quick breeze through the 340-page, $25 tome yielded the following details:

The word pencil comes from the Latin *penicillus*, a brush formed with animal tails.

French artist Toulouse-Lautrec said of himself, "I am a pencil."

Henry David Thoreau made pencils.

Lincoln is said to have written the Gettysburg Address with a German pencil.

In 1872, the tool became user-friendly when the Eagle Pencil Company patented a pencil with an eraser attached. That was before we could blame our mistakes on computers.

CHOLESTEROL: THE REAL STORY

We should all try to minimize cholesterol levels, right? That's why we've read every one of those front-page newspaper stories about which foods cut cholesterol. So how come we still don't know what to eat? First eggs were out and oats were in. Then egg whites were OK and oats were out. And now they tell us there are two kinds of cholesterol levels and that exercise either does or doesn't lower them. What's going on here?

With all due respect to the medical establishment and its widely demonstrated sure-footedness, we've come up with our own list of cholesterol boons and banes. To reduce confusion, we've eliminated all food right off the bat. Food, clearly, is

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

Paul Dickson tries to make sense out of our flawed universe. He started The Murphy Center for the Codification of Human and Organizational Law for this purpose and discovered that rules are where you find them. And he finds them everywhere. Thousands of people send material to the center (Box 80, Garrett Park, Maryland 20766). His ***The New Official Rules*** (Addison Wesley) is the third collection of precepts gleaned from his research. And just in time. We were getting a little tired of breaking the old rules.

McGuire's Distinction: When a guy takes off his coat, he's not going to fight. When a guy takes off his wrist watch, watch out!—sportscaster AL MCGUIRE, quoted by Norman Chad in *The Washington Post*, April 21, 1986

Adams' Law: 1. Women don't know what they want; they don't like what they have. 2. Men know very well what they want; having got it, they begin to lose interest.—A. W. ADAMS, Magdalen College, Oxford, England

Buffett's Poker Principle: If you've been in the game 30 minutes and you don't know who the patsy is, *you're* the patsy.—WARREN E. BUFFETT, Chairman, Berkshire Hathaway, Inc., quoted in *The New York Times*, April 5, 1988; from Joseph C. Goulden

DeQuoy's Observation: Some of the world's best work has been done by people who didn't feel very well that day.—GLENNA DEQUOY, New York, New York

Epps's Elevator Law: A crowded elevator smells different to a short person.—BUDDY EPPS; from Don Schofield, Charleston, South Carolina

Helms's First Rule for Keeping Secrets: If you want to keep something secret, don't write it down.—former CIA director RICHARD HELMS, quoted in *The Economist*, April 12, 1980; from Joseph C. Goulden

Inskip's Rules: 1. Don't sweat the small stuff. 2. It's all small stuff.—DR. RICHARD INSKIP, director, American Academy of Family Physicians. This set of rules has also been attributed to University of Nebraska cardiologist Robert Eliot.

Kissinger's Discovery: The nice thing about being a celebrity is that when you bore people, they think it's their fault.—HENRY KISSINGER, quoted by Bob Swift in *The Miami Herald*, January 3, 1987

McAfee's Law of Physical Material Balance: Matter can be neither created nor destroyed. However, it can be lost.—E. RAY MCAFEE

Morley's Credo: My theology, briefly, is that the universe was dictated but not signed.—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY; from John Ohliger

Nestor's Law: Anything worth doing makes a mess.—SIBYL W. NESTOR; from Bonnie Nestor Johnson, Oak Ridge, Tennessee

Quigley's Law: Whoever has any authority over you, no matter how small, will attempt to use it.—anonymous

Quinn's Understanding: Economists carry their projections out to two decimal points only to prove they have a marvelous sense of humor.—JANE BRYANT QUINN, quoted by Robert D. Specht in *An Expectation of Days*

Saul's Screwing Saw: When fastening down something held by several screws, don't tighten any of the screws until all of them are in place.—M. SAUL NEWMAN; from Steve Stine

Wearing Hats, Law of: Never wear a hat that has more character than you do.—hatmaker MICHAEL HARRIS; from Bill Spivey, San Francisco, California

Zais's First Postulate: As long as you retain the capacity to blush, your immortal soul is in no particular danger.—ELLIOT ZAIS, Corvallis, Oregon

bad for you. Here's the true story: Taxes raise cholesterol levels; golf and oral sex lower them. You get the picture. For your edification, here's our list:

RAISES CHOLESTEROL LEVELS
The Government
Shopping malls
Traffic jams
Hostile take-overs
Infiniti commercials
Flavor Flav at the Grammys
France
Lawsuits
Insurance
Day-Timer
Sunday *New York Times*

LOWERS CHOLESTEROL LEVELS
Golf
Beaches
Ferraris
Stock splits
Ansel Adams pictures
Bonnie Raitt at the Grammys
Spain
20/20
Armani suits
Self-assurance
Sports dailies
Morning sex

PRIVATE PEPPERS

Here's our alarming medical fact of the month: Scientists already know that vaginal self-stimulation produces an analgesic effect. In other words, a woman's threshold for pain (as measured by pinching the hand) is raised as much as 43.8 percent during masturbation. However, in a new set of tests, scientists have discovered that eating a lot of hot chili peppers virtually nullifies the pain-killing effect of masturbation. Researchers speculate that the phenomenon has something to do with capsaicin, the stuff that makes hot chili peppers hot.

But did it occur to any of those scientists, as they were sitting around feeding chili peppers to masturbating women and pinching their hands, that the hot-chili-pepper reaction may have an interesting sexual component? So far, the effect has not been tested in reference to arousal. Scientists can be such knobs.

PHONY FRIENDS

The Dial-an-Insult hotline is a new 24-hour phone service that delivers a steady stream of verbal abuse. Just dial 1-900-2-INSULT. When we did, a scratchy recording came on. It was the Sultan. He laid into us but good: "You're so fat your car has stretch marks. . . . You hate air fresheners—they destroy everything you've worked for. . . . You're so ugly I heard that blind people put their hands over their guide dogs' eyes. . . ." He told us we were low. He told us we were scum. And we

Paramount Pictures
Presents

THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE™

TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE.®

Aglow with 24-karat gold electroplate and sparkling with crystals, the Starship *Enterprise* is shown smaller than actual size of approximately 10" in length.

The first pewter re-creation ever authorized by Paramount Pictures of the most famous starship of all time.

The Starship *Enterprise*.™ Symbol of the eternal quest to explore new worlds.

Now, the starship that carried Kirk, Spock and Uhura to the far reaches of the galaxy can be yours. Announcing the first fully authorized pewter re-creation of the starship that has inspired millions.

Precisely reproduced with assistance from STAR TREK® creator Gene Roddenberry.

Sculptured and handcrafted in fine hand-finished pewter. The main sensor and navigational deflector glow with 24-karat gold electroplate. The top propulsion units blaze with fiery red crystal cabochons.

Available only on planet Earth, and only from The Franklin Mint.

Priced at $195.

AUTHORIZED BY PARAMOUNT PICTURES.

AUTHENTICATED BY GENE RODDENBERRY.

ORDER FORM

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Yes, I want to take advantage of the unprecedented opportunity from Paramount Pictures to acquire the only authorized and fully authenticated pewter replica of the Starship *Enterprise*.™ The reproduction is hand-cast in fine imported pewter, hand-chased and hand-rubbed to a classic patina, and accented with crystals and 24-karat gold.

I need send no money now. I will be billed for my deposit of $39.* prior to shipment and then in 4 equal monthly installments of $39.* each, after shipment.

*Plus my state sales tax and a total of $3 for shipping and handling.

Paramount

A Paramount Communications Company

© 1990 Paramount Pictures.
All Rights Reserved. STAR TREK, U.S.S. *Enterprise*, and "To Boldly Go Where No Man Has Gone Before" are Trademarks of Paramount Pictures.

Please mail by June 30, 1990.

Signature _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Mr./Mrs./Miss _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

12135- 57

Each replica of the Starship *Enterprise* is accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity with Gene Roddenberry's signature.

YO, CONSONANTS

don't forget—there are 26 letters in the alphabet

Political satirist/comedian **Aaron Freeman,** *a radio commentator and "MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour" essayist, addresses a pressing contemporary African-American problem.*

When I was growing up on the West Side of Chicago, fluency in the king's English and a decent vocabulary would get you praised in school and punched out on the streets. In school, I was "such a well-spoken young man." Back in the neighborhood, I was a "white-talking sucker."

In theory, education and its accompanying improvement of articulation were achievements devoutly to be wished. However, on the street, it was not cool to speak too well—unless one was a minister.

Examining this paradoxical phenomenon of black images, I have realized that the rule—the defining aesthetic—of black culture is the optional use of consonants: The word is *cold*, but African Americans must say *col'*. Every middle-class African American I know has gone through a period of depression, feeling that he or she is not black enough. Hence, I spent my freshman year at New York University feeling guilty that I did not talk like that great icon of African-American culture, Jimmie Walker. It is almost as if articulation of consonants were traitorous to the race: *Yeah, man, we are a vowel people.*

Those 21 breathless letters, by their presence or absence—especially at the ends of words—have defined the black aesthetic in the minds of both whites and blacks for a century. Consonants are what make some of us recognizably black on the phone and others able telephonically to "pass."

But there are other advantages. Strong consonants at the end of one's words mark an individual as not being one of those TV black people who menace old ladies on the cop shows. Rather, consonants suggest those urbane African Americans who, while they eat chitterlings and collard greens, pop them into the microwave first.

Articulate black people run afoul of white America's stereotypes of us and history shows that whatever opinion white people have of us we tend to share. The image defines our place. When white writers want to create a black sound for TV shows and movies, they simply reinforce the old stereotype by taking standard English and eliminating the consonants. "Where are you going, brother?" becomes "Whe' you goin', bro?"

We need new stereotypes. And now is an excellent time for articulate black people to create them. Therefore, I herewith announce the creation of the N.A.A.A.A.C.P., the National Association for the Advancement of African-American Consonant Pronouncers. We must join together, stand up and speak out for our linguistic rights. Envision, if you will, an ebony Edwin Newman, a William F. Buckley, Jr., with soul, a nation of James Earl Joneses.

I can't wait. In the future, our consonants will be so crisp and cleanly defined, and our vocabularies so expansive, that we will intimidate white people with our language skills. Eventually, we will be to American English what the Irish are to British English—its unchallenged masters.

Someday, some white man will be sitting in a bar somewhere in America. He will overhear one black man saying to another, "I am flattered by your attempt at recruitment, but I am satisfactorily employed as corporate comptroller; it would be anathema for me to eschew my fiduciary responsibility therein."

And the white man will take a swig of his beer, snort and mumble to himself, "I never did understand that black English."

feared that everything he said was true.

We needed to hear a sympathetic voice, so we dialed 1-900-EGO-LIFT, the pricey Dial-a-Compliment hotline run by the same company. The machine asked us to specify our sex and marital status. We did. A sexy woman started telling us how great we were. She told us we were great in bed. She told us we were handsome but modest. She told us she'd just have to take a number and get in line with all the other beautiful women who wanted to be near us. And you know what? Everything she said was true.

ADVANCES TO THE REAR

It seems that cosmetic surgeons won't be happy until they perfect the 100-percent-plastic woman. The latest rage: implants for buttocks and calves. Plastic surgeons are hoping that silicon-rounded butts and plastic-insert-enhanced legs will become as popular as now-routine breast implants.

But some doctors won't do derrières. Consider the delicate position of Dr. Adrien Aiache, a Beverly Hills cosmetic surgeon. "I had an office full of female impersonators who wanted buttock implants," he laments. "And I was afraid they were going to chase the other patients out. So now I send all my buttocks to Argentina."

PROMOTION OF THE MONTH

If you don't own a video store, you probably missed this one. Prism Entertainment has been pushing a video called *Dial Help*, billed as an erotic thriller. It's about a high-fashion model who is relentlessly pursued by, well, woman's best friend.

"She can't call for help," warns the promotional copy, "because her pursuer is. . . ." You've got it—the telephone, all telephones. "Evil, angered souls have possessed the lines," continues the ad, "and they're reaching out to kill everyone."

Just to sweeten the deal for video buyers, Prism has offered an incentive: Order two copies of *Dial Help* and get a free telephone. Prism didn't indicate whether it was of the pathological-murderer variety.

ALMOST BLUE

Jamaican Blue Mountain coffee sells for about $30 a pound (see *Potpourri*, page 180). Why so steep? The fact that the Japanese have a voracious yen for it, in addition to Hurricane Gilbert's near decimation of Jamaican coffee plantations, has created a tight market.

A sly Chicago coffee marketer has now come up with the zircon version—Jamaican Blue Mountain–style blend—for $4.50 a pound. We tried it and thought it beat out the original. You can get it shipped to you from the Coffee and Tea Exchange in Chicago (312-528-2241).

WANTED!

"I'm here to tell you about a Western ...best thing of its kind that's come along. It's honest. It's adult. It's realistic."

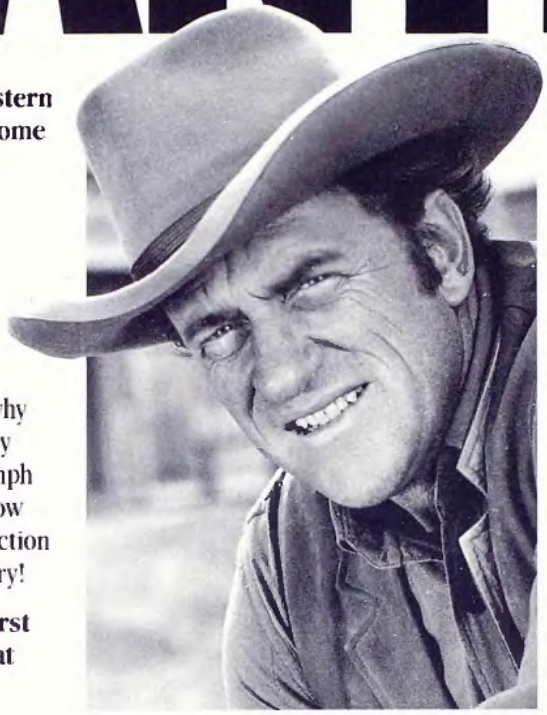
That's how, in 1955, John Wayne introduced the premiere episode of the Western that would become the most popular TV series of all time, GUNSMOKE.

Now you can see for yourself why America tuned into Dodge City every week for 20 years to see good triumph over evil. Because GUNSMOKE is now available for your home video collection — exclusively from CBS Video Library!

Fire off your order for your first Collector's Edition cassette at $25 savings!

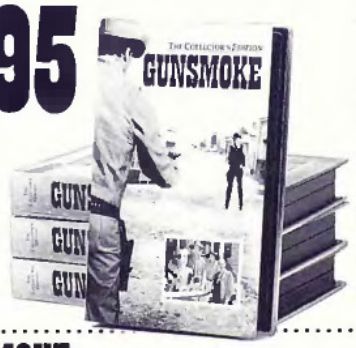
Your introductory videocassette includes the premiere episode of GUNSMOKE, "Matt Gets It" — featuring the introduction by John Wayne. Plus three more half-hour shows: "Tap Day for Kitty," "Hack Prine " and "The Killer," starring Charles Bronson as a psychotic gunslinger who leaves a bloody trail — until he has to face Matt Dillon.

Come home to Dodge City's most beloved citizens: Milburn Stone as Doc Adams, Amanda Blake as Miss Kitty Russell, James Arness as Sheriff Matt Dillon and Dennis Weaver as Deputy Chester Goode.



GUNSMOKE $4.95

for your introductory 4-episode videocassette with subscription



Enjoy it for 10 days risk-free. If you're not delighted, simply return it within 10 days for a full refund. Or keep it and pay just $4.95 — $25.00 off the regular price.

After that, you'll receive a new videocassette in the series about every four to six weeks. Each cassette comes in a colorful collector's slipcase with fascinating facts about the series and the production.

Enjoy old friends and dozens of celebrity guest stars

In each GUNSMOKE adventure, you'll meet up with crusty old Doc Adams... spirited saloon keeper Miss Kitty Russell ...slow-talking deputies Chester and Festus...and, of course, the legendary Matt Dillon, played by James Arness. You'll also delight at the big stars who pass through Dodge City: Bette Davis, Richard Dreyfuss, Jon Voight, Bruce Dern and Loretta Swit, to name just a few.

Each two-hour videocassette is yours to preview for 10 days risk-free. Yours to keep for only $29.95 plus shipping and handling and applicable sales tax. There is no minimum number you must buy and you may cancel at any time.

Use your credit card to order and call toll-free 1-800-CBS-4804.

© 1990 CBS Records, Inc.

GUNSMOKE: THE COLLECTOR'S EDITION RISK-FREE SUBSCRIPTION FORM

☐ YES, rush my introductory videocassette for only $4.95 plus $2.45 shipping and handling (and applicable sales tax) and enter my subscription to GUNSMOKE: The Collector's Edition under the terms described in this ad.

Check one: ☐ VHS ☐ Beta

Check method of payment: ☐ Check enclosed made payable to CBS Video Library. M51

☐ Charge my GUNSMOKE purchases beginning with my first cassette to: M52

☐ American Express ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Diner's Club

Name _____ Account No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Address _____ Apt. _____ Signature _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone Number _____

If I do not choose to keep my first videocassette, I will return it within 10 days for a full refund or for credit to my charge account. Note: All subscriptions subject to review. CBS Video Library reserves the right to reject or cancel any subscription. Canadian residents will be serviced from Toronto. **Applicable sales tax added to all orders.**

Mail to: CBS Video Library, P.O. Box 1112, Dept. GEP, Terre Haute, IN 47811

NELSON GEORGE

AS THE YOUNGEST and most musically accomplished member of the Isley Brothers, Ernie Isley revitalized that veteran group in the early Seventies. With the Brothers and later with the Isley-Jasper-Isley band, Ernie helped craft a string of high-quality songs. So on his ***High Wire*** (Elektra), when you hear the guitar-driven funk of *Back to Square One* and *High Wire* or the mid-tempo rhythm of *Song for the Muses* and *Fare Thee Well, Fair-Weather Friend*, it sounds like previous Isley-involved projects. Is that bad? No. It means very polished but not very exciting music.

A more engaging use of familiar musical ideas is Lisa Stansfield's ***Affection*** (Arista). White British soul singer Stansfield, along with co-producers Andy Morris and Ian Devaney, succeeds by putting Seventies instrumentation and arrangements over fresh Nineties beats. *What Did I Do to You?* has a high-hat driven rhythm buttressed by a bass line with recurring string and flute parts that recall Jerry Hey's horn arrangements for Michael Jackson's *Off the Wall*. The hyperactive bass, brassy horns and big-string sound of *Live Together*, all wrapped around a tinny drum machine and probrotherhood lyric, suggest Gamble and Huff meeting the hip-hop rapper Marley Marl. But *Affection* isn't beautiful just because it's clever. Fact is, Stansfield is the best white soul singer since Teena Marie. Husky, strident, moody, percussive all describe this winsome woman's chops. Stansfield is one of a new legion of Brits enriching black pop by blending a historian's zeal with a strong musical feel.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

"Well, do you remember Rick Astley?/ He had a big fat hit, it was ghastly" rates as my favorite rhyme of the year so far. Nick Lowe wrote it and sang it on ***Party of One*** (Reprise), which is Lowe's most exuberant effort in many years. I'm guessing he got inspired by reuniting with his former Rockpile bandmate Dave Edmunds as producer. Edmunds could no more let a song drag than Donald Trump could be humble. I'm also guessing that Ry Cooder contributed something more than guitar and mandolin overdubs. In his own work, Cooder reveals a hilarious yet affectionate sense of the eccentricity in folk music. Despite his sometimes real/sometimes mock aspirations to pure pop, Lowe, like Cooder, understands rock and roll as a form that grew out of rock-a-billy; that is, fast folk music created by some of America's most flamboyant eccentrics. Lowe's own eccentric concerns range from the unknown victim of a London subway fire to building an ark out of a 747 and winning a place in heaven. And, of course, he sings about lust but with sufficient enthusiasm to convince you there's something new to say on the subject. It's hard to think of three guys I'd rather hear together in the same band than Lowe, Edmunds and Cooder.

Hard but not impossible. Four guys I like for similar, if not identical, reasons are the Del Lords. Leader and songwriter Scott Kempner is far more serious than Lowe, preferring Springsteenian depth of feeling to ironic distance. On ***Lovers Who Wander*** (Enigma), Kempner sings about romantic love in all its stages and doesn't let you off the hook with a laugh. This is music for direct confrontation with your feelings. As a band, the Del Lords share the same roots with Lowe. They see rock and roll as fast, electric folk music with hooks you could hang a side of beef on. Virtuosos enamored of simplicity, they can swing like the Stones and their guitars sting like, well, fuckin' bees.

Stansfield: Seductive British soul.

Disco spins again
and down under comes up
with New Age funk.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Disco never died. It just suffered commercial reverses that returned it to hard-core dancers—the gays and the dark-skinned youths who'd demanded it to begin with. Even as the funk-light rhythms of U.K. new pop recaptured the charts in the mid-Eighties, more specialized dance music was evolving in both America and Europe. Under the Chicago-based rubric "house," it has dominated club life since the mid-Eighties without anyone but the subculture's noticing.

Always too abstractly dance specific to make a crossover dent, this music finally got a U.S. hearing late last year when Technotronic's *Pump Up the Jam* turned novelty smash. Strongly reminiscent of Marshall Jefferson's *House Music Anthem*, the tune was produced in London by Jo Bogaert, kingpin of the influential Belgian dance scene, and features Zairian-born Ya Kid K. Some criticized her more-than-droning, less-than-tuneful urban drawl, but I say it's punky and perfect, one highlight of ***Pump Up the Jam the Album*** (SBK), which is dominated by variations on the hit's vocals. If you like Technotronic on the car radio, it

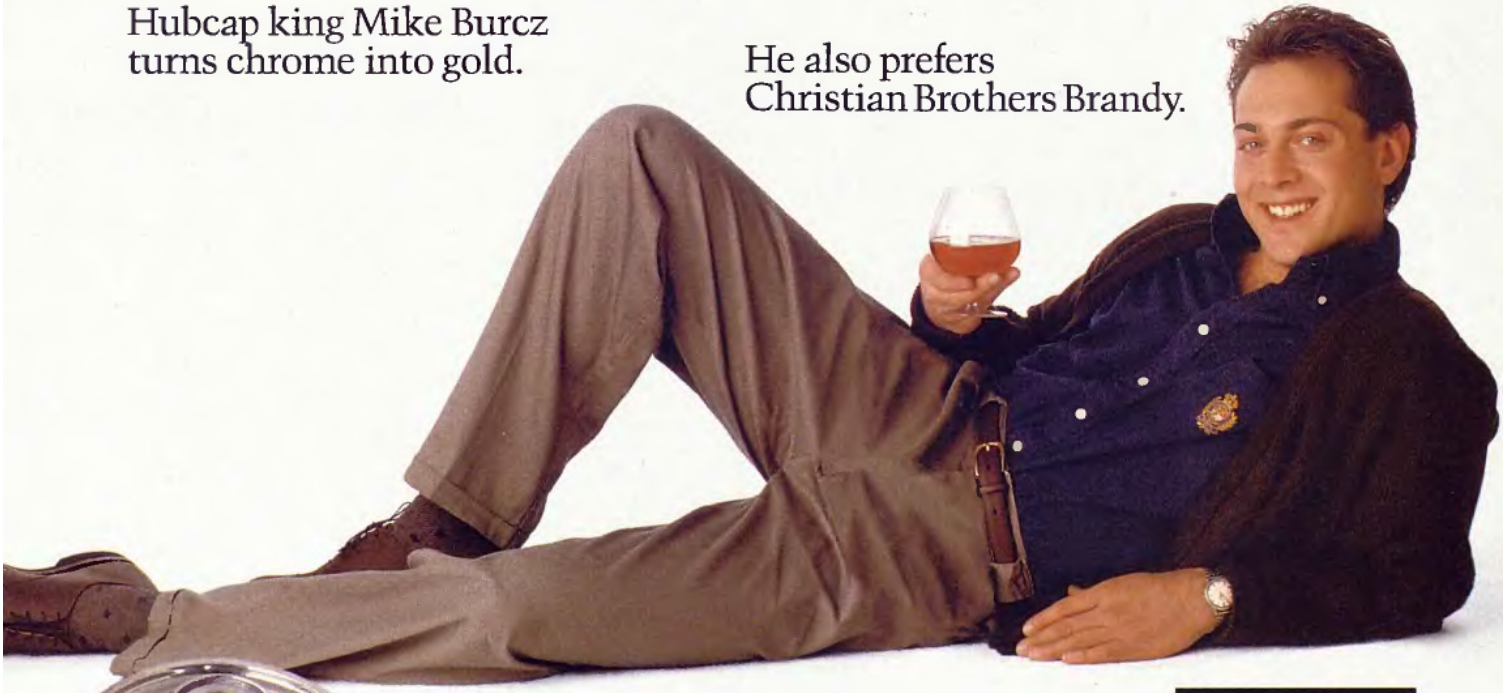
GUEST SHOT

YOUNG RAPPERS *such as 22-year-old* ***Big Daddy Kane*** *worship Sam Cooke. Kane's own influence is beginning to build, thanks to such tracks as "Ain't No Half-Steppin'" and "Smooth Operator," in addition to his work on Quincy Jones's smash LP "Back on the Block." While laying down his third album, Kane took a break to talk about RCA's CD anthology "The Best of Sam Cooke."*

"It took some aging for me to really understand why Sam Cooke is so great. There's his style, which is truly smooth and cool—he takes his *time* with each song. The groove is mellow, the voice is mellow—his pipes weren't real strong, so he never tried to use them rough or aggressive. This compilation is a great intro for new Sam Cooke fans, because it has all the hits—*Cupid*, *Wonderful World*, *Having a Party*, *You Send Me* and *(I Love You) For Sentimental Reasons*. You also get less well-known cuts such as his two versions of *Summertime*. Cooke influences me because my style is smooth, too—I don't like to get hyper; I like every word to be heard. I'm also inspired by his vocabulary and the rhymes in his lyrics. Rap or classic soul, it's all music. And every musician is looking for his own sound. Sam Cooke found his, no doubt about that."

Hubcap king Mike Burcz
turns chrome into gold.

He also prefers
Christian Brothers Brandy.



Mike Burcz, former hot dog vendor.
Owner, Hubcap Heaven,
Philadelphia, PA

the Christian Brothers®
When you know better.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS BRANDY. 40% ALC. BY VOL. (80 PROOF)
© 1990. CB VINEYARDS, MENLO PARK, CA.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Ernie Isley *High Wire*	6	7	7	8	7
Nick Lowe *Party of One*	9	8	6	4	9
Midnight Oil *Blue Sky Mining*	6	9	8	7	7
Lisa Stansfield *Affection*	8	7	9	7	6
Technotronic *Pump Up the Jam*	8	7	3	4	8

CALL ANY VEGETABLE DEPARTMENT: **Paul McCartney, Chrissie Hynde, Tears for Fears** and **Howard Jones** are reportedly setting up a Live Aid–style concert in London this summer to promote vegetarianism. That's *showbiz*? **REELING AND ROCKING:** **Aaron Neville** will play a bartender in *Zandalee*, starring **Nicolas Cage** and **Judge Reinhold**. In other Neville news, **Ivan Neville** joins **Southside Johnny** to record songs for *Captain America*, a movie based on the Marvel Comics character. . . . Besides **Madonna**, look for music by **k. d. lang** and **Ice-T** on the *Dick Tracy* sound track. . . . **D. Constantine Conte**, the coproducer of the *48 HRS.* sequel, is developing a movie for **Whitney Houston** called *Disappearing Acts*. . . . **Dan Hicks** (former leader of the **Hot Licks**) sings original tunes in *Class Action*, starring **Gene Hackman** and **Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio**.

NEWSBREAKS: Exactly how hip are you? Rhino Records has just released a four-album (or four-cassette) *Jack Kerouac Collection*, the beat poet/novelist's complete recorded works. Like, check it out. . . . *The JVC Video Anthology of World Music and Dance* (distributed by Rounder Records) can be had for $1980. It includes 30 video cassettes covering 500 performances from Asia, Africa, the Middle East, Europe, the Americas, the Soviet Union and Oceania. . . . Yes, that's **Martin Short** and **Kareem Abdul-Jabbar** with **Young MC** on the video of the ever-popular *Louie Louie* from the movie *Coupe de Ville*. . . . **Living Colour** is working on album two. . . . **Booker T. and the MG's** reunion tour will produce an album of new tunes, eventually. . . . **Mick Hucknall** hopes to record a jazz album before going back into the studio with **Simply Red**. . . . Like brother **Michael, Janet Jackson** is establishing a scholarship for the United Negro College Fund. . . . **Don Henley** says there is more to an **Eagles** reunion than money. "If I didn't think we could still be creative and productive, and that working together could be fairly pleasant, then there is simply not enough money in the world to get us back together again," said Don, who is writing some stuff with **Glenn Frey** as a starting point. . . . **Roger Corman's** newly formed TV division is developing a sitcom called *Summer of Love*, a nostalgic and comedic look back at San Francisco in 1967. . . . PBS will air a documentary this summer about **John Hammond**, the legendary record executive who discovered **Billie Holiday, Count Basie, Bob Dylan** and **Bruce Springsteen**, among others. After the show airs, it will have a video distribution. . . . When Madonna auditioned dancers for her world tour, the ad copy read, "Wimps and wannabe's need not apply." . . . **Gary Busey** is taking time out from his movie career to give recording another shot. . . . After an unsuccessful **Jefferson Airplane** reunion, **Marty Balin** is in Nashville recording with **Hank Williams, Jr.** . . . Those of you who want to do something about your state legislature's response to the P.M.R.C. cry for laws on record labeling may send three dollars to "Rock & Roll Confidential," Box 15052, Long Beach, California 90815, for a copy of "You've Got a Right to Rock." Don't just get mad, get with it and write to *your* congressman. . . . Finally, a piano teacher in Indiana has written a college paper called "Does Music Matter to Animals?" **Alicia Evans** played a variety of music to two groups of dairy cows. One group gave more milk listening to **Beethoven**, the other gave more listening to **Kiss's** *Love Gun*. Even lousy scholars would call those results inconclusive. Back to milking machines. —BARBARA NELLIS

won't get tired when you take it home. And you can dance to it.

In the wake of Exposé and the Cover Girls, the New York trio Seduction sounds more familiar. But as shaped by producers David Cole and Robert Clivilles, on ***Nothing Matters Without Love*** (A&M), Idalis Leon, April Harris and Michelle Visage aren't just bubble gum clones: Their voices have body and texture, and the songwriting—underpinned by Clivilles' terse dance-classic samples—is as rich as it gets in this genre. From the *Heartbeat* cover and the *Two to Make It Right* rip to the independently romantic *One Mistake* and the tough-talking *Breakdown* to the sexy-campy *Seduction's Theme*, Seduction is poised to inspire a new round of "Disco Sucks" rallies. Which will be even stupider than they were the last time.

DAVE MARSH

One thing you have to say about the folks who want to censor rock and roll: At least they don't underestimate it. Rock's content has never been trivial, but, even forgetting about such inflammatory characters as Public Enemy and Guns n' Roses, maybe the bluenoses and the demagogs at the P.T.A. and in state legislatures do have something to fear from artists with the ability (and the willingness) to grapple with emotional and political realities.

I don't know if the Cramps' ***Stay Sick!*** (Enigma) is Tipper Gore's worst nightmare; that may well be Janet Jackson and Phil Collins aligning themselves with the homeless. But the Cramps are close to my idea of perfect rebel rockers: smart guys with dirty minds, a wicked sense of humor and a grunge-rock-a-billy fusion that drags out all the salaciousness that Joan Jett and Led Zep only imply. Here, they've come up with the best-written batch of songs they've ever done, in particular *God Damn Rock 'n' Roll*, which sounds like Geraldo Rivera on LSD.

But all of rock's apocalyptic visionaries aren't so blatant in their misanthropy. Take Chris Rea's ***The Road to Hell*** (Geffen), on which a fairly conventional pop/rock singer/songwriter constructs a concept album about human salvation. (Just so we don't miss the point, Rea made the first song *The Road to Hell [Part I]* and called the last *Tell Me There's a Heaven*.) The point he makes is that it's damn unlikely anybody's going to find any. It works because Rea's musical vision takes bleakness beyond the blues. On *You Must Be Evil*, he makes the end of the world seem like a welcome break from what happens to his kid when she watches the news on TV.

VIC GARBARINI

Imagine a bizarre but intriguing Vulcan mind meld involving members of the Clash, U2, Peter Gabriel and, say, Lurch from *The Addams Family*. Well, they're

We don't show people smoking in our ads.

Because we figure smokers already know how. Heck, we're not talking rocket science here. So, we'll get right to the point: flavor. In a nationwide taste test, a majority of smokers said Merit tasted as good as or better than cigarettes that have up to 38% more tar. Enriched Flavor™ is the reason why. And only Merit has it. So the next time you do what you already know how to do, do it with Merit.

Enriched Flavor,™ low tar. A solution with Merit.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1989

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

A NEW COOL BREEZE FROM CANADA

Elvis Presley was one of the first targets of hype-speak; e.g., "hottest new star in the universe." Several decades later, similar phrases whiz by like so much white noise. More than a few scene savants, however, currently insist that 23-year-old Canadian newcomer **Jane Child** *is* that hot.

Child was only five when her musician parents began teaching her voice, piano, violin and music theory. At 12, she was teaching, too. Rock-and-roll music was *verboten*, "not for moral reasons but for *musical* ones—my folks didn't want anything to blunt my developing musical subtlety." But on her bedroom radio at night, she would hunt down R&B stations beaming from Buffalo, New York: Stevie Wonder and Earth, Wind and Fire quietly led her astray.

When she was 15, Child took a summer job playing keyboards for a traveling local rock band. At summer's end, she did not get off the bus. "That amazing *energy exchange*" lured her off the pathway to a concert-pianist career.

Child still wonders at her relatively smooth ascent to stardom. To make a long fairy tale short, a Hamilton, Ontario, studio where she sang commercial jingles gave her recording time to make demos of original songs. A "Colonel Parker type" passed them along to his partner in New York, where Jane relocated in 1986. The recording deal the partners put together, says Child, "was small, and there was no artistic control. So I said no, which put me in breach of contract to those two guys. I headed to L.A. in '87." She laughs. "There I was in L.A.—with *no car*!"

Also no management, no insider pals and none of the other stuff usually needed to smuggle demos into the major labels. But Child's tapes got around anyway.

"Meanwhile, I couldn't work legally in the States. I looked then like I do now—imagine me working at Winchell's Donuts!" Money was scarce, but interested record companies provided. "One label would pay my rent one month and another the next." With that kind of support, it wasn't surprising when Warner Bros. gave her creative control of her self-titled first project.

The resulting LP has been compared to Prince productions. She and Prince both dive headfirst into the deep end of contradiction and paradox; they also share a seductive androgyny. *Jane Child* also suggests that Child might evolve into the musical trailblazer that Prince is at his best. Unlike the shy and reclusive Prince, though, she claims to feel quite cozy with the hoopla starting to surround her.

"Obviously, I believed I could have *some* success, or touch *somebody*, because I did put all my eggs into this one basket. So the attention feels good." Of course, hoopla and success attract media backlash.

Jane Child: Hottest new star?

Thus far, the closest thing to a shot has been the excessive press fascination with Child's appearance. There is not only the pierced right nostril but chains connecting the nose ring to an earring. Yes, her braids are bona fide, and as long as Crystal Gayle's mane. Jewelry snakes around fingers, up both wrists, occasionally around her waist. "All of that is secondary to what I do," Child notes calmly, then explains. "The nose ring is from East Indian culture—one of the things I love about Eastern religions is their lack of guilt and fear."

If Child feels any significant fear about being heralded as the hottest new star in the universe, it doesn't show up front. Maybe that's because a hard-nosed judge has been kicking her small, shapely backside around for years: "I'm very, *very* hard on myself—sometimes I should cut myself some slack." Note to other hot new stars: Watch this gal. She may be on to a little-utilized method of surviving stardom.

—LAURA FISSINGER

from Australia, they're called Midnight Oil and they're serious about aboriginal rights, ecology and progressive politics. They conquered MTV and U.S. radio in 1988 with their last album's anthemic single *Beds Are Burning*, and now they're back with their follow-up assault, ***Blue Sky Mining*** (Columbia), a reflective, almost introverted effort from these progressive punksters. Forget about anthems, there's hardly a memorable hook or chorus in sight, with the possible exception of *King of the Mountain*. Still, kinder, gentler efforts such as *Shakers and Movers* insinuate themselves into our consciousness after a few listenings. But downshifting musical gears focuses us on lyrics, and that can be a problem. At their best, leader Peter Garrett's musings reflect the aboriginal dreamtime logic of the heart. At their awkward worst, they're too specific to have the universal resonance of great rock and too disjointed to focus on any particular issue. New Age funk. It had to happen.

SHORT CUTS

Kitaro/Kojiki (Geffen): Most New Age music sucks, but rock critics tend to shrug off all of it on the evidence of some of it. Not fair. As one who has dismissed much of Kitaro's work in the past as aimless noodling with a phony veneer of mysticism, I have to say that here we get drama, melody, tension, resolution and all the cool stuff that makes classical music work.

Silos (RCA/BMG): With a little promotion, these guys could be contenders. Forthright without being obvious, spare without a lot of crappy "roots" references, they occupy a middle ground between R.E.M. and John Cougar Mellencamp while leaving no suspicious aftertaste of redneck attitude. College radio, here they come.

Jim Croce/Live: The Final Tour (Saja/Atlantic): Bad music from the Seventies is very hip right now, so this should do well with the more-ironic-than-thou set. It defines cheap sentiment: exquisitely secondhand yet tapped into the reservoir of self-pity that has always irrigated the amber waves of transcendentally odious art from the heartland. His stage patter about drinking Ripple and Nyquil will place him in history.

Hank Williams, Jr./Lone Wolf (Warner/Curb): Hot band, hot production, hot singing, willful ignorance, drunken pugnacity, obeisance to power that masquerades as standing up for the little guy. Some say he's the son of Hank Williams. I say he's the son of Jim Croce and the Gestapo.

Kennedy Rose/hai ku (Pangaea/IRS): Female duo plays folk music with the benefit of modern production that puts those chiming guitars and mandolins and whatever in your face. Both are strong singers with the whole of their harmonies being greater than the sum of the parts. Reminiscent of Linda Ronstadt at her best.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

"I found the perfect place to propose.
And a special diamond that suits her perfectly!"
The Diamond
Engagement Ring.
Is two months' salary too
much to spend for something
that lasts forever?
A diamond is forever.
MERKSAMER
Jewelers
A Tradition of Fine Diamonds Since 1929
For the store nearest you and our free 4C's Quality Booklet, call 800 366-4999

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

Traci's back and Waters has her.

Back to the Fifties with Waters & Co.; *Last Exit* gets filmed at last.

THE LATE Divine is no longer with him, but writer-director John Waters has everyone else in ***Cry-Baby*** (Universal). Playing ultra-conservative parents in his comic musical spoof of the Fifties are such former pop icons as Joe Dallesandro, Joey Heatherton, Troy Donahue, David Nelson and kidnaped heiress Patricia Hearst, who's just fine. The title role—yes, that's his *name*—is played with wry, rhythmic humor by Johnny Depp (of TV's *21 Jump Street*) as "the happiest juvenile delinquent in Baltimore." Among his favorite chicks are ex–porn star Traci Lords as a teen bitch called Wanda and Amy Locane as Allison, a very well-bred young lady who sulks, "I'm *so* tired of being good." Convicted of flagrant delinquency, Depp sings and struts his way out of jail while thousands cheer. All of *Cry-Baby* is mindless, campy comedy, with some first-rate Fifties music on the sound track. The best of it may be *Sh-Boom* or perhaps *Cherry*—the latter heard while a host of couples, more or less in unison, experiment with touchy-feely or tongue kissing. Up to his eyeballs in what might pass for a ramshackle parody of movies such as *Rebel Without a Cause*, Waters hasn't lost his touch. It's a touch of crass, but that's what he's all about. ¥¥½

•

Brace yourself for ***Last Exit to Brooklyn*** (Cinecom), based on Hubert Selby, Jr.'s, controversial best seller, a collection of grim stories first published more than 25 years ago. According to this view of a harsh, loveless world, to be born anywhere near the Brooklyn waterfront is to be condemned to hell on earth. German director Uli Edel's *Brooklyn*, adapted by Desmond Nakano, doesn't hesitate to show the dark side. Violent muggings, union busting, homo bashing, drink, drugs and prostitution are what it's all about, with impressive performances to make bleak reality even bleaker. Jennifer Jason Leigh persuasively turns tricks as Tralala, the local strumpet who sets up her "dates" to be robbed and beaten and winds up in a gang bang that appears to involve the entire waterfront crowd. Peter Dodson triggers much of the physical cruelty as her handsome beau, Vinnie, with Stephen Lang very striking in a stint as Harry, the married *macho* union steward who's secretly intrigued by homosexuals. Ricki Lake, Alexis Arquette, Burt Young and Jerry Orbach stand out, too, in a rambling, densely populated slice of life that projects Brooklynese gloom and doom from beginning to end. ¥¥½

•

Markedly sexier in its new incarnation, ***Monsieur Hire*** (Orion Classics) is director Patrice Leconte's subtitled French remake of a novel by Georges Simenon. *Panique*, with Michel Simon, was a 1946 success based on the same book. This time around, Michel Blanc has the eerie title role as a strange man whose sexual habits include spying on a *jeune fille* (Sandrine Bonnaire) who lives in an apartment across the street. He watches the girl, Alice, and quietly submits to police questioning about the murder of another young woman in the woods nearby. The curious relationship between Blanc and Bonnaire commands attention, though nothing is quite what it seems in *Monsieur Hire*, except that it's French, complex and suspenseful. ¥¥¥

•

The frankest, and so far the finest, feature film on the subject of AIDS is ***Longtime Companion*** (Goldwyn), written by Craig Lucas and directed with conventional loving care by Norman Rene. Cherry Grove, Fire Island, notorious as a mecca for New York homosexuals, is the setting where gay actors, lawyers, agents, businessmen and assorted showbiz types gather back in the mid-Eighties to trade witticisms about the threat of AIDS. Before the movie is over, quite a few of the main characters are either ailing or dead, yet *Longtime Companion* charts their going as well as the group's inevitable growing awareness with humor, compassion and courage. Nominal head of the group is Bruce Davison, perfect as a well-to-do, unswervingly loyal host whose lover (Mark Lamos) succumbs to AIDS. While all the actors are exemplary, Campbell Scott (son of George C. Scott and Colleen Dewhurst) upholds his heritage in a moving, pivotal role as Willy. *Longtime Companion* is an emancipated movie with some cogent observations on the media's handling of gays, plus some caustic commentary. A potential AIDS victim, for example, wonders aloud, "What do you think happens when we die?" Replies his companion, "We get to have *sex* again." ¥¥¥½

•

Make haste to see ***Nuns on the Run*** (Fox), a generally side-splitting comedy from British writer-director Jonathan Lynn. England's portly Robbie Coltrane and Eric Idle of *Monty Python* fame are co-starred as a couple of petty crooks seeking refuge in a convent. Of course, they dress up as sisters named, respectively, Inviolata and Euphemia. Also, of course, the movie's naughty, bawdy and broad as a barn, about as subtle as the collected works of Abbott and Costello. But just try not to laugh. *Nuns* is fun. ¥¥¥

•

In the course of ***A Shock to the System*** (Corsair), Michael Caine manages to murder a hapless panhandler, his demanding wife (Swoosie Kurtz) and an archrival (Peter Riegert) who unexpectedly replaces him as a big chief in advertising. Getting his own back as a charter member of the me-first generation, Caine might be caught but for a pretty professional colleague (Elizabeth McGovern) who has reasons of her own for not alerting a suspicious investigator (Will Patton). *Shock* is a tongue-in-chic thriller in which you root for the bad guy because he's Michael Caine—and much more likable than his victims. Making a smooth feature-film debut, director Jan Egleson substitutes his mellow style for moral values in Andrew Klavan's droll, impish adaptation of a novel by Simon Brett. ¥¥¥

•

Check your intellect at the door when you go to see ***Wild Orchid*** (Triumph), set in Rio de Janeiro as carnival gets under way. (See the pictorial elsewhere in this issue for the stunning details.) As put together by co-author and director Zalman King, one of the main brains behind *9½ Weeks*, it's all very sexy, razzle-dazzle and randy, though the addled plot defies description. Jacqueline Bisset, Mickey Rourke and former model Carré Otis are allegedly vying to corner some resort real estate in Brazil, albeit they look more like swingers than like speculators. The whole blooming point of *Wild Orchid* appears to be getting Rourke and Otis *flagrante*. Voyeurs won't be disappointed. ¥¥½

•

To call it a cross between *Romeo and Juliet* and *Abie's Irish Rose* would be somewhat unfair, yet ***Torn Apart*** (Castle Hill) bears undeniable resemblances to both. Continuing Middle East tensions guarantee the timeliness of director Jack Fisher's unabashedly sentimental romance, adapted with feeling

THE ONE BEER WITH A STRONG CHARACTER

LÖWENBRÄU

For Color Poster send $2.00 (check or money order only) to Löwenbräu Poster Offer, P.O. Box 443, Grafton, WI 53024

©1990, Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WI

from a novel aptly titled *A Forbidden Love*. You get the idea. Happy together as children, a Palestinian girl named Laila (Cecilia Peck; see "Off Camera") and a Jewish soldier named Ben (Adrian Pasdar, one of movieland's fastest-rising hunks) are separated for years, then meet again when he's assigned to military service on the occupied West Bank. Religion, tradition, politics and family come between them, with tragic results. Filmed in Israel, *Torn Apart* is corny but convincing, poignant and affective, with cogent chemistry between Peck and Pasdar (reported to have remained a couple after the shooting stopped). Abetted by Barry Primus, very good as the boy's father, these two promising young stars make more of it than the plot, in summary, seems to suggest. ¥¥¥

Cecilia: Peck's good girl.

OFF CAMERA

At 30, **Cecilia Peck** is a self-propelled stage actress as well as the comely co-star of the topical movie *Torn Apart* (see review). She's also the only daughter of superstar Gregory Peck. Mostly a Manhattan resident, Cecilia last year narrated a Martha Graham special called *American Document* in New York and on tour. "Graham's truly remarkable and a mentor of mine, a real inspiration. When I first came to New York, years ago, my father's advice was, Go meet Martha Graham. He used to study with her, too." A Princeton English major whose past credits include managing a rock band and writing book reviews, Peck is now considering new movie scripts. "My dark looks and my psyche lend themselves to drama," she notes, "but on stage, I love doing comedy. The laughter is intoxicating." Her brothers Steve and Tony are in the movie business, too; her brother Carey—"a banker and sky diver"—is the sole rebel. Growing up in a film family, she recalls, "there's a lot of pressure. . . . You're always scrutinized to see whether or not you'll be a success." She's doing fine so far. Her famous dad restrains himself from influencing her but makes suggestions and sees *all* her work. "Including *Torn Apart*. He said he was quite relieved that I didn't embarrass anyone."

•

Robert Redford's narration of ***To Protect Mother Earth*** (Cinnamon) evokes *déjà vu* as well as righteous indignation. Producer-director Joel L. Freedman also made *Broken Treaty at Battle Mountain*, a very similar movie reviewed here in March 1975. Little has changed for the Shoshoni Indian tribe struggling to maintain its treaty-given rights to a 24,000,000-acre tract of land in Nevada, except that the U.S. Supreme Court has backed the Government's disenfranchising double talk. The fight goes on, and the film is a potent, visually striking plea for justice spearheaded by two Shoshoni sisters, Carrie and Mary Dann. Caring viewers should seek out *Mother Earth*, which the neighborhood Bijou probably won't bother to book. ¥¥¥

•

As a Hollywood vice cop assuming various disguises to facilitate drug busts, Theresa Russell brings some hot-blooded momentum to ***Impulse*** (Warner). The movie falls apart in terms of plausibility when Russell, nerved up and turned on by her image as a bogus bad girl, impulsively (that's the word taken from the title) picks up a vicious drug lord who is murdered before he can get her into bed. But heigh-ho, she still has the locker key that leads her to his stolen millions, and *Impulse* hopes you'll wonder whether her secret will be found out by George Dzundza, a horny fellow cop with a yen for Russell, or whether she'll take the money and run with a much-too-handsome young assistant D.A., played by Jeff Fahey. Sondra Locke, who was Clint Eastwood's lady of yesteryear, directed the movie, blending her voluptuous heroine's softer side with a hard edge of violence that Dirty Harry might envy. ¥¥½

•

Cultists should have a field day with ***Santa Sangre*** (Expanded Entertainment), directed by Alejandro Jodorowsky, who made *El Topo* and *The Holy Mountain*. This curious personal fantasy, in essence a horror story, stars the director's son, Axel Jodorowsky, in a manic role as Fenix (another son, Adan, plays the younger Fenix). Driven by odd obsessions, Fenix escapes from a lunatic asylum to join a strange, somewhat incestuous theatrical act with his mother, Concha (Blanca Guerra). In the show, standing behind her, Fenix lets his own arms gesture for Concha, whose arms were chopped off by her philandering husband (played by Guy Stockwell, Dean's brother) after she splashed acid on his crotch. Is it necessary to add that *Santa Sangre* is nightmarish, bloody and a baaad trip? ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

Bad Influence (Listed only) *Does* art imitate life? More sexy video tapes in a fervid Faustian thriller with Rob Lowe and James Spader, no less. ¥¥¥

The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover (Reviewed 4/90) Far-out foolery in an eating establishment. ¥¥½

Coupe de Ville (5/90) Three oddball guys ferry a Cadillac to Florida. ¥¥¥

Cry-Baby (See review) Still on a roll with Waters and company. ¥¥½

Enemies, a Love Story (3/90) Top-notch direction by Mazursky, about Holocaust survivors in New York. ¥¥¥¥½

The Handmaid's Tale (5/90) From the chilling novel, with Natasha Richardson as a captive baby maker. ¥¥¥¥

The Hunt for Red October (Listed only) Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin and a dandy undersea cast. But just OK. ¥¥

The Icicle Thief (5/90) Man with a movie in a madcap media mix from Italy. ¥¥¥

Impulse (See review) Russellmania. ¥¥½

Last Exit to Brooklyn (See review) And you wouldn't want to live there. ¥¥½

Longtime Companion (See review) Some homosexuals in the era of AIDS. ¥¥¥½

Lord of the Flies (5/90) The classic remade, proving boys will be beasts. ¥¥¥

Love at Large (5/90) Guessing game with Berenger and beauties. ¥¥½

Miami Blues (5/90) More flash from Alec Baldwin, a star in the making. ¥¥

Monsieur Hire (See review) A teasing Simenon thriller, French style. ¥¥¥

Mountains of the Moon (3/90) African high adventure as it ought to be. ¥¥¥¥

My Left Foot (12/89) Daniel Day-Lewis is brilliant, and there's *more*. ¥¥¥¥

New Year's Day (5/90) Director Henry Jaglom's tell-all holiday soiree. ¥¥¥

Nuns on the Run (See review) Coltrane and Idle get into the habit. ¥¥¥

Rosalie Goes Shopping (5/90) Beating the system with Marianne Sagebrecht. ¥¥

Santa Sangre (See review) Weird. ¥¥

A Shock to the System (See review) Electricity by Michael Caine. ¥¥¥

Strapless (5/90) Blair Brown learning the ways of a man with a maid. ¥¥¥½

The Tall Guy (9/89) Jeff Goldblum on the loose in London. ¥¥½

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles (Listed only) Shell game for the very young. ¥

To Protect Mother Earth (See review) Indian rights backed by Redford. ¥¥¥

Torn Apart (See review) Star-crossed lovers in turbulent Israel. ¥¥¥

Wild Orchid (See review) Not much to go on, but lots of *brio* in Rio. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥¥ Outstanding
¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

SANTA FE®

DISCOVER THE MYSTERY OF ITS ATTRACTION

COLOGNE FOR MEN

© 1990 Shulton Inc. U.S.A.

GUEST SHOT

He may portray the ultimate con artist in TV's Isuzu spots and be a hit on *Empty Nest*, but **David Leisure** cannot tell a lie when it comes to videos he prefers. "I am a *total* movie nut," he says. "My favorite romantic film," he deadpans, "is *The Magnificent Seven* and my wife's is *Falling in Love*—which is why we have two VCRs. Meanwhile, I bought my daughter every Disney video available—even the guy stuff, like *Old Yeller* and the *Davy Crockett* TV shows." Other Leisure-time faves: the original *King Kong*, *A Man and a Woman* and *anything* with Spencer Tracy ("He showed up on the set and ate up every scene"). As for adult fare: "Everyone has a little voyeurism in him, but we haven't rented anything like that in a long time. All the guys at our video store know us, so renting a dirty movie can be a tough job." No lie.

—LAURA FISSINGER

BRUCE ON VIDEO

our movie critic goes to the tape

We've lost many of the great movie icons in the past year or two; fortunately, they left a timeless legacy on film. Here are some of their greatest hits, plus a few sleepers worth remembering, now available on video:

Fred Astaire died three years ago this month. My favorite Astaire–Ginger Rogers classic, *Swing Time*, was directed by the inimitable George Stevens. But don't miss Fred with Joan Leslie in *The Sky's the Limit*, a wartime musical noted for its major song-and-dance numbers.

Lucille Ball: Long before *I Love Lucy*, she made a snappy 1940 musical comedy, *Too Many Girls*, in which she met Desi and made the big time. *Du Barry Was a Lady* (1943) confirmed that she belonged there.

Bette Davis: Her dramatic peak may be *The Letter* (1940), but she won an Oscar for playing a dipsomaniac in *Dangerous* (1935) and sizzles as a gang moll flailing at Bogart the prosecutor in *Marked Woman* (1937).

Ava Gardner: She got her only Oscar nomination opposite Gable in *Mogambo* (1953). But don't overlook Ava as a Spanish dancer groomed for misery as a movie queen in director Joe Mankiewicz' acidic 1954 insider's epic *The Barefoot Contessa*.

Laurence Olivier: Classics schmassics, you haven't seen Sir Larry until you catch him as a seedy vaudevillian in *The Entertainer*. He's also a prince of a player with Vivien Leigh (then his wife) in *That Hamilton Woman*.

Barbara Stanwyck: She was a hang-tough con woman for Preston Sturges in *The Lady Eve* (1941), then downright nasty in Billy Wilder's 1944 *Double Indemnity*. There's an unforgettable, sympathetic Stanwyck teamed with Gable in *Night Nurse* (1931). Too bad her steamy 1933 *Baby Face* isn't on video—yet.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Presidents of the 20th Century; First Ladies; Princes and Princesses; Kings and Queens: A Profile of 20th Century Royalty: Four tapes provide the ultimate collection of VIPs, Brit and American, from Queen Victoria and Teddy Roosevelt to Barbara Bush and Princess Di. The ultimate head-honcho collection (MPI).

Step by Step PC Computer Assembly: Money-saving, award-winning, nuts-and-bolts low-down on building an IBM-compatible AT/286/386 clone. Tape's big pitch: "No soldering, no special tools, no mechanical ability required!" Go for it (JVF).

The Frisbee Disc Video: Complete with a visual history of the fad (the name came from the Frisbie Pie Company, whose pie tins were the first "flying saucers"), this tape includes the inside word on throwing, fancy grabs, trick spins and canine Frisbee-catching contests. Fun (Kodak).

VIDEO KNOW-HOW

special-interest tapes for the especially interested

Executive Dressing for Men: Well-produced, hip rundown on the dos and don'ts of creating or revamping your professional wardrobe. Best tip: matching shirt and jacket patterns to your physique (Vidcat).

First Time Garden: *Fawlty Towers* meets the gardening tape. Co-host Geoff Hamilton looks and sounds so much like a John Cleese clone—and his meticulousness is so bloody *British*—you may think this is a send-up. Not so. From landscape layout to finished back-yard nirvana, some real "spot on" advice (Public Media Video).

Emergency Action: A half-hour gem that could literally be a life saver. A clear, concise course on what to do when accidents happen—including C.P.R., the Heimlich maneuver and quick remedies for poisoning, burns and cuts. (ActiVideo).

The Ultimate Kiss: A Sensual Guide to Oral Lovemaking: Instructional, 30-minute, R-rated (just *barely* squeaks by X), his/her demo on oral sex. Halfway between raunchy porno and health-class filmstrip, this vid is ideal for enlightening an uninitiated partner. But turn the volume down and avoid the sappy narration (Ero-Tron).

—STUART WARMFLASH

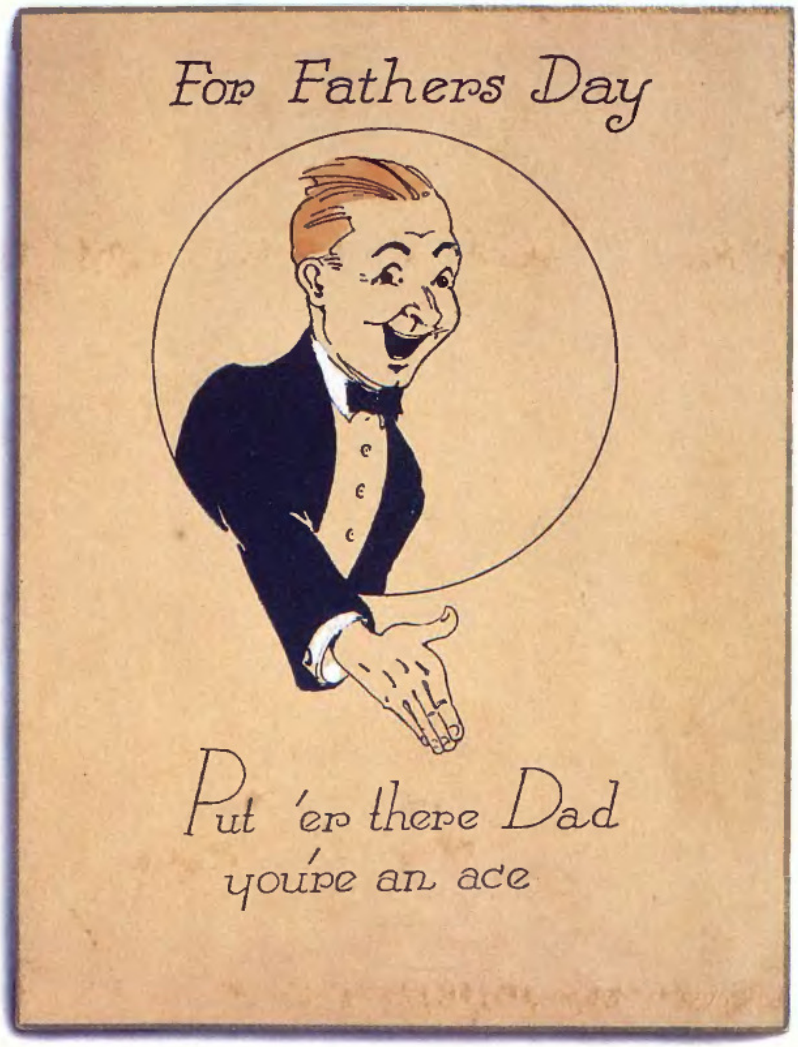
SHORT TAKES

Filthiest-Sounding Hunting Video: *Introduction to Muzzle-Loading*; **Strangest Vid Title:** *Dinosaurs Divorce and Dinosaurs Beware*; **Least Kind-and-Gentle Video:** *Boots, Buckles, Blades: Practical Street Fighting Secrets*; **Second-Least Kind-and-Gentle Video:** *Super Nunchaku—Semi-Advanced: Awesome Okinawan Weapon of Self-Defense*; **Favorite Video Cliff-Hanger:** *Avalanche Awareness: A Question of Balance*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *Digital Speech and Pressures of the Text*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *The Basics of Mat Cutting and Decoration, Vol. 2.*

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING SEXY	***sex, lies, and videotape*** (James Spader uses the third to probe the first two with weird intensity); ***Sea of Love*** (tired N.Y.C. cop Al Pacino seeks psycho singles killer, finds Ellen Barkin); ***The Girl in a Swing*** (enigmatic Meg Tilly seduces and confuses a staid Englishman).
WANT TO CHUCKLE	***Second Sight*** (Bronson Pinchot channels spirits with John Larroquette to unkidnap a cardinal); ***Shirley Valentine*** (put-upon Brit wife bolts to Greece; stagy but worthy); ***Honeybloopers*** (goofs, falling scenery and outtakes galore with America's favorite Haneymaaners).
FEELING INTENSE	***Black Rain*** (N.Y.C. detective Michael Douglas demonstrates Western justice to Osaka cops); ***Drugstore Cowboy*** (pill-heads Matt Dillon and Kelly Lynch rob their way through Oregon); ***The Forgotten*** (Uncle Sam detains six released Vietnam M.I.A.s; for paranoid conspiracy fans).
WANT SOME ROMANCE	***The Fabulous Baker Boys*** (torchy siren Michelle Pfeiffer drives wedge between Bridges brothers Beau and Jeff); ***True Love*** (looming nuptials terrify a young Italian couple); ***The Little Thief*** (pretty petty larcenist meets her dream croak; screenplay by François Truffaut).

Father's Day past.



Greeting card, 1926. Used with permission.

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 43% ALC./VOL. (86°) • © 1986 CHIVAS BROS. IMPORT CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Father's Day present.

WHAT ARE YOU SAVING
THE CHIVAS FOR?

Visit your local retailer, or call 1-800-238-4373 to send a gift of Chivas anywhere in the U.S. Void where prohibited.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

BROWSE the travel section of any large bookstore and you know that the number and diversity of guidebooks can be overwhelming. It's enough to discourage you from taking a vacation. Well, relax. We have sorted through stacks of guides, consulted our well-traveled friends and here provide you with a selection of the top titles in the field, books that will make your next trip a breeze.

In a market place jammed with general-information guides from Fielding, Fodor, Baedeker and Michelin, among many others, we find that the Stephen Birnbaum guides rise a notch above the rest. He has replaced Temple Fielding as the voice of the urbane American traveler. In addition to the usual details about hotels, restaurants and attractions, Birnbaum tosses in the offhand candid remark, the honest judgment call that makes you trust him. (Naturally, all of these travel series are compiled by staffs of researchers, but Birnbaum has a reassuring style that gives you confidence in his opinions.) ***Birnbaum's Spain & Portugal 1990*** (Houghton Mifflin) is a fresh look at changing Iberia as it gears up for the 1992 Olympics.

Arthur Frommer was the pioneer of budget travel in 1957 with *Europe on $5 a Day*. The per diem cost has risen substantially, depending upon where you are heading: Europe ($40), Hawaii ($60), India ($25) or Australia ($30). However, his guides, such as ***Frommer's New Zealand on $45 a Day*** (Prentice Hall), will still direct you to the clean, well-lighted budget places to sleep and eat, with dependable prices given in U.S. dollars.

For the truly adventurous knapsack set, the most colorful and reliable guides available are the Lonely Planet "travel survival kits." Ignoring Paris and L.A., their experts take you trekking in Nepal, bush walking in Australia or through the wilds of Madagascar, the Comoro Islands, Mauritius, Réunion, the Seychelles, Malaysia, Singapore, Brunei and onto Marco Polo's old Silk Road, now known as The Karakoram Highway. If you really want to get off the beaten track, pick up a copy of ***Rarotonga & the Cook Islands*** (Lonely Planet) and head for the airport.

Richard Saul Wurman's stylish Access guides are the most practical friends to have in hand when wandering the cities he has mapped. By dividing cities sensibly into neighborhoods, Wurman skillfully gets you where you want to go with all of the essential information color-keyed and logically displayed. No one should attempt a visit to New York City without his updated ***NYC Access*** (Access/Prentice Hall) within reach. He provides seating plans for the theaters and the stadiums, a Manhattan Address Locator and lists of the best things to see and do from New Yorkers as diverse as Brendan Gill and Beverly Sills.

How to be a happy wanderer.

Travel guides for snobs, shoppers, adventurers and the knapsack set.

Of course, if money is no object, travel the posh routes with Henri Gault and Christian Millau. Their Gault Millau (pronounced go me-oh) series bills itself as "The Only Guide That Distinguishes the Truly Superlative from the Merely Overrated" and delivers on that promise. You may be branded a snob, but you'll never sleep, eat or shop in a bad place if you stick with its recommendations. A recent addition is ***Gault Millau The Best of Hong Kong*** (Prentice Hall), which samples every hot pepper from Tsimshatsui to Macao.

There are a few territories that have been unequivocally staked out. For example, it is not surprising that Kodansha International publishes the best guides to Japan. Its ***Tokyo: A Bilingual Atlas*** is an absolute necessity for English-speaking visitors to that complex city of the future, and its ***Gateway to Japan,*** by June Kinoshita and Nicholas Palevsky, is an extraordinary skeleton key to the culture, as well as a practical guide. Another excellent resource for travelers wanting a quick introduction is ***Japan Today!*** (Passport), a book-and-cassette course.

We would never set foot in Paris without Patricia Wells's ***The Food Lover's Guide to Paris*** (Workman) and Chronicle's recent editions of Sandra Gustafson's ***Cheap Eats in Paris*** and ***Cheap Sleeps in Paris.*** The last two are the most discerning budget guides to that expensive city that we have found. The new ***Paris Address Book*** (Berlitz), with more than 1000 entries, will also go in our travel bag; ditto ***Fodor's London Companion*** (Fodor) by Louise Nicholson, a wonderful manual filled with essential lore for walkers, shoppers, gawkers and eaters.

You'll see a well-worn copy of Carl Franz's ***The People's Guide to Mexico*** (John Muir) in the homes of frequent visitors below the border. Now in its seventh edition, this down-to-earth survey of Mexican customs and conditions will help you get the most mileage from your pesos, appreciate the foods and avoid cultural offenses. If you are specifically heading toward Cancún, Mérida or Cozumel, the ***Guide to the Yucatán Peninsula Including Belize*** (Moon), by Chicki Mallan, has detailed information about archaeological sites, as well as many out-of-the-way restaurants and hidden beaches not in other guidebooks.

The Hawaiian Visitors' Bureau has designated J. D. Bisignani's ***Hawaii Handbook*** (Moon) the "best guidebook" to the islands, and we agree. This 788-page survey gives new meaning to the word exhaustive. No one since James Michener has told us so much about our 50th state. Sun worshipers have been going to Hawaii for decades, but one of the hottest new travel destinations is Costa Rica, and Ree Strange Sheck's ***Costa Rica: A Natural Destination*** (John Muir) is the definitive guide to its treasures. This peaceful democracy with its rain forests and beaches is presented in the kind of detail that gives a traveler confidence.

Of course, people travel with many specialized purposes in mind. For example, if you are a scuba diver, Gulf Publishing gives you locations, depths, water conditions and plenty of underwater photos for the best dive sites in the world. Its latest, ***Diving and Snorkeling Guide to Belize,*** by Franz O. Meyer, explores the 175-mile Caribbean barrier reef along that country in detail. If you are an avid consumer, the *Born to Shop* series, by Suzy Gershman and Judith Thomas, is for you. (The authors advocate the Moscow Rule of Shopping: Buy it when you see it.) The advice on where to go and how to bargain in ***Born to Shop: Hong Kong*** (Bantam) is an excellent short course in smart buying.

Bon reading *voyage*!

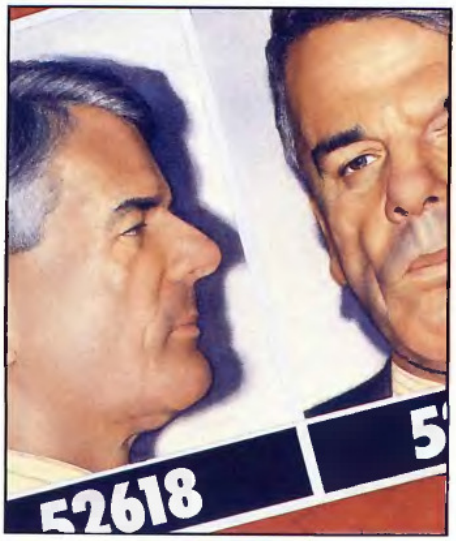
BOOK BAG

Ed Paschke (Hudson Hills), by Neal Benezra: Painter Paschke's images exalt life's seamier side and never fail to startle the viewer. (His contributions to *Playboy* for three decades were a significant expression of those years.)

Ricky Nelson: Idol for a Generation (Contemporary), by Joel Selvin: Many people have already forgotten just how huge a star Ricky Nelson actually was. This book will be a reminder.

MEN

By ASA BABER



THE F.B.I. IS WATCHING!

They are out there, men. They have you under intense surveillance and your every move is being tracked. May as well face it, *amigo*, you are a deadass duck on the highway of life. The Feminine Bureau of Investigation is on your case, and you don't have a chance. This F.B.I. is the sharpest, brightest, most inquisitive and shrewdest intelligence agency ever devised.

I recently visited the international headquarters of the Feminine Bureau of Investigation in Washington, D.C. As you may remember, the F.B.I. is run by J. Evangeline Hooverette (Angie to all who know and love her). I am here to tell you that director Hooverette is a very tough cookie who does not suffer foolish men gladly.

"Asa Baber, also known as Needle Dick?" Angie said to me as I walked into her office. "Sit down and shut up, Butthead," she barked with a flinty smile. She was built like a fireplug. She had a strong handshake, too.

I sat down fast. "'Needle Dick'? How did you know that's what the women at the health club call me?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh, hell, Asa, this is the Feminine Bureau of Investigation. We've known all about you for years." She pulled out a very thick folder and started reading from it. "'Asa Baber; Chicago, Illinois; 1990 update: "Thinks he's a stud but is only a pony." "Plays with himself all the time to see if that will make it grow." "Thinks he's a writer, but couldn't write a parking ticket if he had to."'" Angie looked up at me and laughed at the expression on my face. "Surprised? We've got sitrep reports from every woman you ever dated or talked to. We've got wire taps and video tapes, transcripts and infrared photographs, credit checks and medical histories. We know more about you than *you* do. Had enough, Pudthumper?"

"Yes, yes!" I cried. "That's enough." I felt very shaken. I tried to collect my thoughts. "I'm not here to learn about my file," I said.

"Well, what are you here for, then, Baby Balls?" Angie asked.

"I'm here to learn how women got so smart and observant, why they are so far ahead of us guys," I said. "I want to know why they notice things about me that I would never notice about them, why they sense social situations so much faster than I do, why they think faster and talk better."

"You mean," Angie said, "why, if you wear socks with holes in them to the office—which, according to our files, you did two days in a row last month—all the women in the building know it within five seconds of your arrival? And why, if you even think about hitting on one of them, the word is out to all the others before you get back to your desk?"

"Yes," I said, "that's what I want to know. Women see more, they know more, they compare notes more often. It's very intimidating."

Angie leaned back in her chair with a smirk. "Well, in the first place, Crappy Columnist, we train our women well. Every woman in the world has been through our training program. Remember Eve? Of Adam and Eve? She started it. I'm just following up. It's genetic by now."

"You mean that throughout history, it's been like this?"

"Oh, yes," Angie said, nodding. "We're way ahead of you gentlemen in terms of intelligence gathering."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because you are always distracted when you're talking to women. You're thinking about sex all the time. You're usually mesmerized by women, aren't you? By the wink of an eye, the thrust of a breast, the shape of an ankle, the curl of a lip?"

"I guess so," I said. "Aren't they interested in the same things about us?"

"Eventually, they may be," Angie said. "But first they are required to conduct a personal inventory. We teach them to do that before anything else."

"Personal inventory?" I asked.

Angie handed me a printed form. "Just follow me on this one, Liver Spot," she said as she read aloud: "'*Personal Inventory Sheet, First Meeting, Form 101, Alpha Bravo:* height, weight, estimated age, color of eyes, color of hair, estimated value of clothing, estimated value of personal jewelry, estimated career potential, estimated cash on hand, number and type of credit cards——'"

"This is very cold," I interjected.

"No shit, Emetic Eyes?" She shook her head and went back to reading: "'Type and expense of dentalwork, physical-energy level, vocabulary level, estimated penis size—not valid if pants are pleated——'"

"Wait a minute!" I yelled. "You mean to tell me that every woman fills out one of these forms on every man she talks to? You mean there are no casual moments, it's all business?"

"That's right, Panic Breath," Angie said.

"So while we're checking out the sex angle, they're making business decisions?"

"What else?" She handed me several other forms. "They fill these out and send them in. Here's a form about your domestic living quarters, here's one about your family and friends, here's your Colleague Evaluation Report, your credit-bureau record, etc. By the time she's done with you, the profile is complete. She sends it in, the information is added to your file and she gets a final print-out the next day."

"Guys don't have anything like that," I said.

"Guys never will," Angie said, smiling.

"Maybe if I warn them in my *Men* column?" I asked.

"Be my guest," Angie said. "Men look at the pictures first, they look at the pictures last, they skim your shitty column sometimes. You're no threat to us."

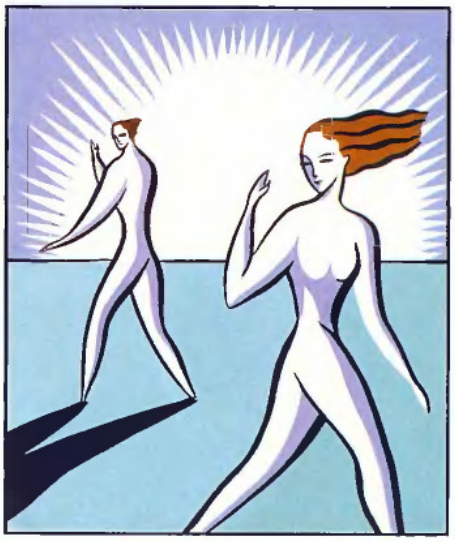
I stood up and shook Angie's hand. "Thank you—I think," I said.

"Get some new socks, Jarhead," she said.

I could hear the director's laughter all the way down the hall. Outside, there was a beautiful woman in a trench coat in the parking lot. She had great legs and a warm smile and bright eyes. I was so distracted that I almost backed my car into the fence. As I drove away, I saw the woman smile at me. Then she began making notes.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL



THE TERRORS OF CASUAL SEX

Big crisis! Cleo had sex! And it was unbelievably great! Now she wanted to jump out a window!

But instead, she just sat there in the West Beach Café, her face buried in her hands, shaking her head and muttering repeatedly, "What have I done?"

"Well," I said, "what *have* you done?"

"You made me call this guy I hardly know. . . ."

"Me? I simply said here you are in L.A., staying in a luxurious bungalow at a very fancy hotel, and everybody knows that the only thing to do under such circumstances is——"

"Get laid. I saw the reasoning. So I call this guy I picked up at a party last year, this guy I had sex with once, dinner with once, talked on the phone with maybe four times. In short, a guy I hardly knew and rarely thought about. . . ."

"And he came right over. . . ."

"That he did. And we had *tremendous* sex. It was beyond wonderful. It may have been the best sex I've ever had in my life."

"Oh, no," said Rita, who had arrived without our noticing. "This is a catastrophe."

"Sit down," said Cleo. "I'll buy. This may be my last meal on earth."

We sat in gloomy silence for five minutes.

"Listen," I finally piped up, "it may not be so bad. We're modern women."

"Fat chance," said Rita.

"Do you notice how my eyes keep darting to the door every time it opens?" asked Cleo. "That's because I called him this afternoon, calculating when he would be out, so I could just leave a message on his machine, a message I composed and recomposed in my head for an hour and a half. In fact, here it is, word for word: 'Hi, it's Cleo. I'm in town for longer than I expected, so if you're in the mood, come over to the West Beach tonight after eight. Goodbye.'"

"Very nice and straightforward," I said supportively. Rita groaned.

"My heart jumps into my throat every time that goddamned door opens," said Cleo. "I'm tapping both feet spastically under the table, and just looking at the bread nauseates me."

We lapsed back into silence. Then Brendan arrived and took in our morosity. "What?" he asked.

"I've just made an excursion into the world of casual sex," Cleo explained.

"You got laid? Congratulations."

"A guy I hardly knew," said Cleo, "and now I think I'm madly in love with him and I may die if he doesn't come through the door this second and I want to have his children."

"Just because he had his dick in you?" Brendan wondered. "Jesus, am I glad I'm not a broad."

"Listen, buddy, there's no such thing as casual sex," a beautiful movie star named Teri said, leaning over from the next table. We, of course, applauded.

"Everybody knows that men are not just another sex, they are another species," said Rita.

"No," I said. "Men aren't even from the same planet. For men, love and sex are two separate things."

"Listen," said Cleo, "even if the sex is bad, for at least a nanosecond we believe that it's destiny and marriage and true love forever. And if the sex is great, we're total goners. Look at me. Yesterday I was simply horny. Today I am obsessed. It's some kind of biological imperative."

"Of course it is," said Rita. "It's an instinct that is buried deep in our reptilian brains. We pretend to be modern, but our biology goes back to the Stone Age. We're the ones who have the babies. We want a man to go out and hunt for food and build us fires while we gestate. . . ."

"Fucking bullshit," said Brendan. "You just don't like to fuck as much as guys do."

General uproar.

"Women don't have a truly adventurous and playful taste for sex," he continued, unabashed. "You want this thing with conditions. Men unconditionally want sex, without prerequisites. You need this goofy-ass love shit. And this sensation of yours gets you into trouble. You'd be better off without it. Snap out of it; that would be my position."

A curly-haired comedian came walking along. "Just because I want a hamburger doesn't mean I have to marry the waitress," he intoned cryptically.

The waitress came over. "That guy at the third table wants to buy you a drink," she told Rita. "Very cute, wearing a wedding ring."

"Tell him I'm a lesbian," said Rita.

"Listen," I said, "we want sex just as much as guys do. It's just that as soon as we get turned on, the fantasies start flooding in. I was at a party last night and there was this really cute Italian guy I was crazy for. I wanted to sleep with him a lot, so I made up this whole endearing personality for him. Then he started bragging about his money and ancestry. Then he made a big push to go home with me, but the thought of him touching me nauseated me, because he was an asshole."

"Who the fuck cares?" said Brendan. "You should have taken him home and made him wear five condoms."

"Who? What?" said Herb, who had just walked in.

"We're talking about how women can't have sex unless we think we're in love," said Cleo morbidly.

"I will admit it's better when you are in love," said Brendan. "Much, much better."

"You mean to say," said Herb, "you don't have fantasies about running around and screwing everything in sight, with no guilt, no shame, no consequences, and the next day forgetting who it was and finding someone else?"

"No," we said.

"Huh," said Herb. "I guess it's because women have the babies and they have a limited supply of eggs. Men have billions of sperm that they constantly replenish. For women, sex always has consequences. It's not really fair."

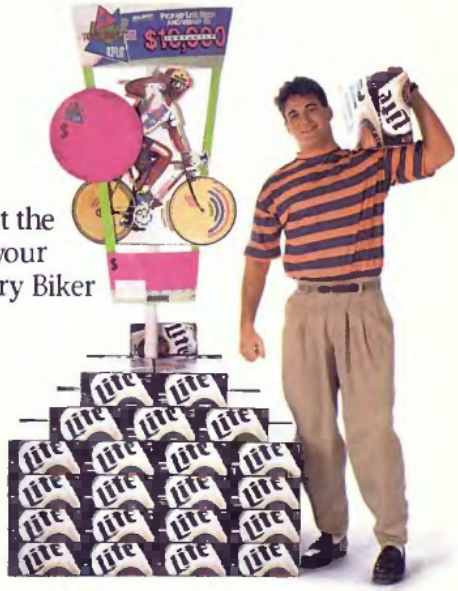
"You can say that again," said Cleo. And then he walked into the room and she lit up like a marquee.

SOME WAYS TO WIN THE TOUR DE LITE ARE EASIER THAN OTHERS.

1 Get a bike. Ride 2,986 grueling miles from Los Angeles to New York City. Compete against the world's top cyclists. Guys like Randy White, Joe Klecko and Run DMC.
This will not be easy.

2 Pick up Miller Lite—the less filling beer that really tastes great—and you might pick up ten thousand dollars. Instantly.
Because if a Miller Lite Mystery Biker spots you ordering or drinking Miller Lite at a bar or restaurant, you're a winner in the Tour De Lite Sweepstakes.
This is easy.

3 Pick up Miller Lite at the Tour De Lite display in your favorite store. If a Mystery Biker spots you, you win.
This is also easy.



And, there are all sorts of prizes. Everything from biking caps and Raleigh bikes to ten thousand dollars cash.
Yes, it's easy to win the Tour De Lite. Even if you don't have a bike.

For full details, send a self-addressed, stamped #10 envelope by 6/1/90 to: Miller Lite Requests, P.O. Box 4400, Blair, NE 68009. Residents of the state of WA *only* need not affix postage to return envelopes. No purchase necessary. Must be of legal drinking age. Void in AL, AR, MD, ME, MO, OH, OR, PR, TX, VA and VT and where prohibited. Sweepstakes ends 6/15/90.
© 1990 Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WI

MILLER BREWING COMPANY REMINDS YOU TO PLEASE: THINK WHEN YOU DRINK

SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

I.M.G. has announced that it has signed Jennifer Capriati, a 13-year-old tennis player, as a client and has already arranged a $5,000,000 tennis-clothing-and-shoe contract for her." —NEWS ITEM

•

I had my first business meeting with Cynthia Giggle when she was five years old. At I.M.Z., we don't sit around. See something, we go after it.

Cynthia's father and coach, Fred, had called to tell me he had a tennis player I ought to take a look at. Fred was a great player in his own day. At the age of 14, he won the mixed doubles at the French with Olga San Pablo, who later became a guy.

I said, "Fred, don't waste my time. Last week, I turned down a four-year-old at La Costa. No killer instinct."

Fred assured me that Cynthia had a killer instinct.

"Last week, she killed our Yorkshire terrier," he said. "Choked it to death in two minutes. It could have been my fault, I don't know. On the tennis court, I'd been calling her a choking dog, to toughen her up, and——"

"And the next thing you knew——"

"Yeah," he said. "She was choking the dog. Cynthia has quite a grip, I'll say that."

When I arrived in Naples, Florida, I found Cynthia Giggle smashing forehands into her father's chest. They have a court in their back yard. Fred had to make some sacrifices to build the court, but he and Martha agreed they would rather have a tennis court for Cynthia than a bedroom for themselves.

Martha looked tired. She had been acting as ball girl for the past six hours. This was her role in the family crusade to make Cynthia a star.

All of the balls had been hit astray by Fred, who hadn't been able to handle his daughter's forehand smash since Cynthia was two, which is the reason his chest looked so concave and further explained his hacking cough, which had been known to awaken neighbors.

Suddenly, Fred made a loud noise and clutched his chest. He staggered a bit.

"Ha, ha!" said Cynthia.

Martha said, "Sometimes I think Fred has worked her too hard. He put a racket in her hand when she was six months old. She killed the cat with it."

Cynthia was a cute little thing in those days. Blonde, blue eyes. Big for her age. She must have been two and a half feet tall. Some people always thought she had a

THE BAD SEEDED

fiendish look on her face, but I say it had more to do with her competitive drive.

"They'll be through in a minute," Martha said. "They'll work on her lobs, then you can talk with her." Fred liked to work Cynthia about 14 hours a day, Martha explained.

"Does she ever get tired?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said Martha. "Stamina is one of her real attributes. I think the only time she ever complained was one Easter when she was two years old. We bought her a duck and it took her an hour to kill it with her T-2000."

"Ha, ha!" I heard Cynthia yell. She had hit a backhand top-spin lob that her father hadn't been able to retrieve.

"This is the fun part," Martha said. "Fred gets mad and they really go at it."

Fred hit a hard serve at Cynthia. She returned it with a forehand winner down the line. He hit another hard serve at Cynthia. She returned it with a drop shot that sent Fred sprawling on the surface.

"Ha!" Cynthia laughed, hopping up and down.

Fred snarled at his daughter and hit her the hardest serve he had in him, and rushed to the net.

Cynthia returned it with another backhand top-spin lob. Fred spun around and chased after it but suddenly stopped and clutched his chest again.

"Ah . . . ah . . ." he said, stumbling, dazed, dizzy, a look of shock and agony on his face. He fell to the ground.

"Ha, ha!" Cynthia yelped.

"He plays this game with her," Martha said. "She gets all excited because she thinks she's finally killed him."

Near Fred, Cynthia was gleefully chanting, "You're dead, you're dead! Ha-ha, ha-ha!"

"He's not moving," I mentioned.

Martha smiled. "He taunts her. Sometimes he lies there for two or three minutes. When she's absolutely certain she's killed him, he rolls over and laughs at her. She gets furious. Ptew! She spits at him. Fred says it's something he learned about competition from a junior high school football coach."

"He's still not moving," I said.

"Boy, is she going to be mad this time," Martha said.

Cynthia came over to us.

Martha said, "Honey, this is a very important man. He's with a company called I.M.Z. They make tennis stars. Would you like to be a tennis star?"

"Can I kill things?" Cynthia asked me.

"You can kill other little girls," I replied. "Would you like that?"

"*When?*"

Cynthia was all smiles.

Fred still wasn't moving. In fact, Fred never moved again. I waited for an appropriate moment after the funeral to ask Cynthia if she had enjoyed killing her father.

"Yes!" she said happily.

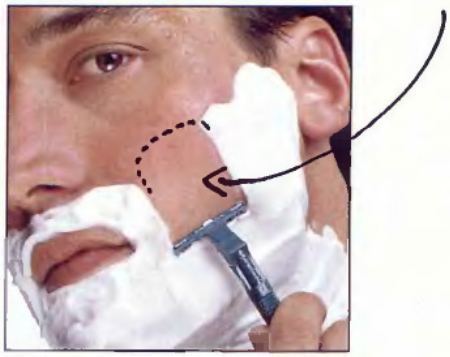
That's when I knew that I had a true champion.

Well, you know the rest of the story. Wimbledon champion at the age of nine. Five Wimbledon titles by the time she was 14. The first 12-year-old ever to win the Grand Slam.

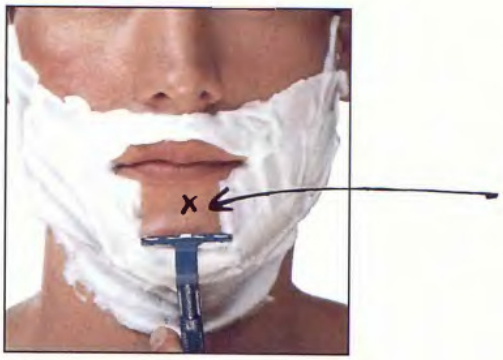
I say Cynthia would still be winning tournaments if it hadn't been for that eight-year-old bitch out of Bulgaria.

But she's a happily married old lady now. Seventeen years old, with two kids. She stays home and cooks and cleans, and there's hardly any talk about sports around the house, though her husband surfs competitively.

New: Sports scores by Playboy. *Dial* ***1-900-740-5500*** *for up-to-the-minute scores and information about man's second-favorite leisure activity; only 75 cents per minute.*

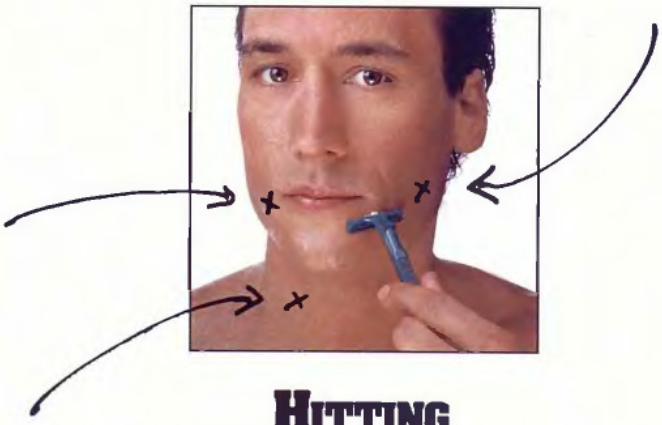


HANDLING THE ZONE.



PENETRATING THE LANE.

HOW JIM PAXSON SHAVES EVERY PLACE ON HIS FACE.



HITTING THREE POINTS.

He does it with the Schick® Slim Twin® Disposable razor. Slim Twin has a slim head to shave hard-to-reach places.

In fact, it works so well, men like Jim Paxson prefer it over Gillette Good News® regular.

Slim Twin even has a one-push cleaning bar to remove soap and stubble.

So get with the program. And get to the tough spots with Schick's Slim Twin Disposable.

It reaches every place on every face.

© 1990 Warner-Lambert Co.

"Hiram Walker is Red Hot."

Mother always said,
"Don't touch!" when
something was red hot.

Well, mother wasn't
always right.

Hiram Walker is Red Hot.

His Red Hot Schnapps tingles.

It's cinnamon and spice
and fire and fun.
Just like the red hots
I loved as a kid.

But Hiram Walker's
Red Hot Schnapps is
definitely for adults only.

Adults like you.

Go on. Touch it.
Taste it.

Or any of the other
Hiram Walker liqueurs,
flavored brandies or schnapps.

HIRAM WALKER

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.

RED HOT™ SCHNAPPS
24% alc./vol. (48 proof)
©1989 Hiram Walker Incorporated,
Farmington Hills, MI

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I was at a night club with several friends when I noticed a young lady seated nearby to whom I felt immediately and strongly attracted. Although she was accompanied by a gentleman who presumably was her date, she did not appear to be enjoying his company. She seemed bored, almost uninterested. We made eye contact with each other throughout the evening, and I was tempted to approach her on several occasions when her date excused himself for one reason or another. I simply hoped to learn her name, whether or not she was involved exclusively with him and if she would be interested in having dinner with me sometime. Fearing she might be turned off by any advance I might make, I initiated nothing. In retrospect, I am convinced that a mutual attraction existed; however, I am equally confident that I will never see her again and, therefore, will never know for sure. Since writing a message on a napkin or slipping my business card to a woman is not my style, I would like to know any tactful way to express my feelings in delicate situations such as this one without offending the lady.—M. M., Cheltenham, Pennsylvania.

About ten years ago, a group of Playboy *editors were sitting in a restaurant, staring at a woman who was seated alone by the wall. Clearly, she had been stood up. She caught our eye, we caught hers. We discussed possible opening lines for a half hour. One of us finally worked up the nerve to talk to this woman, when the door opened, a gypsy violinist entered, the owner of the bar brought over flowers and champagne and a man entered, draped a diamond necklace round her shoulders, dropped to one knee and proposed. We assumed that the man was her date. She gave us one last look that seemed to say, "You had your chance. You lost it." We gave her a look that seemed to say, "I suppose a blow job is out of the question?" Funny how these stories change with time. Anyway, we asked a guy in our group what he had been about to say. He said he was simply going to tell her that he would eat lunch at that restaurant every day for the rest of the week and if she ever wanted to join him, she knew where to go. For all you know, the guy at the night club was the young lady's boss or her brother. Always ask.*

My question concerns phone-answering-machine etiquette. I have a new number, and for the past three months, I've been receiving messages for some guy named John. I get phone calls from his insurance company, investment firm, secretaries from several companies and a woman I believe to be his mother. One secretary left more than 20 messages. (I called her back—now she calls only once a week.) Should I return these wrong-number messages or ignore them? Should I

leave my full name on the outgoing-message tape? First name? Just a number?—H. B., Troy, New York.

We believe that privacy is a right that must be exercised if it is to be protected. Never give out information on the phone. Don't indulge people doing surveys. Your buying habits or beliefs are your own business, not somebody else's. This applies to answering machines as well. Get one with a ten-second message tape. The world is tired of little dramas: "Bob, Carol, Ted and Alice are out. Please feel free to rob our house." Or the obvious: "We can't come to the phone, 'cause we're rutting like weasels." The best we've heard is a simple "You've reached [number]. Why?" Do you owe people a call back to explain that they are cretins or nuisances? We think not. If it's really important, they'll find some other way to reach John—maybe a nuisance fax. If the calls continue, ask for a new number.

On occasion, I have been caught without condoms or other forms of birth control. I remember reading somewhere that there are some useful substitutes for intercourse. Do you recall such a list?—O. E., San Francisco, California.

Golf? "Monday Night Football"? We assume you mean sexual substitutes. In "The Joy of Sex," Alex Comfort lists nine sites for alternative intercourse, culled from a 1903 sex manual called "Paradis Charnels." They are: "hands (she joins her hands, thumbs crossed, fingers interlaced, and makes him a vagina, wetting her palms first with saliva—an old way of ending straight intercourse without risking pregnancy, though it isn't in fact a safe contraceptive method), mouth, between the thighs . . . the breasts, the armpit and also the fold of the elbow and the knee. The other two substitute sites are the hair (long hair or plaits can be rolled into a vagina, or the penis lassoed with a loop of it, though some women may object because it's a bore to wash) and anal intercourse." He leaves out the foot—she can take off her shoe and extend it under the table to grasp your penis between her big and second toes. You can use your toe as a penis and put it wherever. And then there are the Thai bathhouses where women use their entire bodies (plus a lot of soap) to turn your body into a six-foot erection. Use your imagination.

Everyone knows that when you travel, you are supposed to keep the receipts for your traveler's checks somewhere other than where you keep the checks. But I overheard some business travelers talking about keeping lists of other important numbers—such as those on your credit card. Have you heard of this practice?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

We carry an appointment book in our carry-on luggage. In it are credit-card numbers (without identifying the company), the numbers to call to report lost or stolen cards, frequent-flier numbers for all family members and passport numbers for all family members (with date and place of issue). We also list confirmation numbers—usually on the same page as the date of the trip—for hotels and cars, as well as the numbers where we will be staying or doing business (or pleasure). (And while we're on the personal stuff—never travel without knowing your significant other's shoe size, dress size, blouse size and birthday.) We've started tearing off the receipts from our airline tickets with serial numbers, flight numbers and dates, keeping them separate from the tickets (it helps confirm reservations or replace lost tickets). We usually fly with an O.A.G.*—a pocket guide to all flights—in case we have to reschedule. That way, we don't have to spend hours on a phone, waiting for a reservations clerk. And lending your* O.A.G. *to a stranded traveler is a great way to meet people. We've read that some travel writers reduce all of this information to one computer print-out; we've met some people who have most of it stored on their computer wrist watches. Anything that cuts down your time in the telephone booth is worth doing.*

I deeply love my wife, but I think our sex life has become boring. Can you suggest any thought-provoking books?—K. W., Portland, Oregon.

You're in luck. Carol G. Wells, author of "Right Brain Sex: Using Creative Visualization to Enhance Sexual Pleasure," has a neat little test that should provide some sexual insight. For each of the following situations, rate yourself for predictability, giving yourself a five if you're very predictable and a one if you're never predictable: "(1) The time of day we have sex; (2) the day of the week we have sex; (3) the place we have sex; (4) who

FREE
Video Catalog

116 pages of classic movies, latest hits, musicals and more . . . over 2,200 titles at the new low prices. Over 1,200 titles under $20. Toll-free ordering, fast service, Federal Express delivery available, laser discs, too.

For a FREE catalog
send your name and address to Critics' Choice Video, P.O. Box 632, Dept. 09001, Elk Grove Village, IL 60009-0632

©1990 Critics' Choice Video, Inc.

WE'D LIKE TO REMIND YOU THAT THE UNCENSORED CONTENT OF THIS MAGAZINE IS MADE POSSIBLE BY THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE CONSTITUTION
The words we live by

To learn more about the Constitution write: Constitution, Washington, D.C. 20599. The Commission on the Bicentennial of The U.S. Constitution. Ad Council

initiates; (5) how we get started; (6) what we are wearing; (7) what we do to arouse each other; (8) the order of events; (9) what we say or don't say during sex; (10) what we do after we finish sex." If your score is 30 or above, you deserve to be bored. Wells also describes some of the characteristics of the Sexually Lustful Couple, who "intentionally stay in bed on a weekday or weekend morning and enjoy each other's company; watch less television in favor of a romp in the sack; let the laundry and lawn wait instead of their lust; are playful and uninhibited about their sexual desires; feel little rejection when one or the other is not in the mood, because they know it won't be weeks or months before there is another opportunity; value sex too much to use it as a battleground for other areas of disagreement; recognize the need for transitions and so go out of their way to set a sexy, romantic mood with music, candles, oils or special dinners; tease each other with innuendoes to keep lust alive; are more experimental and willing to try new behaviors; are more likely to masturbate in front of their partner; enjoy sharing sexual fantasies and erotic talk; are more flexible in their conditions for sex—i.e., time of day, place, rules of cleanliness, etc.; communicate their sexual preferences to each other; are not ashamed to let their children know they have sexual needs; go into the bedroom, shut the door and tell the children they want private time." You've already shown your willingness to change by writing to this column. Now do some reading. Wells's book has some interesting exercises that will spice up anyone's sex life. Hit your local bookstore.

What is the purpose of the extra eyelets in athletic shoes? I've seen anywhere from one to four extra holes at the top of the lacing area. Are they for ventilation or for some obscure form of athletic bondage?—S. L., Los Angeles, California.

If your running shoes are loose at the heels, the extra eyelets provide a means of custom fitting the shoe. With the one extra eyelet, run the lace from the outer hole to the inner eyelet, then over the tongue to the loop you've just created on the other side, then tie in a normal fashion. With multiple eyelets, you run the lace from the first or second eyelet to one of the outer eyelets, then tie normally. If this sounds complicated, have the salesman who sells you the shoe do the first fitting.

Having finally gotten up the courage to write to you, I sincerely hope you can find the time to write a reply. I am going through a lot of changes right now, one of which is discovering that I am a very sexual person. This comes as quite a shock to me. Not only do I enjoy sex with attractive men but I also find that pornography, especially with naked women, turns me on. Now, being a straight, horny female, I am quite concerned. Why is it that I love to look at naked women and that my deepest fantasy is to pose for *Playboy*? Is this unusual? I am afraid to tell people for fear they will think me insane. My fantasies and dreams have become so erotic I am having trouble being fully satisfied. All I know is that I thought I was a happy, fulfilled straight woman. Now I am confused. Please answer this letter and give me some hope that I am sane.—Miss H. J., Montgomery, Alabama.

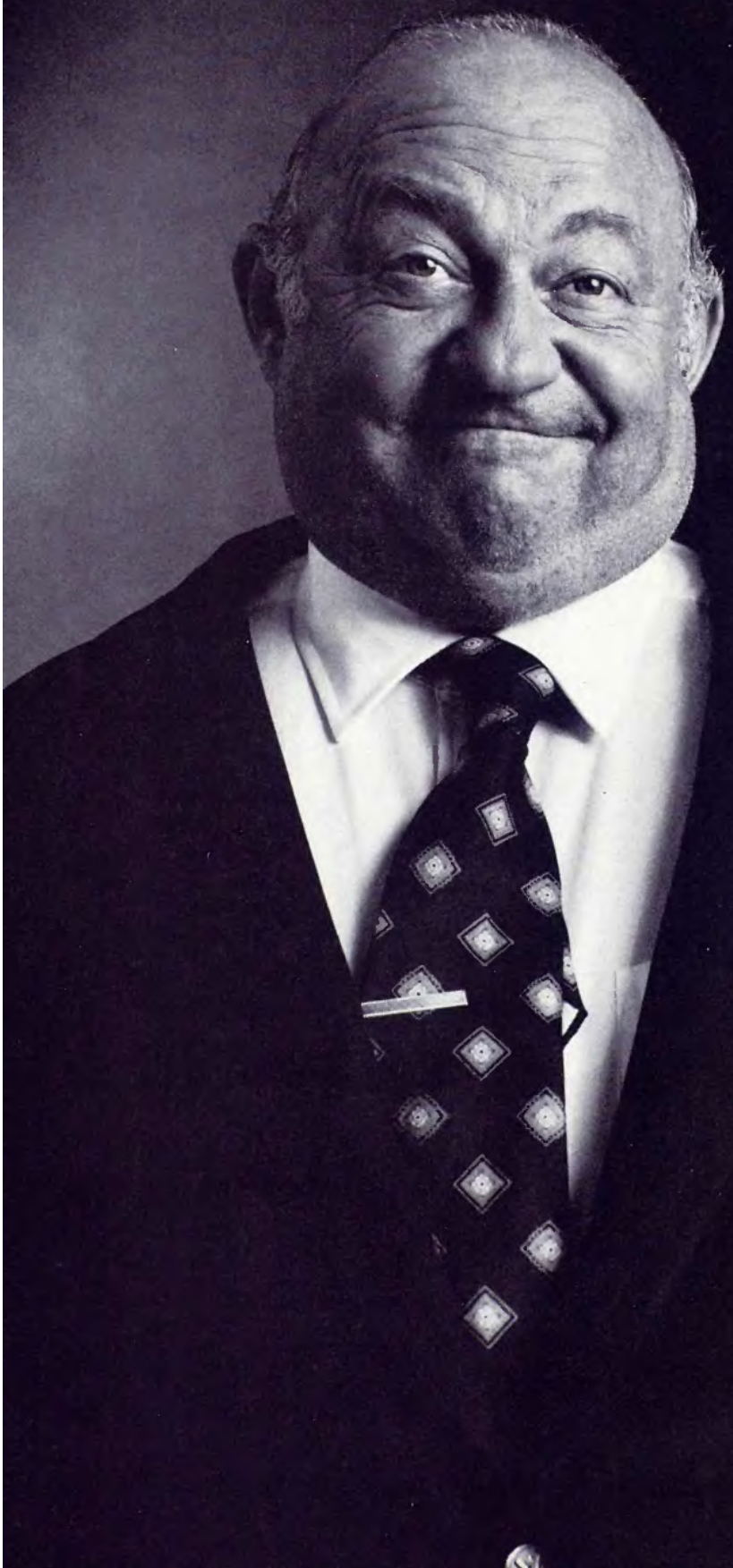
Far out—a live one. Suggestive or erotic material involving either sex can naturally elicit arousal—even if the erotic portrayal is of a member of the same sex. The fact that you find such material stimulating is not abnormal, nor does it indicate that you have homosexual tendencies. The ability to appreciate the beauty in a sexual image is a sign of health. On that note, send us a picture.

A girlfriend gave me a gift certificate for an expensive fountain pen and told me to pick one out. What do I look for?—C. B., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

A lot of people are rediscovering fountain pens—so much so that the Writing Instrument Manufacturers Association, Inc., reports that more than 21,000,000 (worth $126,000,000) fountain pens were purchased in 1988. You should match the width of the nib of the pen to the size and the style of your script. Be certain that the point is gold—not gold-plated. On expensive pens, the point is often either 14-kt. or 18-kt. gold. The 18-kt. is a softer, more forgiving instrument, but you may find that the 14-kt. point is more comfortable for a hand trained with a ballpoint. In testing the pen, write without ink. Flaws in the point will be heard as well as felt. When writing with ink, form a series of Ss, which will reveal any burrs or flaws on the point. Don't press too hard. Let the point glide over the paper. Keep the pen protected (its case is the best place). Don't drop it onto your desk or into a drawer. If you use cartridges, alternate them with bottle ink, if the pen is adaptable. Ink has sediment. In the bottle, it settles at the bottom; in cartridges, it goes to the nib and clogs it. Also, flush out the pen regularly with water. If you don't plan to use it for a while, empty it of ink. Finally, never use India ink in your fountain pen; it will severely clog it.

Here's my story: I'd been seeing a young lady on and off for about a year and a half. Our relationship developed to the point where I started spending an occasional night with her, and although we attempted to be careful, I now find myself facing fatherhood. When I found out about the pregnancy, I told her that the decision on whether or not to keep the baby was up to her. She decided she wanted to have the child and is expecting a healthy baby soon. She is in her early 30s, has an office job and should make an excellent mother. She has been reasonable, saying that since the decision to have the child was hers, she would accept the responsibility. She is leaving the question of child support up to me, and I plan on providing some. She has also indicated to me that she would like me to be a father to the baby, and the thought of Saturdays at the zoo, etc., does appeal to

"Just give me a killer sound system and the babes will follow."



TEAC®

A passion for excellence.

©1989 TEAC America, Inc.

7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, CA 90640

SUZUKI.
The ride you've been waiting for.™

When riding is the end, not the means.

The new Suzuki VX800. Remember when you rode a motorcycle purely for the fun of it? If not, the new Suzuki VX800 will help refresh your memory.

The VX800 blends classic looks with contemporary technology. Smooth, beautiful lines flow from fuel tank to tail section. A traditional upright seating position provides across-the-board riding comfort.

And at the heart, a slender, powerful 805cc V-twin delivers high torque over a broad range. While the low maintenance shaft drive smoothly transmits power to the premium Metzeler rear tire.

The new Suzuki VX800. Now getting there can be much more than half the fun.

The VX800 is available in April, 1990. For the name of your nearest Suzuki motorcycle and ATV dealer, call 1-800-255-2550. At Suzuki, we want every ride you take to be safe and enjoyable. So always wear a helmet, eye protection and protective clothing. Ride smart and never under the influence of alcohol or drugs. Know your equipment before you use it by reading your owner's manual. We also recommend you take a riding skills course. For the one nearest you, call the Motorcycle Safety Foundation at 1-800-447-4700.

me. Our relationship had cooled significantly before I found out about the pregnancy, but we have remained friends. I have a number of questions, however. Is there something I should do now to ensure a level of control in case our relationship changes over the next five or ten years, so that I can maintain the right to see my child? And what about the legal ramifications of my signing the child's birth certificate? How does that affect adoption rights if she gets married? What other ramifications should I be aware of?—R. R., Lincoln, Nebraska.

Your name on the birth certificate alone is not enough to protect your rights. In your state, a man must go to the Department of Social Services before or within five days of the child's birth to sign a statement acknowledging paternity in order to protect his rights as the father (e.g., visitation). He would be responsible for child support for 19 years, and he would also have to give his consent for the child's adoption. See a lawyer now. The problem with these politically chic decisions is that they work great—in theory only. Reality has its own set of demands. You could negotiate a prepartum agreement sketching out some of the issues—but as a pioneering document, it would have little standing. You've chosen a decent but difficult role. Good luck.

My boyfriend and I were reading a sex manual the other night and came across some interesting information. According to the author, the frenulum—the little flap of skin where the glans and the foreskin meet—is the most sensitive part of the penis. My boyfriend's reaction was "Big deal." It is not something that really comes into play during intercourse. I've tried flicking it with my tongue during oral sex, with some effect. Can you check your files for any other techniques that involve this sensitive area?—Miss L. R., Dallas, Texas.

We found something called the penile kiss. The man caresses a woman's entire body using the penis as a kind of paintbrush. He eventually zeroes in on the breasts, pressing the penis against the nipples and using the frenulum to flick the areolae lightly. This is obviously something you can do in reverse. Kneel in front of your lover and brush your nipples across the tip of his penis. Using lots of lubrication may enhance the feeling—dry friction usually results in numbness, not delight.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

Dial The Playboy Advisor on the Air and hear Playmates answer questions. Or record your own question! Call 1-900-740-3311; only two dollars per minute.

A NEW GENERATION OF CAR WAX FOR A NEW GENERATION OF CARS
New! One-Step Blue Coral® Treatment. Maximizes the brilliance and beauty of clear coat and all modern finishes.
PAINT SURFACE BEFORE APPLICATION
PAINT SURFACE DURING APPLICATION
PAINT SURFACE AFTER APPLICATION
NEW! Easy One-Step Application!
ORIGINAL FORMULA
Blue Coral
TREATMENT
HIGH-TECH AUTO WAX
12 FL. OZ. (355 ML)
© 1990 BLUE CORAL, INC.

IF YOU LIKE

AUTOMOBILES

YOU'LL LOVE THE du Pont REGISTRY...

The only nationwide publication of its kind, the du Pont REGISTRY is the Buyers Gallery of Fine Automobiles. Every month, the REGISTRY presents—in detailed, full-color photos and descriptive copy—more than 500 classic, luxury and exotic automobiles for your consideration. In 12 exciting, full-color issues per year (each printed on rich, coated stock), you get every awesome vehicle delivered right to your door.

As an introductory subscriber, you'll pay only $39.95 for a full year's subscription. Mail your check or money order to: du Pont REGISTRY
Dept. J2D7099
PO Box 3260
Harlan, Ia. 51593

OR-CALL TOLL-FREE:

1-800-233-1731

SELLING YOUR CLASSIC OR EXOTIC CAR? CALL 1-800-233-1731

TASTE BREWED IN, NOT TAKEN OUT.

A real difference in brewing makes Miller Sharp's the first non-alcoholic brew with real beer taste.

The secret lies in a recent Miller discovery.

Most non-alcoholic malt beverages start out as regular beer, and then the alcohol is removed. Unfortunately, so is a good deal of the taste.

Sharp's, on the other hand, is the product of Miller's brewing breakthrough, Ever-Cool.™

During brewing, temperatures remain lower, so alcohol production is minimized. What is produced is the smooth, refreshing taste of real beer.

Try Miller Sharp's. The breakthrough taste that lets you keep your edge.™

©1990, Miller Brewing Company, Milwaukee, WI.

THIS MALT BEVERAGE CONTAINS LESS THAN ½ OF 1% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME.

MCMARTIN

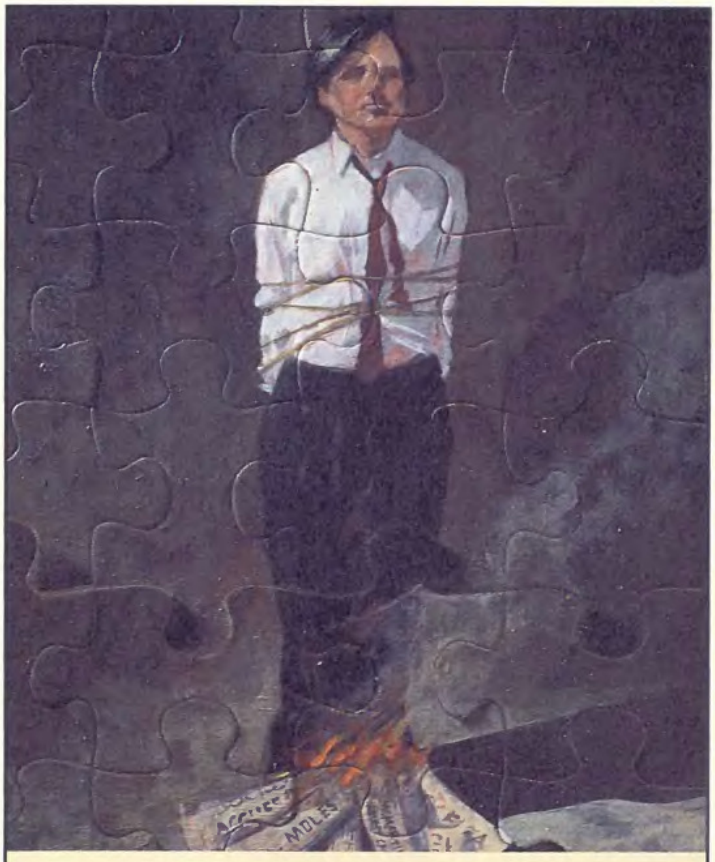
anatomy of a witch-hunt

In reading the history of nations, we find that, like individuals, they have their whims and their peculiarities; their seasons of excitement and recklessness, when they care not what they do. We find that whole communities suddenly fix their minds upon one object and go mad in its pursuit; that millions of people become simultaneously impressed with one delusion, and run after it, till their attention is caught by some new folly more captivating than the first.

—CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D., *Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds*, 1841

Society seems to have a periodic need for witch trials. At the onset of the Reagan era, there weren't really any Communists around to persecute, so the hunt went back to the traditional exorcism of Satan, whose horns and cloven feet assumed the form of the local day-care teacher.

—ALEXANDER COCKBURN, *The Wall Street Journal*, February 8, 1990



"Everything you think you know about the McMartin Pre-School child-abuse case you learned from the headlines."

Concern about sexual abuse of children became a national preoccupation in the early Eighties. The Meese commission toured the country in 1985, bringing forth witnesses who claimed the kiddie-porn industry grossed $675,000,000 per annum. An NBC white paper, *The Silent Shame*, inflated that figure to three billion dollars—more than Hollywood makes in a good year. Alarmist Donald Wildmon proclaimed that "each year, 50,000 missing children are victims of pornography. Most are kidnaped, raped, abused, filmed for porno magazines and movies and, finally, more often than not, murdered." Other groups proclaimed that 1,500,000 children disappear every year. People believed, people panicked.

Where was so much raping, abusing and filming taking place? According to the panic makers, at day-care centers. Dr. Kenneth Wooden, author of *Child Lures*, wrote, "Today, sexual abuse is so pervasive in day-care centers across the country that some major insurance companies are discontinuing coverage."

The alarmists lied—and people believed. Study after study finds that children are far more likely to be abused sexually in their own homes than they are in day-care centers. And in 1985, *The Denver Post* published a Pulitzer Prize–winning series that destroyed Wildmon's figures: The number of children abducted each year by strangers is fewer than 70.

The most recent—and certainly most publicized—case of mass hysteria is the McMartin Pre-School sexual-abuse case. The prosecution spent $15,000,000 and six years making a sensational case against day-care workers—only to have the jurors declare them not guilty.

THE MAKING OF A WITCH-HUNT

Everything you think you know about the McMartin Pre-School child-abuse case you learned from the headlines.

The story broke on February 2, 1984, on KABC-TV in Los Angeles: Reporter Wayne Satz, sitting in front of a graphic of a mangled Teddy bear, said that more than 60 children, "some of them as young as two years of age . . . who were enrolled in the McMartin Pre-School in Manhattan Beach, have now each told authorities that he or she had been keeping a grotesque secret of being sexually

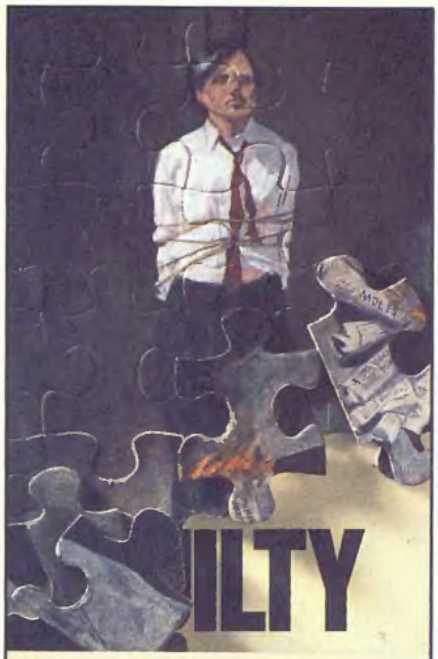
abused and made to appear in pornographic films while in the preschool's care—and of having been forced to witness the mutilation and killing of animals to scare the kids into staying silent."

Headlines in the *Los Angeles Times* tried and convicted the accused: "PORNOGRAPHY WAS MAIN AIM OF PRESCHOOL, D.A. CHARGES," or "PUPPETS HELP CHILDREN SHED HORRORS OF ABUSE," or "RAYMOND BUCKEY KNOWN AS MOLESTER, D.A. SAYS." Los Angeles television station KCBS reported that the McMartin children had been "terrorized into silence" and that "the horror story emerging from the McMartin Pre-School is all too believable."

National coverage was equally breathless. *People* magazine's headline was "THE MC MARTINS: THE 'MODEL FAMILY' DOWN THE BLOCK THAT RAN CALIFORNIA'S NIGHTMARE NURSERY." *Nightline* stated—without qualification—that "something was terribly wrong" at McMartin. "No one knew about the terrible secret that the children . . . were afraid to tell. . . . This is a story . . . about how even the very young children have to be listened to and believed." And Jane Pauley, on the *Today* show, asked a child-abuse expert, "What is the damage to these children? Are they damaged for life?"

In more than 2000 stories about the McMartin case, only a handful were skeptical about the guilty-before-trial verdict. CBS' *60 Minutes* in November 1986 and *California* magazine in February 1987 questioned the prosecution's case. *Easy Reader*, a local alternative newspaper, reversed the direction of its coverage when the publisher visited the trial and became convinced that the defendants were innocent.

Because of the sensational and biased press, more than 90 percent of the people in the Los Angeles area who had heard of the McMartin case thought the Buckeys were guilty—before the trial began.



"In more than 2000 stories about the McMartin case, only a handful were skeptical about the guilty-before-trial verdict."

THE CASE

Mary A. Fischer, a writer who did not fall for the hype, wrote in October 1989 that the hysteria was the result of overeager police, politically ambitious prosecutors, aggressive reporters, an untrained social worker and tainted witnesses.

The mother who filed the first complaint, Judy Johnson, was an alcoholic and was diagnosed as an acute paranoid schizophrenic. In May 1983, she wanted to enroll her two-and-a-half-year-old son at the McMartin Pre-School. Told that there was a long waiting list, she simply dropped him off at the front gate and left. The McMartins took him in and later enrolled the child out of sympathy.

During July of 1983, Johnson visited a doctor. She said that her son's anus was "itchy" and believed that he may have contracted her vaginal infection. The doctor treated her for vaginitis but did not examine the boy.

A few weeks later, when she noticed blood on her son's anus, she called the Manhattan Beach police. She told the juvenile officer that her child had a red bottom and said that he had said something about a man named Ray at his nursery school. The police investigated and found that the boy "did not understand the concept of the word name"; in fact, they could not get him to talk at all. Furthermore, he could not identify "Mr. Ray" from a school photo. The police had the boy examined at a hospital, where a doctor found that his redness was "consistent" with sodomy, though the examining intern admitted that she didn't know anything about sexual abuse.

During the next six weeks, Johnson continued to embellish her story. She told police that Ray Buckey had sodomized her son while he stuck the boy's head in a toilet. He had worn a mask and a cape while taping her son's mouth, eyes and hands and stuck an air tube in the boy's rectum. Later, she said Buckey had made her son ride naked on a horse and had molested him while dressed as a cop, a fireman, a clown and Santa Claus. In February 1984, she claimed her son had been sodomized by an A.W.O.L. Marine and by three health-club employees identified by her son from an ad, and three months later accused his father, her estranged husband. She claimed that McMartin teachers had jabbed scissors into his eyes and staples in his ears, nipples and tongue and that "Ray pricked [her son's] right finger and put it in a goat's anus; and Peggy [Ray's mother] killed a baby and made him drink the blood."

She told the prosecutor that her son had said he had left the Los Angeles area in an airplane and flown to Palm Springs. She said he had gone to an armory where there were some people wearing Army uniforms. "The goat man was there," she said. The mother charged that three women at McMartin were witches who had buried her son in a coffin. She said her son had told her about a ritual in which one of the teachers had killed a real baby. "The head was chopped open and the brains were burned," the mother said.

On September 7, 1983, Ray Buckey was arrested, then released because of lack of evidence. School records show that Johnson's son was at the school for a total of 14 days and had never been in Ray's afternoon play class and had been supervised by Ray only twice. The police had searched Buckey's apartment, his parents' home and beach house and the preschool several times. They confiscated two *Playboys*, a camera and a graduation robe. No video cameras, no porn films, no pictures of children.

Within 24 hours, the police sent a letter to 200 parents of McMartin preschoolers, indicating that Buckey was a suspect: "Our investigation indicates that possible criminal acts include oral sex, fondling of genitals and sodomy. . . . Any information from your child regarding having ever observed Ray Buckey leave a classroom alone with a child during any nap period or if they have ever observed Ray Buckey tie up a child is important."

Not one parent reported abuse. Not one child disclosed anything suspicious. (Police located one child who said she had seen Johnson's son naked in the bathroom with Buckey but had not witnessed any abuse.)

THE INVESTIGATION

As rumors swept Manhattan Beach, prosecutors referred parents to the

Children's International Institute (C.I.I.), an agency that cares for abused or neglected children. The McMartin parents who took their children to the institute initially did not believe they had been abused, and none of the children had indicated to them that they had been abused. Although reluctant to have their children interviewed about sexual abuse, they relented when told by C.I.I.'s medical consultant Dr. Astrid Heger that if their children went to McMartin, they were probably abused.

Kee MacFarlane, an unlicensed therapist with a master's degree in social work, interviewed the children at C.I.I. She claimed that she had 13 years' experience working with child-abuse cases—but according to her résumé, she was just a desk jockey at the National Center on Child Abuse and Neglect. By mid-1984, she and other C.I.I. social workers had questioned 400 children and filed reports indicating that 369 had been abused. Dr. Heger examined 150 of the children identified as victims and diagnosed 80 percent as having tissue damage consistent with molestation, even though the alleged abuses had occurred any time from three months to five years earlier. MacFarlane told reporters, "The medical findings are so pronounced that they are quite extraordinary for this type of case. The genital scars look like white welds."

Robert Philibosian, an attorney seeking the office of District Attorney, seized on the case as a means of garnering media recognition and votes. Using the C.I.I. interviews in place of hard evidence, he convened a grand jury to bring charges against seven adults at the McMartin Pre-School. He eventually filed 208 charges involving 42 children. Solely on the basis of the video-taped interviews with the children, he jailed Ray Buckey and his mother without bail. Charges were also brought against Peggy Ann Buckey, Virginia McMartin and three others.

The case was flawed from the beginning. In a 1986 interview on *60 Minutes*, Ira Reiner, the District Attorney who inherited the McMartin case when he defeated Philibosian in the 1984 election, told Mike Wallace, "What we had here were social workers questioning the children, asking very leading and very suggestive questions. The children were rewarded with praise when they said something had happened."

When the trial ended, one of the jurors, John Breese, said, "We didn't find out so much what the child knew as what the interviewer wanted to know. . . . Once the kids started saying it, the parents believed it. When the parents believed it, the kids started believing it."

Dr. Michael Maloney, a clinical psychologist with a specialty in forensic psychology and a witness for the defense, viewed the video tapes of C.I.I.'s interviews with the children and concluded that their testimony had been shaped by the interviews. "The [C.I.I.] interviewers ran the risk of contaminating the children to the point that when [the children] left the interviews, it would have been difficult to know what the children's true experiences were. . . . I was surprised, if not shocked, at how leading and potentially biased the interviews were. . . . There is a social pressure and coercion involved, in that the interviewers don't just say all [your classmates] have been interviewed. They tend to say all these kids . . . have told us those 'yucky' things. . . . There becomes an expectation that the child should also do the same thing."

"Of all the accusations, the prosecutors found only two children for whom molestation was even a remote possibility."

Dr. Maloney cited one interview in which the interviewer, Kee MacFarlane, asked a seven-year-old boy what the "stuff" from Buckey's penis tasted like.

MacFarlane: "We're trying to figure out if it tastes good."

Boy: "He never did that to [me], I don't think."

MacFarlane then asked a puppet what it thought had happened: "Oh, well, Pac-Man, would you know what it tastes like? Would you know if it tastes good like candy?"

Boy: "I think it would taste like yucky ants."

MacFarlane: "Oh. You think it would be sort of—you think that would be sticky, like sticky, yucky ants?"

Maloney commented, "I don't recall any child saying Ray had ejaculated before this issue was brought up. . . . They gave the premise that it did come out [and] . . . presented the child as having had that experience. . . . If a child believes something bad happened at the school, [that] hundreds of children have said it, [that] it was a yucky thing, [if] they've been presented with issues of sex up to this point . . . and Ray is introduced as a person who needs police surveillance, I don't think it takes a great leap to identify him as the potential person who was involved in all those other things that have already been placed on stage."

The children told the interviewers of underground tunnels. Police dug up the McMartin school and found nothing. They told of Ray's killing a horse with a baseball bat. The farmer on whose property this was supposed to have happened said he was not missing any horses. They told of having to dig up coffins and then rebury them—all between nine A.M. and noon. They told of being molested at a car wash during business hours. The owner of the car wash had seen nothing. The children identified community leaders, gas-station attendants and store clerks as molesters. They picked the pictures of the chief councilman of Los Angeles and actor Chuck Norris out of a stack of pictures as being abusers.

The children told investigators that Buckey had molested them for years. Yet records show that some of the children had left the school a year and a half before Buckey began teaching there. Others were never in his class. Of all the accusations, the prosecutors found only two children for whom molestation was even a remote possibility.

The children, led by the interviewers, talked about photos and films. In spite of extensive investigations by the FBI, the U.S. Customs Service and Interpol, and despite the parents' offer of a reward of $25,000 for a photo, no picture of a McMartin child has ever been found. No video tape or film has turned up.

MacFarlane even told the grand jury in 1984, "You know, this would be close to impossible to be going on without

somebody knowing."

One of the prosecutors, Glenn Stevens, was removed from the case when he began to suspect the children's stories. "The only child who broke down and cried was the one who was caught in giving completely contradictory versions of events, not crying because he was looking at Ray Buckey, a man who had terrorized him."

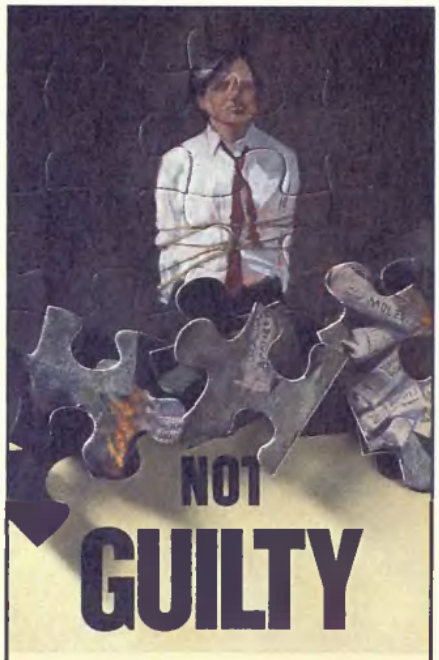
The medical evidence of sexual abuse was also unimpressive. Dr. Astrid Heger used a colposcope, a magnifying device equipped with a camera that takes 3-D photographs, to examine the vaginas and anuses of suspected victims. The colposcope had been used in Brazil to determine if brides-to-be were virgins. A colleague suggested that Dr. Heger try it out on the McMartin children. Heger herself had limited experience with the device. She showed 42 slides to the jury and testified that they evidenced sexual abuse.

Dr. Robert ten Bensl, a nationally recognized child-abuse expert at the University of Minnesota, conducted blind studies of Heger's slides. He asked medical experts to evaluate them and found that there was no correlation between the experts' independent evaluations. The experts called to the witness stand to support Heger's conclusions could not do so: One circled areas on a slide of a normal anus, saying they were evidence of abuse.

Although not admitted at the trial, a research project by Dr. John McCann, a child-abuse expert at the University of California at San Francisco, destroyed Heger's medical evidence. Dr. McCann used the colposcope on 114 normal, nonabused girls and a smaller group of boys. The small bands that had been thought to be vaginal scars were found in more than 90 percent of the girls. Labial adhesions, which medical experts also associated with molestation, were found in more than 39 percent of the girls examined by colposcope and in 15 percent of the girls when the exam was done with the naked eye. At the start of the study, McCann identified smooth, wedge-shaped areas in the mid-line of the anal region as scars. But when he realized they were appearing in 26 percent of the children he examined, he consulted an anatomist, who found that the phenomenon had been identified as a congenital condition in 1936. The dilation commonly associated with sexual abuse was found in 49 percent of the children.

THE AFTERMATH

Six years of trial later, the jury found Ray Buckey and his mother, Peggy McMartin Buckey, not guilty on 52 of 65 counts. But the story wouldn't end. *People* magazine devoted a cover story to the angry parents and their children, who had not found solace in the acquittals. We could not turn on our TVs without seeing the parents, the children, the jury, the judge on *Sally Jessy Raphael*, on *Nightline*, on *The Jane Wallace Show*, on *Geraldo*. Geraldo snarled: "The charges were horrifying; they amounted to an allegation that a secret child-sex cult existed within the walls of the McMartin Pre-School. . . . Today, we're investigating the McMartin outrage. What went wrong?"



"Six years of trial later, the jury found Ray Buckey and his mother not guilty on 52 of 65 counts. But the story wouldn't end."

The media were still buying into and fueling the hysteria. This climate of sexual repression creates additional abuse.

In the Middle Ages, witchmania was the result of official policy (Pope Innocent VIII believed in witchcraft), an overeager and bloodthirsty bureaucracy and a superstitious, fearful populace. In the McMartin case, there were similar ingredients. The country had been primed for hysteria by alarmists. The overeager police, prosecutor, social worker and doctor all told the parents that their children had been abused, and the McMartin parents reacted with predictable anger, guilt and protectiveness.

Some experts say that children who have been abused do not lie. But what about children who may not have been abused? *Easy Reader* cites the work of sociologist Jean Baudrillard: "Psychoanalysts and physicians cannot distinguish symptoms produced by actual trauma from simulated symptoms, originating with imaginary trauma."

Add to that the fact that when treating abuse, no one is allowed to be skeptical and you have, as *Easy Reader* points out, "a prescription for a psychological catastrophe, one in which hundreds of South Bay preschoolers suffer the psychological symptoms of sexual abuse, not because they were sexually abused but because sexual abuse was so convincingly simulated for them in therapy."

The children weren't lying—they were simply reciting the horrible lesson they learned in sex ed—C.I.I. style.

One has to ask, Where was the common sense? Where was the one adult with enough courage to question the hysteria? Why did the police choose to believe a madwoman's first charge, while ignoring the rest of her delusion? Why did prosecutors disregard the fabrications about tunnels, airplanes and celebrity assailants but believe the original charge: that someone, somewhere, was abused? Why couldn't the press see that children were placed in a contaminated environment where points were given for imaginative campfire stories? When something begins to sound like a nightmare or a made-for-TV movie, it makes sense to question it. This case undermined real life; it asked you to believe that there were 200 families so devoid of trust that not one child mentioned to his parents that something unpleasant was happening at school. It asked you to believe that children are ignorant (i.e., innocent) of sex, that any knowledge is evidence of abuse.

In Salem, the witch trials stopped when someone asked if perhaps the accusations were not themselves the agency of the Devil. As Charles Mackay wrote in *Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds*: "Might not the great enemy have put false testimony into the mouths of the witnesses, or might not the witnesses be witches themselves? . . . The revulsion was as sudden as the first frenzy. All at once, the colonists were convinced of their error . . . and condemned were set free; and gradually, girls ceased to have fits and to talk of the persecutions of the Devil."

Perhaps, with time, the madness will subside.

THE NAKED-MOVIE-STAR GAME AND DETECTIVE DOG

In October 1988, *Easy Reader* petitioned the court to gain access to transcripts of video tapes of interviews that Children's International Institute had conducted with the children from the McMartin Pre-School. It was the general public's first look at the children's stories. The following are excerpts from those transcripts:

Kee MacFarlane interviews an eight-year-old former McMartin preschooler. The boy holds an alligator puppet.

MAC FARLANE: Mr. Monkey is a little bit chicken, and he can't remember any of the naked games, but we think that you can, 'cause we know a naked game that you were around for, 'cause the other kids told us, and it's called naked movie star. Do you remember that game, Mr. Alligator, or is your memory too bad?

BOY: Um, I don't remember that game.

MAC FARLANE: Oh, Mr. Alligator.

BOY: All I remember is this joke.

MAC FARLANE: OK. Let's hear it.

BOY: Umm, well, it's, umm, a little song that me and [friend] heard of.

MAC FARLANE: Oh.

BOY: Well, I heard out loud someone singing, "Naked movie star, naked movie star."

MAC FARLANE: You know what, Mr. Alligator? That means you're smart, 'cause that's the same song the other kids knew and that's how we really know you're really smarter than you look. So you better not play dumb, Mr. Alligator.

BOY: Well, I didn't really hear it a whole lot. I just heard someone yell it from out in the—— Someone yelled it.

MAC FARLANE: Maybe, Mr. Alligator, you peeked in the window one day and saw them playing it, and maybe you could remember and help us.

BOY: Well, no, I haven't seen anyone playing naked movie star. I've only heard the song.

MAC FARLANE: What good are you? You must be dumb.

BOY: Well, I don't really, umm, remember seeing anyone play that, 'cause I wasn't there, when I—when people are playing it.

MAC FARLANE: You weren't? You weren't. That's why we're hoping maybe you saw. See, a lot of these puppets weren't there, but they got to see what happened.

BOY: Well, I saw a lot of fighting.

MAC FARLANE: I bet you can help us a lot, though, 'cause, like, naked movie star is a simple game, because we know about that game, 'cause we just have had, had twenty kids told us about that game. Just this morning, a little girl came in and played it for us and sang it just like that. Do you think if I asked you a question, you could put your thinking cap on and you might remember, Mr. Alligator?

BOY: Maybe.

MAC FARLANE: You could nod your head yes or no. Can you remember who took the pictures for the naked-movie-star game? That would be a great thing to feed into the secret machine [the video camera], and then it would be all gone, just like all the other kids did. You can just nod whether you remember or not, see how good your memory is.

BOY: [*Nods puppet's head*]

MAC FARLANE: You do? Well, that's remarkable. I wonder if you could hold a pointer in your mouth, and then you wouldn't have to say a word and [boy] wouldn't have to say a word. And you could just point.

BOY: [*Places pretend camera on adult male nude doll using alligator puppet*] Sometimes he did.

MAC FARLANE: Can I pat you on the head for that? Look what a big help you can be. You're going to help all these little children, because you're so smart. . . . OK, did they ever pose in funny poses for the pictures?

BOY: Well, it wasn't a real camera. We just played——

MAC FARLANE: Mr. Alligator, I'm going to—going to ask you something here. Now, we already found out from the other kids that it was a real camera, so you don't have to pretend, OK? Is that a deal?

BOY: Well, I haven't seen any real camera.

MAC FARLANE: How about something that goes flash, remember that? I bet if you're smart, you better put your thinking——

BOY: Yes, it was a play camera that we played with.

MAC FARLANE: Oh, and it went flash?

BOY: Well, it didn't exactly go flash.

MAC FARLANE: It didn't exactly go flash. Went click? Did little pictures go zip, come out of it?

BOY: I don't remember that.

MAC FARLANE: Oh, you don't remember that. Well, you're doing pretty good, Mr. Alligator. I got to shake your hand.

Dr. Astrid Heger interviews a six-year-old girl.

HEGER: Maybe you could show me with this, with this doll [*puts hand on two dolls, one naked, one dressed*] how the kids danced for the naked movie star.

GIRL: They didn't really dance. It was just, like, a song.

HEGER: Well, what did they do when they sang the song?

GIRL: They just went around singing the song.

HEGER: They just went around and sang the song?

GIRL: [*Nods her head*]

HEGER: And they didn't take their clothes off?

GIRL: [*Shakes her head*]

HEGER: I heard that, I heard from several different kids that they took their clothes off. I think that [first classmate] told me that. I know that [second classmate] told me that. I know that [third classmate] told me. [Fourth classmate] and [fifth classmate] all told me that. That's kind of a hard secret, it's kind of a yucky secret to talk of—but, maybe, we could see if we could find——

GIRL: Not that I remember.

HEGER: This is my favorite puppet right here. [*Picks up a bird puppet*] You wanna be this puppet? OK. Then I get to be Detective Dog. . . . I know that we're gonna figure this out—all this stuff out right now. We're gonna just figure it all out. OK, when that tricky part about touching the kids was going on, could you take a pointer in your mouth and point on the, on the doll over here, on either one of these dolls, where, where the kids were touched? Could you do that?

GIRL: I don't know.

HEGER: I know that the kids were touched. Let's see if we can figure that out.

GIRL: I don't know.

HEGER: You don't know where they were touched?

GIRL: Uh-uh. [*Shakes her head*]

HEGER: Well, some of the kids told me that they were touched sometimes. They said that it was, it kinda, sometimes it kinda hurt. And some of the times, it felt pretty good. Do you remember that touching game that went on?

GIRL: No.

HEGER: OK. Let me see if we can try something else and——

GIRL: Wheeee! [*Spins the puppet above her head*]

HEGER: Come on, bird, get down here and help us out here.

GIRL: No.

HEGER: [Girl] is having a hard time talking. I don't wanna hear any more noes. No no, Detective Dog and we're gonna figure this out.

SEX ADDICTS

Despite Marty Klein's assertions to the contrary ("The Emperor's New Addiction," *The Playboy Forum*, March), addicts do take responsibility for their behavior. The only qualification for joining a recovery group is the desire to stop compulsive behavior; thus, personal responsibility is the foundation of recovery from addiction. Addicts stay in recovery because of the fellowship recovery groups offer. Often, those friendships are the first real relationships addicts have ever had. Furthermore, addicts love being in recovery simply because the alternative for most is personal turmoil, sorrow and possibly even prison or institutionalization.

Addicts are, indeed, powerless over their addictions. It is a paradox of recovery programs that only by admitting to being powerless does one arrive at liberation and gain strength and serenity. Recovery programs have helped millions of addicts, quietly, anonymously and inexpensively. When Klein's type of therapy can claim the same, I'll be more inclined to listen.

(Name and address withheld by request)

While I appreciate Marty Klein's distress over the concept of sexual and emotional addiction, it is dangerous to infer from his article that all addiction support groups are the same.

Larry Le Blond
Youngstown, New York

I enjoyed Marty Klein's article about sex addiction. Here are a few more addictions to add to the growing list of bad habits in which Americans are apparently engaged: to a lover, to television, to exercise, to shopping, to work, to video games, to computer hacking, to spending money, to religion, to using tanning machines, to treatment of infertility, to eating, to noise.

It used to be said that some people were neurotic or compulsive or just a little odd—now we say they're addicts.

M. Hall
Pierre, South Dakota

Very little is known about the long-term effectiveness of addiction therapy. Some studies indicate that a brief counseling session for an alcoholic is just as effective as months of treatment. Recovery groups actually perpetuate addictive behavior by telling the addict that he has a disease that cannot be cured, only controlled. We need to stop relying on the self-propaganda of recovery groupies and start looking at research.

T. Cunningham
San Francisco, California

Marty Klein states that "in my nine years as a sex therapist . . . I've never treated a single sex addict." What about pederasts, sexual sadists and rapists, who hurt others in the pursuit of sex?

Henry L. Phillips
New Orleans, Louisiana

Those people aren't sex addicts—they're criminals.

SEXUAL FREEDOM

"The Search for Sexual Freedom" (*The Playboy Forum*, February) describes the case of a Georgia man who performed oral sex on his wife and was arrested and sentenced to prison. "Sodomy Circus" (*The Playboy Forum*, April) describes the case of a man who received oral sex from his girlfriend. *He* was arrested and sent to prison. I don't believe that anyone should be arrested for performing or receiving oral sex, but let's at least have some fairness in our absurdities.

Paul Christian
Russellville, Arkansas

POPULATION SPECULATION

I have followed with interest and concern the abortion debate in *The Playboy Forum*. And the single most persuasive argument in favor of choice has been ignored; that is, that our planet cannot sustain the rising level of global population. The earth's resources are already stretched to the limit, due not only to our mismanagement of them but also to the marked increase in population. Hence, the question of when life begins is irrelevant as well as unanswerable.

I would never advocate denying people the right to reproduce. However, unless we keep a check on our natural resources vis-à-vis our population, we will destroy that which sustains us—our planet. Some people charge that God will provide. If that is so, why do millions of Africans die of starvation? To be pro-life

FOR THE RECORD

SIGNING ON

In early February 1990, the Soviet Communist Party, led by Mikhail Gorbachev, issued a new platform. We thought the following passages were worth repeating. Perhaps someone will send a copy to the Republican and Democratic platform committees.

The party seeks to place man in the center of social development, providing him with worthy living and working conditions, guaranteeing him social justice, political liberty and possibilities for comprehensive development and spiritual fulfillment, and regards this as its main goal. This is exactly what should determine social progress. . . .

The party will uphold:

Reliable legislative protection of a citizen's personality and honor, the immunity of his home and property, the secrecy of correspondence and telephone conversations. . . .

The development and strengthening of the political rights of citizens: participation in running the affairs of society and the state, freedom of speech, the press, meetings and demonstrations and the formation of public organizations. Law and order and requirements of Soviet laws should be strictly observed.

Freedom for creative activities and attitude to talent as a national asset.

on the issue of abortion is, in the long term, to be anti-life.

Dr. Jerold James Gordon
Cardiff, Wales

DRUG BOUNTIES

There's money in them thar hills and people are already cashing in—without Congressman Dick Schulze's misguided proposal ("Wanted: Bounty Hunters," *The Playboy Forum*, March). Private investigators Dan Hanks (an ex-con) and Fred Valis sell information about drug dealers to drug-enforcement agents. They earn $40,000 to $1,000,000 per year from reward money and from a cut of the cash seized from drug dealers. Currently, Hanks and Valis are peddling their story to Hollywood and—no surprise—there's talk of a made-for-TV movie.

V. Daniels
Los Angeles, California

MICE AND MOLESTERS

If I had it to do over again, I'd major in psychology, with an emphasis on sex therapy. My couch—and bank account—would always be full. Maybe that's why I haven't heard many people in that profession speak out about the possible harm that an ineptly taught course about molestation can do to a child. When will the people who teach those courses learn to stop blindly experimenting with the minds of children?

Robert E. Tabor
Miami, Florida

X-RATED VIDEOS

Despite the Reverend Donald Wildmon and his American Family Association's pressure tactics—which initially seemed to make a dent in hard-core-video sales—X-rated film sales are on the rise. Analysts think that a deluge of low-budget, unimaginative film fare caused more harm to the video business than did the porno protesters. Now that there is a greater effort to appeal to couples, quality is improving and much of the bondage and sexual violence has been dropped, sales are increasing. Maybe film makers read "The Last Taboo," by Ron Kirkby, Ph.D. (*The Playboy Forum*, May 1989), and decided to change their ways. It's about time.

R. Pierce
New York, New York

*Make your voice heard on issues of the day. Dial The Playboy Mailbox, **1-900-740-3311**, and leave your comments; only two dollars per minute.*

LAWS AND LOVE

When law goes to bed with sex, the offspring belong in a freak show. Reading from East to West:

VIRGINIA: The Supreme Court of Virginia, where premarital sex is a crime, has rejected the claim of a woman who sued her ex-husband for $2,500,000 for allegedly infecting her with herpes three weeks before they were married. The court ruled unanimously that she was not entitled to damages because she contracted the disease as "a participant in the unlawful act of fornication." As a general rule, the court stated, "a party who consents to and participates in an immoral or illegal act cannot recover damages for the consequences of that act."

WEST VIRGINIA: Senator Charlotte Pritt has given her colleagues in the state legislature plenty to think about with the introduction of two remarkable bills. One calls for sterilizing a person who falls a year behind in child-support payments, another would require a spouse's written consent before a man could obtain a vasectomy—unless the operation "is necessary to save the man's life."

GEORGIA: The House of Representatives has been called upon to debate what the press has called "dueling sodomy bills," one introduced by 34-year-old representative Cynthia McKinney, the other by her 63-year-old father, representative Billy McKinney. Both bills are intended to liberalize the state's sex law, but the younger McKinney's would legalize all private sexual behavior between consenting adults, while her father's would exempt only heterosexuals. The two legislators live in the same house, handle their disagreement with good-natured exasperation and are known to their colleagues as Pretty McKinney and Ugly McKinney.

TEXAS: Thanks to a state law that makes homosexual acts illegal, the Texas Department of Health cannot grant education funds to a *Latino* homosexual organization in Austin that has been leading the fight against AIDS—because another state law forbids AIDS funding for any groups that "advocate or promote" illegal acts.

WISCONSIN: State representative Peter Bock has introduced a bill that would allow police to seize and sell the vehicles of either hookers or Johns convicted of having illegal sex in the car. A resolution to the bill urges newspapers to publish the names of people found guilty of prostitution.

WASHINGTON: In perhaps the goofiest scheme of all, some influential senators in the state of Washington have proposed outlawing all "sexual contact" for anybody under the age of 18. Since the term sexual contact is legally defined as "any touching of the sexual or other intimate parts of a person done for the purpose of gratifying the sexual desire of either party," the law could make it a crime for teenagers to neck. The bill's sponsors argue that a healthy respect for the law would deter many teenagers from having sex and possibly contracting AIDS or would conveniently serve as the "excuse they can use if they don't want to do it."

—WILLIAM J. HELMER

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

FROM COLD WAR TO PRICE WAR

WEST BERLIN—*Since the Berlin Wall came tumbling down, East German prostitutes have been invading West Berlin and roiling the local hookers by undercutting the price of sex. The Commie prostitutes have been raking in West Germany's more valuable currency by charging only 50 Deutsche marks for services that usually cost three times as much.*

YOU WON'T FEEL A THING

LONDON—*While rogue dentists have been known to take advantage of female patients when they've been knocked out for dentalwork, it's also possible for the Valium type of drugs used in dentistry to induce sexual fantasies. Writing in the British medical journal* Lancet, *attorney Diana Brahams cited 42 instances in which women imagined sexual fondling while sedated by benzodiazepines and then wrongly accused their dentists of working on more than their teeth.*

POT AND POLITICS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Drug Enforcement Administration lost the battle but won the war against the use of marijuana for medical purposes. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) filed suit in 1972 to reclassify marijuana from an illegal drug to a prescription drug. The DEA's chief administrative law judge has endorsed the proposal. However, the DEA is not bound by any decision but its own and it rejected the recommendation to upgrade the drug. NORML has appealed to the District of Columbia Court of Appeals.*

URINE A HEAP OF TROUBLE

CHICAGO—*Saint Sabina's, a Catholic grade school on Chicago's South Side, has become, it is believed, the country's first elementary school to introduce random drug testing of its students. "The approach we've taken is that we're family and we're doing this because of love," explained the school's parish pastor. Federal law prohibits public schools from randomly drug-testing students other than athletes.*

In its own crackdown on drugs, the U.S. Navy has abandoned its "second chance" policy for recruits who test positive for marijuana. "You test positive—you're gone," said the Navy's chief of personnel. One strike—you're out is already the policy for recruits who test positive for cocaine and other illegal drugs.

ABORTION BENEFITS

BALTIMORE—*To the annoyance of anti-abortionists, a Federally financed study of inner-city teenage girls has found that those who have abortions do better in school, are more likely to graduate, are better off economically and seem to have fewer emotional problems two years after their abortions than those girls who choose to bear children. The researchers also found that the girls who had abortions were more likely than those who didn't to begin using birth control consistently in order to avoid subsequent pregnancies.*

SUPPLY-SIDE ECONOMICS

ANDERSON, SOUTH CAROLINA—*Inspired by a Federal program that rewards informants, Anderson County sheriff Gene Taylor is offering citizens up to 25 percent of any money or assets seized from a drug dealer if they help convict the person who sells them illegal drugs. Says Sheriff Taylor, "I want people to realize they can make some really good money, depending on how much they cooperate." Participants can either be confidential informants or testify in court. Those who testify will probably earn more. A local advertising company has donated space on 15 billboards to carry the message* NEED CASH? TURN IN A DOPE DEALER. *"I realize this program won't appeal to the majority of people in Anderson County," Taylor said. "This is for the person who really wants to get involved."*

BUY THE POUND

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Ambassadors from Colombia, Bolivia and Peru have joined in proposing that the "war on drugs" be fought with brains instead of bullets. The envoys told a Senate Judiciary Committee that the United States could save itself a lot of money and their countries a lot of grief by simply buying the coca-leaf crop at the same low prices now paid by the cocaine cartels—and then destroying it.*

Meanwhile, despite drug-war efforts, cocaine production is 54 percent higher than previously estimated and its prices have not risen in four years.

DIRTY DANCING

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS—*A University of Illinois task force on campus rape has recommended abolition of the school's cheerleading squad of pompon girls because it "projects women as sexual objects." The director of the Illini marching band said that the group's critics are the ones who are being sexist. The* Chicago Tribune *agreed in an editorial: "They don't perform 'Swan Lake,' but neither do they inflame males. The old blame-the-rape-victim mentality is best left to the past."*

Catching rays is more delicious with a touch of Comfort.

Southern Comfort® has a distinctive, appealing flavor.
It's a drink that makes any other drink taste that much better.

Comfort Colada
BY THE PITCHER:

6 jiggers (9 oz.) Southern Comfort
6 oz. cream of coconut
12 oz. unsweetened pineapple juice
large ice cubes, crushed

Blend all ingredients until ice is completely broken up and liquid is frothy. Serve in a tall glass over ice and garnish with a cherry. Makes four eight-ounce drinks.

Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 40-50% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY © 1990

Cambridge

YOUR CHOICE OF A CIGARETTE SAYS SOMETHING ABOUT YOU.

YOU'RE A SHREWD ONE, AREN'T YOU?

THE SMART MONEY IS ON CAMBRIDGE.

Taste and Compare!

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1990

17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SUCH UNHOLY BUSINESS

father bruce ritter, antiporn zealot and champion of the homeless, makes moralism look shabby

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

He was like a character out of one of those old Hollywood movies about the tough priest with a heart of gold who battles to save kids on the streets of Hell's Kitchen. His work was lavishly praised by Presidents Reagan and Bush. Both visited his shelter in mid-Manhattan and made it sound like a good thing that Father Bruce Ritter's privately funded program represented three times the entire Federal budget to help these troubled youths. Reagan, ever the bleeding-heart conservative, was not inspired to increase the Federal outlay, but in one of those moral *non sequiturs* typical of his Administration, Attorney General Edwin Meese appointed Ritter to the National Commission on Pornography.

Now Ritter has been forced to resign in disgrace as head of the $87,000,000-a-year Covenant House program he founded. Accused of the homosexual seduction of minors and of reportedly authorizing the forging of identity papers, this favorite of Presidents is now pursued by the New York State attorney general and his superiors in the Franciscan order. Life sure does have its ironies.

If anyone had told me during the days of the Meese pornography circus that Ritter would stand accused by three former Covenant House clients of homosexual molestation, I never would have believed it. Nor could I have imagined Ritter's leaving the hearings in New Orleans, as he now admits, to have dinner with the likes of John Melican, who claims that the priest seduced him when he first went to Covenant House as a 13-year-old runaway.

Not this squeaky-clean guy who, when I, a reporter covering the commission, once asked if masturbation might not be viewed as a victimless crime, lectured me on the domino effect that leads inexorably from whacking off to gang rape. Only a sick mind would think differently, said Ritter.

The man was, however, consistent with his purist, no-nonsense stand against all of it—sex, that is, unless it had to do with married couples making babies. He opposed all erotica, which he defined as the identification of sex with pleasure. He was, or so he said, only for depictions of sexual activity as a "necessary and essential ordering toward procreation."

The other members of Meese's commission attempted to pussyfoot on the sex-is-evil line, laboring to distinguish between erotica that is harmful and that that isn't. As expected, they thrashed about in a swamp of pseudo-social-science data while Ritter took the high road of divine inspiration. "I would say pornography is immoral," Ritter stated matter-of-factly at one commission hearing, "and the source of my statement is God, not social science."

Since God has made it clear to Ritter that sex is only for procreation—what he called "the sacredness of sex itself"—then any attempt to excite sexual passions for any other purpose is harmful. "To conclude otherwise, I fear," Ritter wrote in the commission's final report, "is to legitimate the existence of a group of materials that some would call 'erotica,' would in effect license as permissible and presumably nonprosecutable, a large class of sexually explicit materials designed to arouse, that would all too easily send the clear message that the primary purpose of sex is for hedonistic, selfishly solipsistic satisfaction."

Ah, life is simple for this man, I thought, watching him at hearings across the country nodding confidently to his aide-de-camp lawyer, Gregory Loken, dispensing just the right legal wording to prevent a would-be pornographer from "reducing human sexual behavior to the level of its animal components." As one who can get to that level fairly quickly, I confess to a twinge of envy as I watched those two imperturbable representatives of the inquisition sit nonplused through days of screening of the hot parts of hundreds of raunchy movies. One memorable scene dealt with, as the Kentucky State trooper who had confiscated that movie put it, "a priest committing fellatio on a horse." Surely, that would get a flicker of either titillation or shock out of them; but no, the priest and his lawyer seemed above it all.

But now that same lawyer, according to *The New York Times*, has admitted to others in Covenant House that he helped obtain fake identity papers for one Kevin Lee Kite, who claims that Ritter lavished $25,000 in Covenant House funds on him in return for sexual favors. To put it mildly, as *The New York Times* did, "How Mr. Kite took the name of Timothy Michael Warner, a boy who had died nine years earlier of leukemia, is a convoluted account involving secret calls to an Upstate church, a forged signature, a mysterious birth certificate, an appropriated Social Security number and admission to college for a young man with no high school record."

Ritter, of course, is to be presumed innocent until proven guilty, but it is fair to note that in his days on the commission, he never appeared to extend that tolerance to others. He acted then as one of those who believe bad things happen only to bad people. His was that look of the inquisitor whenever some hapless artist, bookseller or civil-liberties lawyer went before him to argue that the bust had been unfair.

Erotica was always thought guilty until proven innocent by Ritter and the majority of the pornography commission. If anyone anywhere claimed that some picture or text drove him to reprehensible acts, it was solemnly accepted as definitive proof that all such material should be banned. The defense was reduced to attempting to prove the impossible—that no one could ever look at the picture in question and then not go on to perform antisocial acts.

Do I exaggerate? Let me offer only the testimony of mystery witness "Bill," who claimed to be the third child of a police officer, who was raised in a Christian home and who went astray when "*Hustler* became my bible." He conceded that he was drunk when he committed "oral sodomy" on two young friends of his daughter's while they slept, but the commission was not interested.

"Bill, do you think that you could describe pornography as the match that lighted the fuse to the explosive?" Ritter asked, and the hapless Bill replied dutifully in the affirmative.

Ritter and the majority of the commission were so eager to convict that any shred of evidence associating erotica with crime was sufficient. And in the real world of the courts, that is the sort of argument that can send a bookseller, moviemaker or writer to jail. Nothing more than guilt by association.

Which is a point Ritter may currently understand a bit better. The press on him has read like a bad plot from one of the low-budget X-rated videos that members of the commission used to watch *ad nauseam*. Behind the veil of an offering of sanctuary in the Covenant House program, street youths were seduced into a life of homosexual *(continued on page 169)*

SMOOTH TASTE NO AFTERTASTE

INTRODUCING BUD DRY.®

© 1990 Bud Dry Beer, Anheuser-Busch, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: "THIRTYSOMETHING"

a candid conversation about joys, pains and incessant talk with the creators and cast of the show everyone loves to whine about

You find it on prime time. On reruns. In commercials. In critical essays. In therapy groups. In the language. (Yes, one word and uncapitalized.) In jokes ("What is Yuppie oral sex?" "Sixtysomething"). In the culture. Indeed, when was the last time the name of a TV show came to represent an entire sensibility, if not an entire generation?

For better or for worse—and sometimes for better and for worse—"thirtysomething" is seen as a mirror of the world in which many of us live. Some viewers believe it is their lives—if only their lives began each day with a riff from an acoustic guitar.

The "thirtysomething" world is populated by men and women trying to grow up and to get by amid financial, familial and personal pressures. They confront lost jobs, betrayed secrets, aging parents and illness. It might be merely a hipper, better written soap opera if it weren't for the fact that it is not about these crises but about a group of people we've come to know as Hope and Michael, Elliot and Nancy, Melissa, Ellyn and Gary and their assorted friends, families and lovers.

The people of "thirtysomething" are, in many ways, unextraordinary, which is what makes them extraordinary—for TV. They are characters many viewers believe they could know (albeit, as one of the show's writers points out, "better lit than the people we know"). They don't carry guns or spout gags to laugh tracks. That's partly why, when Nancy was diagnosed as having cancer this season, it wasn't merely as if a family member or a friend were in trouble—it was also covered in USA Today *and* The New York Times.

"Thirtysomething" has come to be viewed—and adored and loathed—as the picture of the baby-boom generation, the generation coming of age that is increasingly defining America—its leadership, its values. Those who hate the show write off Michael and his well-educated friends as materialistic Yuppies who whine about how hard it is to find a baby sitter. Those who love the show seem to think that the baby-sitter issue is a metaphor for how hard it actually is to balance work, children, your relationship with your husband or wife and—why not?—the political ideals that once seemed more important than anything else.

Three years ago, film school friends Ed Zwick and Marshall Herskovitz were asked by MGM to make a television series. They were told they could do anything. First they considered a show about the dramas inside a Middle-Age castle. Then they decided to do a show about themselves. The result was a surprise to critics and viewers used to car chases and sitcoms. Often these characters did nothing more than sit around the kitchen and talk. The conversation was good enough that the show went on to be nominated for a remarkable 22 Emmys in three years.

"Thirtysomething," at three, has become a Tuesday-night ritual for 30,000,000 Americans. Some of them hoot and make fun; others let the tears flow. Some say it has affected the way they deal with their parents or with their children. Some have gone into therapy or couples counseling because of the show.

But it's not all traumatized children and heart-to-heart talks about infidelity. There is a sophisticated wit that sears modern times with a deft eye. In fact, the attention to detail is a trademark of the show. In a meeting of producers, writers and other principals, a production designer brought in paint samples to ask for opinions on what color the Steadmans' kitchen should be painted. Here is a partial transcript of the discussion that ensued:

"I'm not happy with any of these colors for

BUSFIELD: *"Kenny and I are incredibly close partners. We carry our relationship from off camera to on camera. And, of course, I lie in bed with no clothes on with his wife."*

MAYRON: *"Polly and I live around the corner from each other. Sometimes we have garage sales. Once, I turned to Polly and said, 'It's so "thirtysomething" I can't stand it.'"*

OLIN: *"I'm supposed to come up with some fucking answer about how I'm different from Michael? This is like root canal. Well, for one thing, Michael doesn't talk to the press."*

WETTIG: *"The other day, I ordered a pizza. The person on the line said, 'Is this Nancy?' I said, 'No.' He said, 'I recognize your voice. It's Nancy.' I said, 'This is not Nancy.'"*

HORTON: *"You can go to work and talk about what happened on 'thirtysomething.' It's safer than admitting something happened to you and that it's you who is scared."*

DRAPER: *"We were speaking for the silent minority that asks, 'Could I just please be single without everyone thinking there's something wrong with me?' We got a lot of response."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MECEY

the kitchen, but I wanted to bring it up."

"Well, the yellow is going to hurt us for all sorts of night shots."

"That's a bad idea. What are the other choices? The peaches and the blues?"

"Yes. The peaches and blues."

"How about a stencil around the border?"

"It would have to be motivated. What nature of stencil?"

"Not to overstencil."

"I just fear the magazine look."

"You know, it's weird. These Steadmans never get their shit together in their home."

"Will they ever finish the kitchen?"

"If they do, something else will happen: The floors will start buckling or something, so as to keep it in a constant state of disorder. That's a metaphor for us."

As the national love-hate debate about "thirtysomething" reached a pitch (which in itself was very "thirtysomething," which further enraged the haters), Playboy *sent Contributing Editor* **David Sheff** *(with an important assist from free-lancer* **Amy Rennert***) to infiltrate the lives of the show's seven principal actors and its two cocreators. It's only the fourth television-show-as-cultural-marker to be featured as a group "Playboy Interview," following "Saturday Night Live" in 1977, "Hill Street Blues" in 1983 and "60 Minutes" in 1985. Sheff's report:*

"I flew to L.A. and checked into my hotel. The next morning, the digital alarm clock woke me up with a shrill scream. While I waited for a cappuccino and prepared a couple of memos to send out on the hotel fax, I called New York to talk to the woman who may or may not be my girlfriend. We discussed our feelings.

"Next, I called my son at his mother's house, where he was spending the holiday. He asked me if, instead of taking Spanish, which they offer at his private school, he could take Klingon.

"On my way to the studio, I stopped at an instant teller for some cash and then at a pay phone, where I used my phone card to call my home answering machine to check in for messages. . . .

"Another 'thirtysomething' morning. It was enough to make me want to go out and punch a few people, drink a few American beers and, most of all, be real insensitive to my family and friends.

"Instead, I headed to the set of the show that is making my life a parody.

"In the 'thirtysomething' offices, one of the two Debs (Petro and Yates) who work there offered me coffee and raisin bagels and cream cheese. There is a hoop and a small basketball, computers on desks, a Santa Fe–blue coffee table (upon it: The Wall Street Journal, Journal of Film and Video *and* Psychology Today*), an oak-top desk and oak shelves. On a shelf is a prop from a 'Saturday Night Live' skit: 'thirtysomething' breakfast cereal.* WIN A VOLVO: DETAILS ON BACK.

"The interview began with a session with Zwick and Herskovitz, who oversee every detail of 'thirtysomething.'

"Zwick and Herskovitz have been a team since film school. Since then, they have written and directed for the TV show 'Family' and have made movies together, including the make-believe television docudrama 'Special Bulletin,' which won several Emmys. Zwick, who has ringlets of hair and a beard so black it's almost blue, wore Stan Smith sneakers. Herskovitz, fair-haired, wore Reeboks. He looked familiar. . . . Oh, yeah, he played the shrink in the famous marriage-counseling episode. And by the way, Zwick, who took some time off from 'thirtysomething' this year to direct 'Glory,' made his first film with a college friend named Christie Hefner. For a set, they used her dad's house, the Chicago Playboy Mansion.

"Over the course of three weeks, as they filmed three episodes, we spoke for hours with Zwick and Herskovitz, as well as with the principal actors. For those who are still confused, here's the cast of characters:

"The guy with the red hair. That's Elliot, played by Tim Busfield. By Busfield's own account, Elliot is the fuck-up of the gang, but he has gotten lots of sympathy this season since his wife on the show has cancer. Elliot wears great hand-painted neckties. Busfield was seen in 'Field of Dreams' and 'Revenge of the Nerds,' is twice married and a father and runs an award-winning children's theater company he founded in Sacramento.

"The blonde wife. This character, Nancy, gets all the breaks. Her husband fools around on her, she finds out, they go to therapy, split up, get back together, deal with traumatized kids—and just when things are finally going OK, she gets cancer. All this has been a challenge to the actress who plays her, Patricia Wettig. She has acted on stage and in TV movies. Wettig is married, in real life, not to Elliot/Busfield but to Michael/Ken Olin. They met in a production of 'A Streetcar Named Desire.'

"You know—Mr. Perfect. This guy, Michael Steadman, gives the rest of us men a bad name. His business falls apart, his father dies, his wife gives him dirty looks when he's just trying to make an honest buck, yet he always remembers to say and do the right thing. In real life, he is Ken Olin, a 'Hill Street Blues' alumnus. His character slipped from grace briefly when he was trying to persuade Hope not to use her diaphragm. 'I'll pull out,' he told her. On prime time.

"Mrs. Perfect. He didn't pull out. Hope Steadman is pregnant again. Not only is Hope the perfect mom, an understanding and supportive wife and, incidentally, beautiful, she has the right politics, too. Mel Harris' real-life husband is Cotter Smith, a star of 'Equal Justice,' a new ABC series. She has recently been seen in several made-for-TV movies, including one in which she played a victim of the Ku Klux Klan.

"The gal with the gravelly voice. In one episode, we learn that Ellyn has a tattoo on

"His character slipped from grace briefly when he tried to persuade Hope not to use her diaphragm. 'I'll pull out,' he told her. On prime time."

ZWICK: *"[The show's voice comes] from certain college dining halls or dorms—and has all sorts of literary antecedents. How about Joseph Heller by way of Ingmar Bergman?"*

HARRIS: *"I don't think I'm a lot like Hope. I don't give people such a long rope. Hope's married; I'm married. Hope has a kid; I have a kid. But I'm tougher and shorter."*

HERSKOVITZ: *"The show has a tendency to validate people's private experiences. It can make them feel that a situation that is very painful is actually shared by many people."*

©1990 Bugle Boy Industries, Inc.

BUGLE BOY® MEN'S

A COMPLETE LINE OF CASUAL CLOTHING FOR MEN.

one lower cheek, which was great news. Polly Draper, a veteran of the theater, wore a cowboy shirt during our interview. We discovered that she has an endearing way of not finishing her—well, sort of like—oh, ah, well, never mind.

"The one with the cute, crooked smile. It was a very hot moment when Melissa described how it felt to be with her new, younger stud boyfriend. 'And [when] he's inside me,' she said, 'it's like. . . .' Both Melissa and the woman who plays her, Melanie Mayron, are photographers and single. Mayron used to appear in TV movies as a much heavier person. When she recently appeared in a scene in a bathing suit, guys on the set whistled and stomped. Very un'thirtysomething.' 'Oh, guys in flannel shirts and Ban-Lon . . .' she said.

"The guy with all the blond hair. When I met Peter Horton at a trendy restaurant in Santa Monica (Busfield said the place was for 'Yuppie bastards'), he was fulminating about President Bush's foreign policy when two small children at the next table started crying louder and louder until we couldn't hear each other without shouting. Horton threw up his hands: 'Did Marshall and Ed write this?' He has directed some of 'thirtysomething's' best episodes, was crowned one of Us *magazine's ten sexiest bachelors and was married to Michelle Pfeiffer.*

"Now that we know the players, join us as we enter their lives and discover the answers to these and other existential questions: Will Melissa be able to handle the fact that her stud boyfriend, no matter how good in bed, is a decade younger than she? Will Ellyn's latest leave his wife for her? Will Gary give up his bachelor life to marry his girlfriend, mother of his baby? Will Michael continue to sell out to wonderfully evil adman Miles Drentell? Will Hope—perfect, pregnant Hope—do something about those glances she's been throwing at a political activist? Will Nancy die of cancer? And—most important—what color will the Steadmans paint their kitchen? Stay tuned."

PLAYBOY: What's the biggest difference between *thirtysomething* and the rest of television?

HERSKOVITZ (cocreator): I would say that we're the only show that takes the depiction of reality as one of our central aims.

PLAYBOY: But isn't the general wisdom that television and reality are a contradiction in terms—that TV is all about escape?

HERSKOVITZ: It's absolutely proven that, generally, people don't want to see reality on television. Television's role is basically escapist. People have difficult days, they go home and want to be entertained. That's true of me, as well.

PLAYBOY: So you hit them with anxious couples, failing businesses, ovarian cancer and baby-sitter problems.

HERSKOVITZ: Our point in coming up with *thirtysomething* was to suggest that maybe there is a place on television for the exception to the rule. I think it's been a mistake all along to think that just because stupid TV shows do well, intelligent shows can't do well. It just doesn't follow.

[*Herskovitz leaves to take a call.*]

PLAYBOY: Ed, do you believe *thirtysomething* proves that people actually want to see real-life problems on TV?

ZWICK (cocreator): It's not just reality. This is not the Loud family. We are distilling reality, the way one reduces sauces. It becomes more potent. We are giving the illusion of reality while using traditional structural elements of film: rising action, complication, climax and denouement. It takes some sleight of hand so the seams don't show. You're left with a sense of verisimilitude, but it's calculated in dramatic terms.

[*Herskovitz returns; Zwick continues.*]

I'm just using all your ideas, Marshall, and making them into my own.

HERSKOVITZ: Almost everything he says, I thought of; almost everything I say, he thought of.

ZWICK: We can finish each other's sentences——

HERSKOVITZ: And often do.

PLAYBOY: How true to life is the sense of community on the show? You have seven main characters who are constantly dropping in on one another—are friendships like that?

BUSFIELD (Elliot): Personally, I don't have time for friends. I don't want any more friends. With the children's theater I'm

When the journey begins with Jensen speakers, amps and receivers, your imagination is destined for an unbelievable trip. Innovative technology and

incredible power handling make your music soar. And draw you into a dimension that's not even on the map yet. With so many car audio systems, at such amazingly affordable prices, who can resist the pull of Jensen?

JENSEN®

The most thrilling sound on wheels.

For information 1-800-67-SOUND.

Speakers made in the U.S.A.

© 1990 International Jensen Incorporated.

involved in, the TV series, directing an episode, other acting projects and a wife and two kids I don't give enough attention to, when am I going to find time to stop by Ken Olin's house and stick my head into the kitchen and say, "Hey, guys, what are you up to?"—and then stay around to hang out in their laundry room for three hours?

Kenny and Patty are probably my best friends on a day-to-day basis, and they've had this new house for about a year—but I've never been there.

MAYRON (Melissa): That's a big part of the appeal of the show, I think: the unreal nuclear family, which is a substitute for the real nuclear family everybody yearns for. I'm in L.A., my parents are in Philadelphia, everyone is scattered. . . .

HORTON (Gary): In the darker ages, the average person met a hundred people in a lifetime and there was, consequently, a lifetime of intimacy. What's happened now is you see a hundred people when you turn your TV on or when you drive to work. It's so overwhelmingly vast that it's hard to find a sense of community. There is now the tendency to go through anything—a divorce, a death—alone, feeling that you're the only one who has the problem. *Thirtysomething* provides a sort of community center. We can laugh at ourselves in that same intimate way. The show provides us with a connection to one another. You can go to work and talk about what happened to characters on *thirtysomething*. It's safer than admitting something happened to you and that it's you who is scared.

HERSKOVITZ: Early in the first season, my brother in Boston asked me, "Do your friends drop in like that all the time?" I said, "Hell, no. Are you kidding?"

ZWICK: There are other glimpses of unreality in the show. I was on *Nightwatch* the other night. Off the air, Charlie Rose asked, "Do you think the characters on *thirtysomething* stay up late enough to watch *Nightwatch*?" and I said, "I don't think the characters on *thirtysomething* stay up late enough to watch *thirtysomething*."

HARRIS (Hope): *I* don't stay up that late. About all I watch is *Ducktales* occasionally in the afternoon with my son.

PLAYBOY: Has this sense of a *thirtysomething* family spilled over into your private lives?

MAYRON: In a way. Polly and I live around the corner from each other. Sometimes we have garage sales. Polly and I and a bunch of friends are standing there selling stuff. I remember once turning to Polly and saying, "It's so *thirtysomething* I can't stand it."

DRAPER (Ellyn): Yeah, and when that happens, we know it would be so *thirtysomething* even if we weren't on the show. Since we are, it's even . . . weirder.

MAYRON: A lot of us went to Patty's birthday party the other night at a restaurant. The whole restaurant was looking at us.

DRAPER: I was the first one to leave. I heard people saying, "Look! There's Ken Olin!" "Is that Peter Horton?" Some guy said, "*My God, they're all here!*" His friend was very cool about it. He turned to him and said, "They look plastic to me." [*Laughs*]

BUSFIELD: I didn't go to the party, but I'm probably closer to them than ninety-nine percent of the people who *did* show up. Kenny and I, for instance, are incredibly close partners. He knows more about me than anybody else. Elliot and Michael are the main characters of *thirtysomething* and a lot of that is because Ken and I are able to carry our relationship from off camera to on camera; people accept it as a real relationship. And, of course, I lie in bed with no clothes on with his wife.

PLAYBOY: By the way, why *do* you lie in bed with Ken's wife? Why do you think Ken and Patty, married in real life, weren't cast that way?

BUSFIELD: I think Ed and Marshall saw a strong leading Jewish man with your classic goyim babe, which is who they're both married to [*laughs*]—great-looking WASP women. Patty was a cheerleader jock. She's not right for Ken's wife. She would be miscast.

PLAYBOY: Marshall, was it for the sake of creating some tension on the set or were there other reasons for not casting Ken and Patty as a married couple?

HERSKOVITZ: My wife and I had become friends with Ken and Patty because our kids were in nursery school together. When we were casting the pilot, their names came up on the casting list. Ken came in and read the part of Michael. Kenny is this handsome, athletic guy—he looks so together, not at all how we visualized Michael. We originally saw him as kind of schlub. But we couldn't put Ken out of our minds; he *was* the guy. Patty came in and read both Hope's part and Nancy's part—but she just wasn't Hope. There's no other way to put it. She read Nancy so well that we never looked for another Nancy after we heard her.

PLAYBOY: Ken and Patty, when we saw you together, it seemed for a moment as if you were cheating on Hope and Elliot.

OLIN (Michael): That's just so fucking ridiculous!

WETTIG (Nancy): We did get that for a few months, but people have gotten used to it.

BUSFIELD: I think the hardest part for Kenny in watching me be married to his wife is that he knows I'm a pervert. When Kenny and I went to Houston together years ago, I was separated at the time and my major goal was to have sex as much as possible—with as many women under the age of twenty-one as I could. Two and a half years later, I'm in bed with Ken's wife and he's thinking, This is absolutely the last person in the world I would want doing love

"Life is short..."

HIPPOCRATES

scenes with my wife—*because I know Busfield!*

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the show's impact. Has *thirtysomething* influenced the kind of drama that's shown on television?

BUSFIELD: Definitely. Steve Bochco brought continuing story lines into prime time in *Hill Street Blues*; Glenn Gordon Caron, in *Moonlighting*, showed how fast you can actually talk in a TV show—how many jokes you can get into a thirty-second span and not have an audience get them until the next commercial; and Ed and Marshall have shown that you can go into relationships away from plot. You can talk!

PLAYBOY: There's a unique voice to *thirtysomething*. Where does it come from?

ZWICK: From certain college dining halls or dormitories—and it has all sorts of literary antecedents. How about Joseph Heller by way of Ingmar Bergman?

HERSKOVITZ: And Woody Allen by way of Frank Capra. But Bergman was big for both of us.

ZWICK: *Scenes from a Marriage* influenced me deeply.

BUSFIELD: Ed and Marshall think they are supposed to like Bergman when, in fact, they really like James Bond. I mean, Ed and Marshall did this episode called *Housewarming*. Now, what two guys wanted to play the roles of terrorists shooting off the high-powered rifles? Ed and Marshall. They wrote it just so they could do it. When Ed Zwick leaves *thirtysomething* for two minutes, what does he do? Direct *Glory*, a movie about the Civil War.

ZWICK: The list of our influences goes on and on. Buñuel. The Herb Gardner plays such as *A Thousand Clowns*. French movies. Ettore Scola, *We All Loved Each Other So Much* or any of those wonderful movies about the currency of relationships. We steal from everybody. Andre Dubus, Ann Beattie. Cheever.

Woody Allen has definitely been a kind of beacon for both of us.

BUSFIELD: It's no wonder that when you listen to these guys, you don't understand ninety percent of what they say. You need at least an M.B.A. or M.F.A. I needed the *Oxford English Dictionary* to read the first scripts they wrote. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Well, one criticism of *thirtysomething* is that it's too ponderous. How do you respond?

ZWICK: I cop to being too ponderous on occasion. But I think we go to great lengths to try to leaven most of the more serious moments with some recognition of absurdity.

PLAYBOY: How about the criticism that you are obsessed with petty issues?

HERSKOVITZ: I believe strongly that if you go into any home, office, gas station or factory in America and get close enough to those people, you will find that they are incredibly upset about incredibly minor issues—so-and-so is getting more money, someone is being mean at home. . . . The so-called petty issues become the major issues in people's lives.

HARRIS: Because even when we're dealing on a very minute level, we're also dealing with the important things, the big issues. Sometimes what you're having for dinner in the middle of a crisis in a family situation is what is important right then.

WETTIG: There have been criticisms that in the early shows, we weren't political or politically aware. "Come on, you're not curing cancer here, so why are you taking everything so seriously?" Well, I sometimes wish that in my real life, I had that kind of perspective. Something of small scale can happen to me and I respond to it in a very full, emotional way. In an idealized world, you would match the size of your emotions to the size of the event. But that's not what people do, which is why I support the show.

BUSFIELD: In the beginning, Michael and Hope fussed about things that were ridiculous to fuss about. Nancy and Elliot were dealing with bigger things—separation, their children. It's easier to be sympathetic to that than if the stroller is too much money.

I mean, there was a show about Michael and Hope's trauma of having people over to the house for a dinner party. Come on. . . . But the show where Michael is self-destructing? That's cool to me. Hope, pregnant, thinking about having an affair? I like that a lot. Gary making a mistake and actually sleeping with Melissa? I like that, too. But Elliot's kid won't come out of his room on Thanksgiving? That's bullshit. If he were my kid, forget it. Threaten him. Tell him you're going to pull his teeth out, dangle him from the roof, but get him out of the room!

DRAPER: You know why we're criticized more than other shows? We're not about car chases or murders. And everybody is an expert about relationships. Lawyers either love or hate *L.A. Law*. *Everyone* gets to love or hate *thirtysomething*.

PLAYBOY: Some of the episodes have been so realistic that viewers have felt uncomfortable watching them. Do you set out to make people squirm?

HERSKOVITZ: No. We just set out to deal with issues that interest us. We might be more willing to look at certain personal issues than other shows are.

PLAYBOY: Some people aren't just made uncomfortable by *thirtysomething*. They hate it and are very happy to tell just about anybody that.

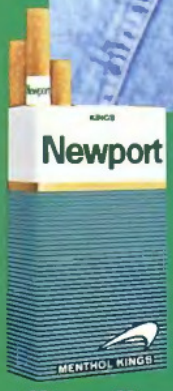
HARRIS: I think it's because it can be very painful for some people to watch. "This is my life. I have enough of it without seeing it on television."

MAYRON: There are a lot of people who watch and are very grateful and a lot who don't want to be reminded; they don't want to deal with the things we deal with.

DRAPER: It can be hard to watch if you're

"The time of life is short."

SHAKESPEARE



Alive with pleasure!

Newport

After all,
if smoking isn't a pleasure,
why bother?

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© Lorillard, Inc., U.S.A., 1990

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

with someone you're going through the same thing with.

MAYRON: It can be very revealing about relationships, expose a deep level of what we go through.

ZWICK: Which is why, for some, the show is a revelation: It shows a world they sense—even if they fear it—that is rarely acknowledged by popular culture.

[*Zwick leaves to answer a phone call.*]

HERSKOVITZ: The show has a tendency to validate people's private experiences. It can make them feel that a situation that is very painful, that has made them feel isolated, is actually shared by many people in many different circumstances.

Television has preached a kind of absolutism of behavior. Characters had to be upstanding, forthright and never ambivalent, never conflicted. The idea that some of those icons may be flawed, may be hurting like *you* does establish a kind of validation for one's personal pain.

[*Another phone interruption; Herskovitz leaves to take the call as Zwick returns.*]

PLAYBOY: Would you finish his sentence, please?

ZWICK: What was the subject? I'll give you the verb.

PLAYBOY: That *thirtysomething* validates the experience of viewers.

ZWICK: Well, that harks back to the Capraesque dictum about a movie speaking to people alone in the dark, that it must give them something they can relate to. I can imagine a person going to therapy after seeing some of our shows.

PLAYBOY: Polly, when your character went into therapy, did it relate to your own life?

DRAPER: It was a little disturbing. I mean, when Ellyn looked back and saw herself as a young girl going through her mother's drawers to find out some proof that she was really loved, I was—really weirded out. It made me remember that as a little girl, I once went through all the family's scrapbooks. I was looking for pictures of my father holding me or playing with me. There were pictures of him with my older sister; when you're the first-born, they're always taking pictures. But I was the second-born and there were no pictures of my dad playing with me. That show really jolted your memory of things like that.

PLAYBOY: Tim, the episode in which Elliot and Nancy went to a counselor was very painful—and won a batch of awards. How did you feel about it?

BUSFIELD: It was very eerie doing the marriage-counseling scenes with Patty. I had gone into marriage counseling with my first wife and really got a lot out of it. In the therapy scenes for the show, I think I played more of my first wife in real life—the way I didn't want to give in, then gave in a little, got defensive, gave in even more but never really gave in. My wife at the time was the one who was more resistant—like Elliot. The writing was so close and the fights were so familiar, there were several times when I wanted to call Patty by my ex-wife's name—just as I believe Patty was really fighting with Kenny. Don't let her tell you any different——

"Is not life a hundred times too short..."

NIETZSCHE

PLAYBOY: Well, Patty?

WETTIG: I think if I ever went through a divorce—and I hope I never have to—it would be unique. I don't think, *If this ever happens to me, I'm prepared.* Not at all. There is no confusion between my real life and my acting life. But it's just that I do usually draw from my personal life. . . .

BUSFIELD: Patty and I are probably the ones who draw most from our personal lives. If it doesn't relate to our lives, we don't feel comfortable. We feel our work is our best when we understand why we're doing what we're doing. Patty will often say, "I would never do this." I'll try to adapt myself to any situation, but if the needle on my shit sensor goes into the red, then I'll always bring it back to what I know.

WETTIG: When my character got cancer, that was nothing I have had, or ever hope to go through: a mature woman, a woman who has children, facing her death. I've had nothing personally that makes me relate to that, but as an actor, it's very challenging. I investigate my own feelings. What would it feel like? But you can't really know.

HARRIS: When Michael's father was dying of cancer, it was very difficult for me, because my father had died of cancer and the actor actually resembled him. It evoked a lot of memories; I was glad it was Michael's father dying and not Hope's.

BUSFIELD: For me, doing therapy was therapeutic. But other episodes, the ones about Michael and Elliot's business going under, were more therapeutic than anything else. It was healthy—and incredibly unusual—to see that it's OK to embrace a male and say, "We have problems. I'm screwed up."

I shy away from that much more than I shy away from any problems I have with a woman. My wife gets the best and the worst of me daily. The screaming, the yelling, the passion—it's all there. But to show it to another man! Those episodes were always the toughest, to open up and show a genuine love for another man. You think, God, they're gonna think I'm a fag and all that crap that we're brought up thinking.

PLAYBOY: Then are you conscious of the new male role models you're showing—sensitive, New Age guys?

OLIN: I suppose so and it is, I imagine, validating for a lot of men who have similarities to those kinds of characters. On the other hand, Michael Steadman, from what I read, is not as salient a role model on television as Vinnie whatever-his-name on *Wiseguy*. From the five minutes I watched, I can say he probably is pretty much *the* male role model, a lot more than Michael Steadman is.

HORTON: In the shows about Elliot and

ANNOUNCING THE ARRIVAL OF CAR CD. FIVE YEARS AFTER IT WAS INTRODUCED.

Believe it or not, compact disc for the car has been around awhile. There are even a chosen few who could actually afford to buy one.

Well, now car CD is really here.

Because Pioneer has advanced the technology so far and created a line of players so extensive that now it's possible for anyone to afford the clarity of digital CD sound.

It begins with our new single-play CD systems.

You'll love the high power as much as the price. But try not to overlook the detachable faceplate. An innovative security feature we recently developed for added convenience.

And while we're on the subject of convenience, Pioneer's 6-disc multiplay changers let you enjoy hours of uninterrupted music while you drive. Plus they can be easily added to your car without replacing your existing audio system.

For those who want it all, we also offer an incredible 3-source system that puts multiplay CD, AM-FM tuner and cassette all at your fingertips with a remarkable wireless remote.

There's much more, of course. And to find out, call 1-800-421-1404. We'll send you a free copy of our new brochure. As well as give you the name of a Pioneer dealer near you, who will be glad to show you our complete line of car CD systems. After all, he's been waiting for this moment just as long as you have.

PIONEER®

© 1990 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA

Don't drink and drive.

"Life is too short to

Cabriolet. Look at it this way. You can settle for a boring car or you can zip through life with the top down—in a Volkswagen Cabriolet.

What we have here is a real European convertible. With a body handcrafted at the famed Karmann Coachworks. Check out the attention to detail in the triple-layered top. Then check out the bold eye-catching paint.

You should be driving this car!

Get behind the wheel and experience Cabriolet for yourself. The rack-and-pinion steering, the independent sports suspension. The new, more powerful, digital fuel-injected engine.

Cabriolet delivers a unique ride and feel we call Fahrvergnügen. A ride and feel you won't find in any Japanese or domestic car.

So what are you waiting for? The Volkswagen Cabriolet is at your Volkswagen dealer today. Why let the other guys have all the fun?

© 1990 Volkswagen Seatbelts save lives.

drive a boring car."

VOLKSWAGEN

For details call 1-800-444-VWUS.

Corrado. Or look at it another way. From behind the wheel of a European sports coupe. Finally there's an affordable European sports coupe. And it's no surprise it's a Volkswagen.

The new Corrado. It's the fastest Volkswagen ever and it's loaded with our most sophisticated engineering, including a patented supercharged engine. And a rear deck spoiler that automatically deploys at highway speeds.

Corrado's aero-sleek body is handcrafted at the Karmann Coachworks. Inside, there's real room for four, and a long list of standard features like air conditioning, a six-speaker sound system and more.

And of course Corrado comes with Fahrvergnügen—the unique driving experience that defines a Volkswagen.

The new Volkswagen Corrado. Because life's too short to drive a boring car.

FAHRVERGNÜGEN. IT'S WHAT MAKES A CAR A VOLKSWAGEN.

Michael's business going under, we showed something you never see on TV. Failure, man. We're never taught that we can fail. We were raised in a generation where the only option was success.

PLAYBOY: Do you also agree that there's some resemblance between the show and your real lives?

HORTON: This show sometimes *does* parallel our lives in certain ways. I remember the first year, when Tim and Nancy—I mean, Tim and Patty—I mean, Elliot and Nancy [*laughs*] were getting divorced. Tim had just gone through a divorce; Mel had just gone through one; I was going through one. It can be very therapeutic when a lot of what gets illustrated on screen is directly out of our lives. We'd do those scenes on the set and end up in tears.

DRAPER: My marriage was splitting up then, too. I was going through that, so I was able to identify with Nancy and Elliot when they were breaking up. When they were in therapy, I could really identify.

PLAYBOY: Therapy and psychology seem to be an underlying theme to the show, and some people think that's what's wrong with *thirtysomething*—that it's too touchy-feely.

OLIN: Well, three of four of the primary writers on the show have had a lot of experience with therapy and analysis. That's what differentiates it.

PLAYBOY: Marshall, what is it about therapy that makes it such an important theme in the show?

HERSKOVITZ: It's something we care about deeply. We've made a conscious effort to minimize showing therapy on the show because of the stigma that goes along with it, but the underpinnings of the show are completely based in psychoanalytic theory. We try to get across the insights of therapy using behavior in normal relationships. If you show therapy itself too often, it can become a creative crutch—a cheap and easy way of giving subjectivity an inner life. We've allowed Ellyn to be in therapy, so we occasionally write her therapy into the show. But we're not dealing with therapy with the other patients.

PLAYBOY: *Patients?*

ZWICK: *Patients?*

PLAYBOY: What would Freud say about that slip?

HERSKOVITZ: I have the flu.

ZWICK: You're unguarded.

PLAYBOY: Or could it be that you guys are actually frustrated therapists? Marshall, you even played the therapist in the marriage-counseling episode.

HERSKOVITZ: Frankly, I always wanted to be a therapist and I haven't given up on doing that. It sort of runs in the family. My mother and brother are therapists.

ZWICK: And my sister.

PLAYBOY: A recent poll showed that eighty-three percent of the baby-boom generation accept therapy or would seek it if they felt they needed it. So why do you think there's such a stigma attached to it?

Don't let life pass you by.

Get behind the wheel of a Volkswagen Cabriolet or a new Corrado today. Call 1-800-444-VWUS for more information on the Volkswagens that will change your life.

HERSKOVITZ: There is a tremendous fear in this culture of experiencing feelings. People are terribly threatened by processes that allow them to experience their feelings. I believe that the very people who say it's weak to be in therapy, who say you should solve your problems by yourself, are unconsciously terrified by what they imagine would happen if all those forbidden feelings came forth.

Basically, American culture is, at its roots, Calvinist and Puritan. There is such a deep strain of suppression of emotional life, of real intimacy and—and——

ZWICK: And demonstrative behavior.

HERSKOVITZ: Right.

ZWICK: I think that you'll find a whole cross section of our culture that feels that way and cannot stand the show.

PLAYBOY: Before and after therapy, were the roller-coaster ups and downs in Elliot and Nancy's marriage carefully plotted?

ZWICK: We had *no* idea what would happen. All of a sudden, we realized that their marriage was in trouble.

HERSKOVITZ: My wife at that time——

ZWICK: Your wife at that time as opposed to your wife at this time?

HERSKOVITZ: My wife, comma, at that time, comma, started working on a script in which Nancy and Elliot separated. Without telling me. She showed us the pages and we discovered that Nancy and Elliot were going to separate. When they went into therapy together, we found ourselves wishing that they didn't have to get separated, because it was going so well—so we had them go back and forth and they ended up together again.

PLAYBOY: Is that how a lot of the plot turns are decided?

ZWICK: Some things we knew from the beginning. When we decided to give Michael and Elliot a business, we decided it would fail. It took a year and a half for that to happen, but we knew that far in advance. On the other hand, we decided that Peter Horton should have a girlfriend on the show—we wanted to finally put him in a relationship and see what would happen to him there. We found Patricia Kalember, a wonderful actress we wanted to cast for the part, and then got a call from her agent, who said that Patricia had just called up, embarrassed, to say she couldn't take the part because she was pregnant. Well, what better situation to put Gary in than for him to find a girlfriend and all of a sudden, she gets pregnant?

It seemed to follow the course of contemporary relationships whereby you meet someone, sleep together, have a baby, buy real estate, fall in love and then decide whether or not to get married.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting to note that all three single characters are now in relationships—or are trying to be.

HORTON: We've shown, I think, what it really is like being single and dating in your thirties. We've shown how difficult it is to

fall in love in your thirties. That's why you have Ellyn going for a married guy and Melissa going for a much younger guy. To try to find a mate in your thirties or forties, especially when you're a woman, is very difficult. I think it's a lonely life out there right now. People are generally pretty isolated.

MAYRON: I have tried to have Melissa show something very real about being single—that it's OK to go for your dreams and not worry about having to settle. I think that's important: not feeling bad about being unmarried.

DRAPER: That's what it sort of always comes down to: that deep down, we really just want to be married and have those babies. [*Laughs*] Which is probably true.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any say in what turns these single women's lives will take?

MAYRON: At the beginning of the year, I give Marshall and Ed a list of issues that I think Melissa should deal with, things I want to see. I want to watch what Melissa and Ellyn are going through so I know how to live my life. Polly told me that they would do a show for us if we could come up with the idea. We sat around thinking, OK, what trouble can Melissa and Ellyn get into? It was like Lucy and Ethel.

DRAPER: We wanted to do a comic one together. We like working together in that way and we aren't given that much opportunity to do that. We came up with the video-dating idea. We were speaking for the silent minority that asks, "Could I just please be single without everyone thinking there's something wrong with me?" We got a lot of response from both men and women who said that problem always comes up.

PLAYBOY: Is Ellyn going to end up with her married boyfriend?

DRAPER: [*Laughs*] I don't know. It depends on how much money he asks for next year. That's what happened with my last boyfriend—he bit the dust because he wanted too much money from MGM. Suddenly, our romance was on the skids.

PLAYBOY: In some ways, it must be nice to have someone else making the big life decisions for Ellyn.

DRAPER: Definitely. I'd really like that in my own life. Maybe I can get Marshall and Ed to write *my* life: "Could you come in and tell this guy that he's asking too much of me and cancel him out, please?"

HORTON: Who wants to be single? I don't like it at all. It's awful. I think the Forties and Fifties illustrated the problems that come from staying with someone beyond when you should, but the Seventies and Eighties revealed the problems of dropping something way before you should. It's hard; there are no rules for relationships anymore. When do you say, This is it, that's enough? We're all trying to find the answers to that.

PLAYBOY: When you and your ex-wife, Michelle Pfeiffer, decided it was enough, was it more difficult because you were both famous?

HORTON: You'd like to be able to go through something like we went through on our own and leave it alone for a while, but you can't. It's everywhere you go. When I see the portrait of us in the media, it's this odd picture. But we're both very settled with it right now. We feel very comfortable as friends. She's an amazing woman, one of those who come along rarely, maybe once every fifty years. But we get along better as friends than as spouses.

PLAYBOY: Will your next wife probably *not* be on the cover of magazines as one of the sexiest women in America?

HORTON: Being married to somebody and having kids—that's something you want to do with someone who has a little more normal life, someone who doesn't have to carry the baggage of that kind of stardom, that kind of attention.

PLAYBOY: Unlike Gary, and despite your divorce, it sounds as if you believe in marriage.

HORTON: Marriage is very profound. Your natural tendency is to go for immediate gratification, but love takes time, it takes pain. It's like reading a book versus watching television. Marriage was developed to help force us to learn the lessons of love, which are long-term lessons. We've come a long way. The Sixties broke it up, the Seventies experimented with it and the Eighties were trying to put the pieces back together.

One thing we've done on the show is to genuinely show the pain of separation and divorce through Nancy and Elliot—and the value of marriage through Hope and Michael.

PLAYBOY: Less conventionally, the episode in which two gay men were shown in bed for the first time on prime-time network TV caused a furor. Ed, Marshall, were you surprised by the reaction?

HERSKOVITZ: I felt like the most naïve rube about the reaction to that show.

ZWICK: I anticipated more of a shit storm than you did, I think.

HERSKOVITZ: Well, I felt like we were in Hollywood in 1958, having a black man kiss a white woman.

ZWICK: The most political—and threatening—part of it was the offhandedness of the scene.

HERSKOVITZ: Which is what many people wrote in about. It was made to seem normal.

MAYRON: In that episode, my character was wrestling with what her friends thought about her new boyfriend, a younger house painter. The gay guy was her friend and she was trying to help him not be afraid to follow his heart and go for love. What sex the person was had absolutely nothing to do with it. I mean, people are people and love is love. But people on the streets stopped to say, "I can't believe you supported him!"

DRAPER: The scene with the two men in

THE STRIKING NEW COBRAS
UltraStylish. UltraSmall.
UltraSensitive.
The sleek Cobra Trapshooter Ultra packs the forefront of technology into the palm of your hand.
Its three warning systems alert you by voice ("be careful, slow down"), melody or tone.
3 anti-falsing systems filter out unwanted signals. Separate indicators for "X" and "K" bands, and extra sensitive "PULSE" detection. Both sound and LED meter indicate signal strength... even over hills and around bends.
Cobra
DYNASCAN CORPORATION
For dealer location call 1-800-COBRA 22.

bed was so sexy. It was so compelling to have it treated so matter-of-factly.

WETTIG: I thought it was interesting that the most intimate relationship in that entire show was between the two gay men, but they weren't allowed to kiss. It was a network thing. You couldn't have them kiss. Because of that, it had to be all the electricity and the energy without the act.

HORTON: I actually had a problem morally with that show. Two guys met and spent the night together. Afterward, they talked about AIDS—about all their friends who were dying of it. You wanted to say, "Wait a minute, guys, why do you think that's happening?"

PLAYBOY: Melissa's gay friend told her, "Don't worry, we were safe."

HORTON: I guess we could have shown a shot of the used rubbers and panned up to the . . . I don't know. I just don't think you can deal lightly with AIDS.

PLAYBOY: Still, why do you think it's so accepted to see rape and murder on TV and yet such controversy is stirred up when two men are shown in bed together?

HERSKOVITZ: I think sexuality is the area where it's hardest to tell the truth in television. It's a never-ending battle.

ZWICK: It's the area we keep coming back to and trying to explore.

HERSKOVITZ: And we've made lots of headway—whether it's Hope putting in her diaphragm or teenagers having sex.

ZWICK: Or even just simple moments. In the episode where Michael's father got cancer, Michael hadn't been dealing with Hope and all of a sudden, he turned to her, grabbed her and said, "I want you, I want you." There was a rawness and a sexuality to that that was honest. There was some concern that he was objectifying her. Damn right. It may not have been attractive, but it was very human.

PLAYBOY: When it comes to sex, have there been things you couldn't do?

HERSKOVITZ: In the original script for the therapy episode, Nancy told the therapist she was upset that Elliot wanted her to go down on him. We were not allowed to say that. On NBC, it would have been OK, but according to ABC, oral sex does not exist. The speech went, "You either want me to go down on you or you want me to wear something. . . ." It became, "You want me to wear something or . . . " and she trails off and can't say it.

PLAYBOY: Also, rumor has it that you had to cut a scene in which Elliot masturbated.

HERSKOVITZ: That was *our* decision.

PLAYBOY: Did you get nervous about how people would react?

ZWICK: It finally just didn't serve the story. I don't think it's something we wouldn't try to do again.

HERSKOVITZ: But poor Timmy was sure happy we cut the scene.

PLAYBOY: Tim?

BUSFIELD: *I* didn't care. Everybody else was relieved. I told them, "I'll do it." And I'd do it today. I'll do whatever those guys want me to do. They created Elliot and they pay me an exorbitant amount of money every week. Whatever they want me to say or do, I'll say or do. I don't remember ever asking them not to do something in the script, including the masturbation scene. I said to them, "We're going to lose a lot of rating points," but I thought, If you guys want me to do it, I'll whack it. If that'll make you guys happy, I'll grease the ol' monkey.

PLAYBOY: Polly, Ellyn's married boyfriend has now left his wife. Do you mind being cast as a home wrecker?

DRAPER: Well, what I like is that this is being done from the *other woman*'s viewpoint, not the wife's and not the husband's. That's very rare and interesting. In Ellyn's case, she really feels like she's in love for the first time. And it's been established that she's a highly moral person, not someone who likes to do this sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: Is there a reason you chose to look at infidelity?

HERSKOVITZ: Infidelity is one of the major issues of married life. It's one of those problems that we keep coming up against.

PLAYBOY: In one episode, Michael spoke of the subtler issue of being married and still being attracted to women—to every attractive woman who walks by, in fact.

ZWICK: It's part of that dialectic that we want to show.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that also what gets people worked up about the show—when seemingly real characters who stand for certain moral values don't behave as viewers think they should?

HERSKOVITZ: But it's important to note that morality is not the first concern when we make the show. It's third or fourth on the list. Our prime concerns are——

ZWICK: Thematic——

GILBEY'S LONDON DRY GIN. 40% ALC./VOL. DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. BOTTLED BY W.A. GILBEY LTD. FRASER HEAD ST. © 1990 IMBAH BRANDS LTD.

HERSKOVITZ: Dramatic and psychological.
ZWICK: Then comes showing the truth.
HERSKOVITZ: The fact that we are more concerned about showing the truth than about moralizing disturbs a lot of people.
DRAPER: I'm always shocked to see how different shows affect people—even my own family. My brother was really angry about the first episode with the married man. People take all this very seriously. When I dumped my boyfriend, women were really pissed off—all America was on my case for that.
MAYRON: Hey, *I* felt that way. That's how much I got into it.
HARRIS: Well, for us, not only is there the emotionality about the character, there's the emotionality about our friend who is playing it. It's that thing of separating life from fantasy. And it's something we all do with difficulty.
PLAYBOY: Do the rest of you ever find yourselves confusing fact and fiction?
DRAPER: Yes. Patty was stunned that I would be writing a children's book in real life. In the show, her character is doing just that, while my character doesn't really like children that much.
HERSKOVITZ: The confusion happens with our show more than with other shows because of our commitment to depicting reality. We learned so much from writing the old TV show *Family*—the notion that you could do domestic drama in a serious way, deal with serious issues. But on *Family*, the details of their lives, the texture, was very unreal. There was never any business of life, never any real-life clutter.
HORTON: Which goes back to why people don't view us as actors, they view us as the characters. And they have no inhibitions about letting us know how they feel about it. When Gary's girlfriend became pregnant, people came up to me and said, "I really think the fact that you're having a baby without being married is despicable."
DRAPER: Yes, yes. After it came out that Ellyn had a tattoo on her ass, people were following me down streets, in malls, saying things like, "What side is it on?" One woman very discreetly came up to me and whispered, "You know, you can remove a tattoo with a laser."
PLAYBOY: Do people ever call you Ellyn?
DRAPER: Oh, yes. I don't answer when they do.
PLAYBOY: We imagine it would be a real sign of trouble if a man cried out "Ellyn" at the wrong time.
DRAPER: You mean in bed? [*Laughs*] Yeah. It hasn't happened, but when I was first separated from my husband, one of the guys I was going out with was basing his whole relationship with me on what he thought of Ellyn. It was like he thought he knew me. I was being damned before I had ever done anything.
BUSFIELD: I was in a supermarket and some woman came up and slapped me because she thought I was being a shit to Nancy. Men have come up to me to give me very sincere advice: "Whatever you do, *don't* admit to the affair."
HERSKOVITZ: In a piece in *The New Yorker*, someone quoted a friend who said she saw Tim Busfield doing a commercial and thought, My God, Elliot is so desperate he'll try anything—he'll even try acting. [*Laughs*]
DRAPER: Some guy came running up to me in the airport and practically pounced on me to say that he and his wife are shrinks and that every Wednesday, a group of shrinks from their community get together to discuss our problems on the show the previous night in order to better deal with their patients.
WETTIG: I guess it happens to all of us. The other day, I called to order a pizza. The person on the line said, "Is this Nancy?" and I said, "No," but he said, "I recognize your voice. It's Nancy." I said, "*This is not Nancy.*"
PLAYBOY: Where do you and Nancy diverge?
WETTIG: I'm probably more strong-minded and more opinionated than Nancy. She seems so *nice* on television. . . . [*To Olin*] What would *you* say is the difference between me and Nancy?
OLIN: Your personal hygiene.
WETTIG: That's it. Nancy's neat. [*Laughs*]
PLAYBOY: Ken?
OLIN: What, I'm supposed to try to come up with some fucking interesting answer about how I'm different from Michael? This is like root canal. . . . Well, for one thing, Michael Steadman doesn't talk to the press. You know, I find it so—so interesting that people fixate on the idea that we are these people. The point is that in *thirtysomething*, the writers and the directors and the cast have been extremely successful at creating an illusion of domestic

The sound was jazz, the atmosphere was smoky, and the mood was martinis.

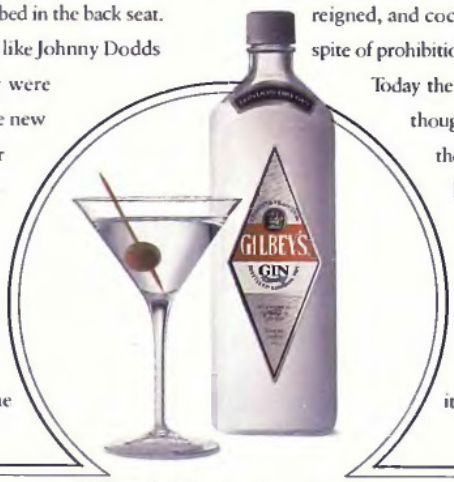
On the South Side of Chicago it was Lincoln Gardens, up in Harlem it was the Cotton Club. But it could have been just about anywhere there was a bar, a dance floor, and jazz.

We're not talking about jazz piano suites or orchestrated jazz stylings that passed for jazz in the mainstream. We're talking about real ear-piercing, heart-pounding New Orleans jazz, born from the souls of penniless musicians who traveled from club to club in rattletrap cars, luggage tied to the roof, and a makeshift bed in the back seat.

Young black artists like Johnny Dodds and Papa Joe Oliver were among the first of the new jazz stars. Night after night, they played to packed, smoke-filled houses, bringing with them this new form of music they invented.

Jazz was so new, the people went mad for it. "Night Clubbers," as they were called, poured into the hot spots to hear the new sounds from the South, to dance, and to drink. And the drink of choice was the martini.

However, the martini was more than the king of cocktails, it was a symbol for the thinking that was sweeping the nation after World War I. People were after things that were fun, new and exciting. And that's just what they got. Black met white, jazz bands played where orchestras once reigned, and cocktails were mixed in spite of prohibition.



Today the martini is back. And though you can't return to the Cotton Club or hear live jazz from the horn of Papa Joe Oliver, you *can* taste a martini just the way it was back then.

Gilbey's. Taste what it was all about.

Gilbey's. The Authentic Gin.

intimacy, sometimes on an excruciating personal level, so there is even more of a tendency to make the characters us.

WETTIG: It's because of television—people become their characters. It's no different for the people in *M*A*S*H* or *All in the Family*.

PLAYBOY: Ed and Marshall, which actor would you say is most different from his or her character?

HERSKOVITZ: Either Mel or Tim. The notion that even one person in the TV audience could dislike Elliot is astonishing if you know Tim, who is the dearest person on the face of the earth.

ZWICK: And Hope possesses a kind of moral authority and judgmental quality, for better or worse, that Mel, delightfully, does not possess. She is much more emotionally accessible than her character.

PLAYBOY: Mel, how do you feel about being identified with as perfect a character as Hope?

HARRIS: I don't think she's perfect. She's just rather exacting and demanding. In that respect, we're alike. But basically, I don't think I'm a lot like Hope. I don't give people such a long rope. I'm very shy. Hope's married and I'm married, Hope has a kid and I have a kid and we're both pregnant. But I'm tougher, harder and shorter.

PLAYBOY: Peter, how about you and Gary?

HORTON: Gary is a Peter Pan, someone who can't accept responsibility, who can never commit to relationships. There are serious differences between us. I've always been a huge fan of marriage; I've never had trouble committing. I think Gary made a pact with himself when he was twenty: "I will never be like the adult world; I refuse to give up my ideals." He probably hung on to that longer than he should have—and I think I did, too.

PLAYBOY: Melanie? You and Melissa are both single, both photographers. Are you similar in other ways?

MAYRON: On the outside, Melissa is pretty similar to me, but the way she behaves and the way she reacts emotionally are not how I would react. Melissa can be really outspoken and blatantly honest and I'm not that way. I'm much safer, more political. And Melissa is a lot more insecure than I am.

PLAYBOY: Tim?

BUSFIELD: The actor in me says, Don't say Elliot is like you, because you won't seem to be as good an actor. But Elliot is very much like me. *Unfortunately*. Elliot is the side of me I would choose not to be but I'm forced to live with. He's like the Devil on my shoulder. Elliot admits that he's a screw-up. I'm a screw-up. I can admit it, but Elliot admits it to thirty million people a week.

PLAYBOY: Do you like Elliot?

BUSFIELD: Definitely. Elliot is probably the most fun guy to be around and the nicest guy to everybody. You never see Elliot be a dick, except in his relationship with Nancy. But the guy can't get a break. He has an affair and he can't get his marriage on track, so he leaves his wife and he gets shit for that; his business goes under; he gets back together with his wife, and then she gets cancer. The main thing I like about Elliot is that he doesn't try to be anybody's version of what he's supposed to be.

PLAYBOY: Can it become a hindrance in your careers to be so tied to your TV characters? Tim, some reviewers said they couldn't see anyone but Elliot when they saw you in *Field of Dreams*.

BUSFIELD: Yeah, some people said Tim Busfield played his basic whiny Yuppie. They just used it as an opportunity to rip on *thirtysomething*. But it hasn't been a problem for me. I also played Poindexter in *Revenge of the Nerds*. They're all so drastically different.

PLAYBOY: Did it come up for you, Ken, in your movie coming out this summer, *Queens Logic*?

OLIN: Oh, that movie's never coming out—because they decided I'm too much like Michael Steadman. [*Laughs*]

WETTIG: No. Not really.

OLIN: Not really.

PLAYBOY: What's your character in the film?

OLIN: I play an artist, a working-class guy from Queens. He doesn't talk too much.

"Elliot is the side of me I would choose not to be. He's like the Devil on my shoulder. Elliot admits that he's a screw-up."

Except when he does interviews. No, he doesn't talk and he doesn't shave. Otherwise, he looks just like his evil twin brother, Michael Steadman.

WETTIG: They were separated at birth.

OLIN: Which one's Jewish, which Italian? [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Marshall and Ed, is *thirtysomething*'s success—the fact that you're still around after three years—a vindication of all the criticism it has received?

ZWICK: *Thirtysomething* disproves every theory I would imagine the networks have about what people supposedly want from television.

HERSKOVITZ: Although *thirtysomething* isn't a terribly high-rated show.

ZWICK: Yes. We're also thirtysomething in the ratings.

PLAYBOY: Though you're often very high in ratings, as far as desirable demographics are concerned. Presumably, the network and MGM aren't supporting your show simply because they believe in what you're doing.

HERSKOVITZ: Noooo. They're making money off it. But it is also true that the people running the networks have, in the past five years, opened their eyes to other ways to approaching the audience. *Roseanne* would not have been on the air several years ago. The exceptions, however, are still few.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that *thirtysomething* may be influencing network programing?

HERSKOVITZ: I hate to say it, but the only definite influence I've seen our show have on television programing is in commercials. We have had a real influence on commercials.

HORTON: Unfortunately, what they take to do commercials is our style, which for us is the result of an inner drama that needs to be expressed through a style. The commercials just objectify the style and thereby take away the concept. They evoke an emotion but miss the essence.

PLAYBOY: There is a market called the *thirtysomething* audience. Do you find it ironic that the term has entered the language as a description of a market?

HERSKOVITZ: Yes, particularly since Ed and I were there writing the pilot and I turned to him and asked, "What should we call this thing?" and he said, "*Thirtysomething*." That was it.

PLAYBOY: How would you define the *thirtysomething* generation?

ZWICK: I remember a poem that goes, "Generations have soft boundaries." It is *not* just people in their thirties.

HERSKOVITZ: It has more to do with the "something" than with the "thirty"—the informality of that, the vagueness, the willingness to endure ambiguity.

ZWICK: I think it describes a particular moment in a life that was or is defined by hard choices, certain rites of passage, acceptance . . . a lot of different things. It happens to people in their twenties and in their forties and fifties, as well.

PLAYBOY: Does it annoy you when people say that the show is about whining Yuppies?

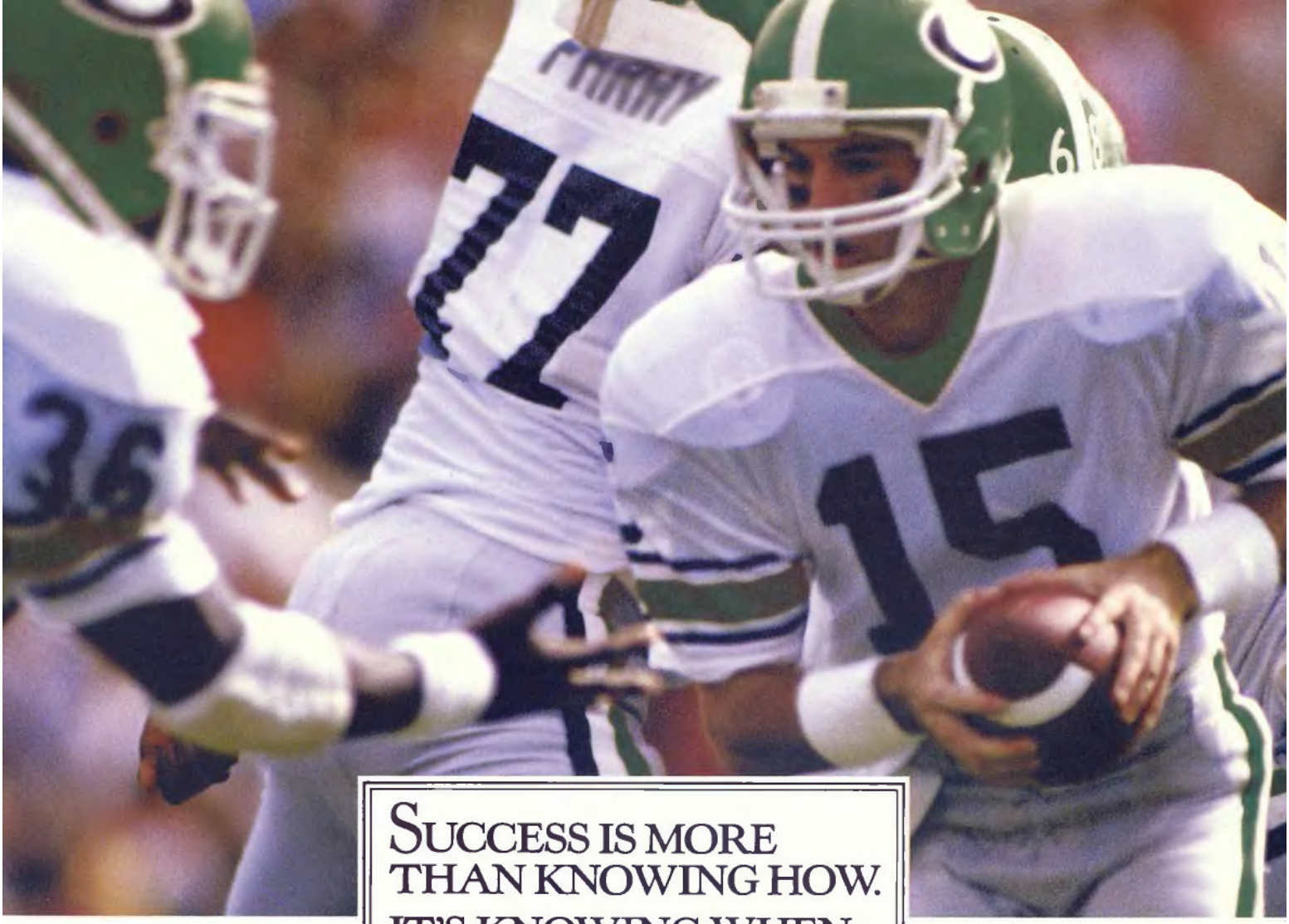
ZWICK: Not the whining part. But I take extraordinary exception to the term Yuppies.

HERSKOVITZ: If anything, I take even more exception to it. A Yuppie to me is someone who is only materialistic. That's how it's used by advertisers and demographers. However, the term has come to include anybody who is of a certain age, has a job, a marriage, a mortgage and a car, or who wants to have all those things. That used to be called the American dream. Now it is looked on in some onerous way.

ZWICK: It's the assumption that the decision to partake, in some measure, of that dream goes hand in hand with an abandonment of political principles or personal ideals.

PLAYBOY: But don't *you* question whether a materialistic generation has, in fact, lost its idealism?

HERSKOVITZ: Of course we wrestle with those issues, but that's not the point. First of all, the pejorative aspect of this unwittingly comes from a Marxist critique of our culture: that there is something inherently



SUCCESS IS MORE THAN KNOWING HOW. IT'S KNOWING WHEN.

Football players work years building up their size, strength and speed, but football games are won with timing.

When the defense is spread out and the linebackers have dropped back, you don't have to be an All-Pro to gain big yardage from a simple draw play.

Timing is the secret of everything in life, especially in treating hair loss. The sooner you start using *Rogaine*, the better your chances of success.

Two million men have already tried *Rogaine*. It's not a conditioner or cosmetic. It's a treatment for male pattern baldness of the crown that's been tested by dermatologists and is available only with a prescription from your doctor.

So if you always want to look the best you can, see your doctor now about *Rogaine*... while time is still on your side.

For more information, a list of doctors near you, and a certificate worth $10 as an incentive to visit your doctor (sorry, this offer is available for men only), call this toll-free number or send us the attached business reply card or the coupon below.

IF YOU'RE LOSING YOUR HAIR, DON'T LOSE TIME. SEE YOUR DERMATOLOGIST OR FAMILY DOCTOR OR CALL: 1-800-558-2500 EXT. 616

Rogaine®
TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

For a summary of product information, see adjoining page.

Upjohn © 1990 The Upjohn Company J-2777

Please send me a $10 certificate as an incentive to see my doctor. Send coupon to: The Upjohn Company, PO Box 9040, Opa Locka, FL 33054-9944 616

(PLEASE PRINT)

LAST NAME_____ FIRST_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

TELEPHONE NO.( ) _____

☐ I am requesting a list of dermatologists or doctors in my area.

Rogaine®
TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

The only product ever proven to grow hair.

What is ROGAINE?

ROGAINE Topical Solution, discovered and made by The Upjohn Company, is a standardized topical (for use only on the skin) prescription medication proved effective for the long-term treatment of male pattern baldness of the crown.

ROGAINE is the only topical solution of minoxidil. Minoxidil in tablet form has been used since 1980 to lower blood pressure. The use of *minoxidil tablets* is limited to treatment of patients with severe high blood pressure. When a high enough dosage in tablet form is used to lower blood pressure, certain effects that merit your attention may occur. These effects appear to be dose related.

Persons who use ROGAINE Topical Solution have a low level of absorption of minoxidil, much lower than that of persons being treated with *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure. Therefore, the likelihood that a person using ROGAINE Topical Solution will develop the effects associated with *minoxidil tablets* is very small. In fact, none of these effects has been directly attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?

Studies have shown that the response to treatment with ROGAINE may vary widely.

Some men receiving ROGAINE may see faster results than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair growth. You should not expect visible growth in less than four months.

If I respond to ROGAINE, what will the hair look like?

If you have very little hair and respond to treatment, your first hair growth may be soft, downy, colorless hair that is barely visible. After further treatment the new hair should be the same color and thickness as the other hair on your scalp. If you start with substantial hair, the new hair should be of the same color and thickness as the rest of your hair.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?

ROGAINE is a treatment, not a cure. If you respond to treatment, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to maintain or increase hair growth. If you do not begin to show a response to treatment with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least four months or more), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?

If you stop using ROGAINE, you will probably shed the new hair within a few months after stopping treatment.

What is the dosage of ROGAINE?

You should apply a 1 mL dose of ROGAINE two times a day, once in the morning and once at night, before bedtime. Each bottle should last about 30 days (one month). The applicators in each package of ROGAINE are designed to apply the correct amount of ROGAINE with each application. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use.*

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?

If you miss one or two daily applications of ROGAINE, you should restart your twice-daily application and return to your usual schedule. You should not attempt to make up for missed applications.

Can I use ROGAINE more than twice a day? Will it work faster?

No. Studies by The Upjohn Company have been carefully conducted to determine the correct amount of ROGAINE to use to obtain the most satisfactory results. More frequent applications or use of larger doses (more than one mL twice a day) have not been shown to speed up the process of hair growth and may increase the possibility of side effects.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?

Studies of patients using ROGAINE have shown that the most common adverse effects directly attributable to ROGAINE Topical Solution were itching and other skin irritations of the treated area of the scalp. About 5% of patients had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches were reported by patients using ROGAINE or placebo (a similar solution without the active medication).

What are some of the side effects people have reported?

The frequency of side effects listed below was similar, except for dermatologic reactions, in the ROGAINE and placebo groups. *Respiratory* (bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis); *Dermatologic* (irritant or allergic contact dermatitis, eczema, hypertrichosis, local erythema, pruritus, dry skin/scalp flaking, exacerbation of hair loss, alopecia); *Gastrointestinal* (diarrhea, nausea, vomiting); *Neurology* (headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness); *Musculoskeletal* (fractures, back pain, tendinitis); *Cardiovascular* (edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitation, pulse rate increases/decreases); *Allergy* (nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling and sensitivity); *Special Senses* (conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo, visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity); *Metabolic-Nutritional* (edema, weight gain); *Urinary Tract* (urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis); *Genital Tract* (prostatitis, epididymitis, sexual dysfunction); *Psychiatric* (anxiety, depression, fatigue); *Hematology* (lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia); *Endocrine*.

Individuals who are hypersensitive to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol must not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes, mucous membranes, or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, bathe the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if irritation persists.

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?

Although serious side effects have not been attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies, there is a possibility that they could occur because the active ingredient in ROGAINE Topical Solution is the same as in *minoxidil tablets*.

Minoxidil tablets are used to treat high blood pressure. *Minoxidil tablets* lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to retention of fluid and increased heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate—some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute. Rapid weight gain of more than 5 pounds or swelling (edema) of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area. Difficulty in breathing, especially when lying down, a result of an increase in body fluids or fluid around the heart. Worsening of, or new onset of, angina pectoris.

When ROGAINE Topical Solution is used on normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed and the possible effects attributed to minoxidil tablets are not expected with the use of ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed, discontinue use of ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Presumably, such effects would be most likely if greater absorption occurred, e.g., because ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in doses higher than would be obtained from topical use in people, has caused important heart structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?

Individuals with known or suspected underlying coronary artery disease or the presence of or predisposition to heart failure would be at particular risk if systemic effects (that is, increased heart rate or fluid retention) of minoxidil were to occur. Physicians, and patients with these kinds of underlying diseases, should be conscious of the potential risk of treatment if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be applied only to the scalp and should not be used on other parts of the body, because absorption of minoxidil may be increased and the risk of side effects may become greater. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp becomes irritated or is sunburned, and you should not use it along with other topical treatment medication on your scalp.

Can men with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?

Individuals with hypertension, including those under treatment with antihypertensive agents, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking guanethidine for high blood pressure should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?

Individuals using ROGAINE should be monitored by their physician one month after starting ROGAINE and at least every six months afterward. Discontinue ROGAINE if systemic effects occur.

Do not use it in conjunction with other topical agents such as corticosteroids, retinoids and petrolatum or agents that enhance percutaneous absorption. ROGAINE is for topical use only. Each mL contains 20 mg minoxidil and accidental ingestion could cause adverse systemic effects.

No carcinogenicity was found with topical application. ROGAINE should not be used by pregnant women or by nursing mothers. The effects on labor and delivery are not known. Pediatric use: Safety and effectiveness has not been established under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn
The Upjohn Company

©1990 The Upjohn Company J-2777 February 1990

dangerous and evil about the *bourgeoisie*. But this country was founded on the principle of the middle class. The other thing that bothers me is that there is an undercurrent in American culture having to do with hating our young. We don't pay our teachers; public education has gone to shit. Adolescence is now construed as being at war with society——

ZWICK: Or, worse, as only preparatory for the adult phase of society——

HERSKOVITZ: The point being that the negative idea of a Yuppie comes with the notion that young people on the rise are seen as bad, that young people with ambition and drive are evil.

PLAYBOY: Well, if drive and ambition are all there is——

HERSKOVITZ: *Everyone* would say ambition was evil if it became everything. But that's not the way the term Yuppie is now being used. It is the objectifying of a large number of people.

ZWICK: And in objectifying them, dismissing them.

HERSKOVITZ: And, by the way, people who have written about the show have talked about the acquisitive people on *thirtysomething*. Well, in the first season, only one purchase was made—a computer. Michael drives a 1973 Volvo 1800S. Elliot drives a 1981 VW Rabbit.

PLAYBOY: You tackled this issue directly in one episode: Michael argues that he and Elliot should take on a client even though they abhor his politics.

ZWICK: Yes, we're arguing the issue. We'll be arguing it more and more this year.

HERSKOVITZ: Now, as Michael becomes more and more successful, we intend for the whole issue of conspicuous consumption to come up more.

PLAYBOY: You said you acknowledge the criticism about the characters' whining. Why *does* the *thirtysomething* generation whine?

HERSKOVITZ: We were coddled. We were given an amazing license.

ZWICK: License to voice our displeasure about—whatever.

HERSKOVITZ: And to be arrogant. But there's much more to it. Our puritan culture says, Life is hard. You do not indulge your emotional life. There is a stoical renunciation of free emotional exchange. But, the thinking goes, we are a generation that faces no difficulties. We've had an easy life, we're spoiled and weak, which is why we give vent to our emotions. That's an attack on *thirtysomething* and on our generation. But I think something more subversive is going on. We—this generation, that is—are attacking the basic construct of our culture: the way we raise children, the way we behave toward our parents——

ZWICK: What our sexual relationships should be——

PLAYBOY: Whining as revolution?

HERSKOVITZ: Exactly.

PLAYBOY: How about those who say the

Nothing inspires confidence like sitting astride a BMW.

But for those who require even greater assurances, we now offer basic training.

When you buy any new 1990 BMW motorcycle, you'll receive a certificate good for a free rider training course.*

If you're new to the sport, experts at a Motorcycle Safety Foundation school near you will teach you all the skills you need to ride safely. And since you'll be on a BMW, you'll obviously ride in style.

Before you head out to taste the thrill of the open road, we'll treat you to a closed road course. In two days, at an MSF school, you'll learn everything from tight cornering to balancing techniques to panic stops.

Even beginners will be instantly inspired as they twist the throttle and roar off to winding country lanes. Or to distant hills. Destinations that take on a majesty those confined to four wheels can never understand.

If you're a more seasoned rider, we have a day of free training for you as well. In our C.L.A.S.S. course, (California's Leading Advanced Safety School), you'll learn advanced techniques like high-speed cornering and how to avoid sudden obstacles. All at a site near you, and always with the emphasis on safety.

Yet for all the excitement a BMW stirs up, there's a very easy way to get going. Just call 1-800-345-4BMW for directions to your nearest authorized BMW motorcycle dealer. Or to request brochures on our new 1990 models.

Perhaps best of all, when the course is over, you'll experience the unbridled joy of riding off on a BMW.

© 1990 BMW of North America, Inc. The trademark and logo are registered.
*MSF and C.L.A.S.S. riding schools may not be available in every city or state.

EVERY NEW BMW NOW COMES WITH A SPECIAL SAFETY FEATURE.

FREE RIDING SCHOOL.

BMW

WORTH THE OBSESSION.

show is too white, too upscale?

BUSFIELD: I think that's bullshit. I think that's like saying that Monet used too much blue. Ed and Marshall do not have an obligation to society to represent all aspects of mankind, all kinds of problems.

PLAYBOY: How long do you see the show continuing?

HORTON: I think Ed and Marshall will get to the point where they just can't do it anymore in the next couple of years. Once that happens, the show is over.

BUSFIELD: We know it's going to be over someday, and we're going to have to go back to doing the Quinn Martin kinds of things.

DRAPER: Not now, you won't!

MAYRON: Quinn Martin is dead, isn't he?

PLAYBOY: Have you contemplated *fortysomething, fiftysomething* and beyond?

ZWICK: I don't know. It would be fun to leave them and pick the characters up ten years from now and see where they are, wouldn't it?

BUSFIELD: Excuse me again. I'd like to interject something. Just in case: my apologies to Quinn Martin.

HORTON: Forget it, Tim. If he isn't dead, *you* are. [*Laughs*]

DRAPER: I definitely want to get into some low-rent characters after this. It was a freedom when no one knew who I was. If the part called for a hooker, I could go in and everyone would think I was really slutty. Now I have to convince them I'm not Ellyn.

PLAYBOY: Ken and Patty, how has the success of the show affected your lives?

OLIN: Well. . . . [*Chuckles*]

WETTIG: I can see you're thinking of something clever to say.

OLIN: No, actually. It's just that this whole thing is hyping our participation in the show to a level that's out of proportion.

WETTIG: It's our job. We've had this job for three years.

OLIN: Sure, it's changed our lives to a degree. We live with a degree of celebrity now; the anonymity in public is gone. We're treated differently.

HARRIS: But it's *not* my whole life. There are other things that mean far more to me than my work, not to decrease its importance. But my son and my husband and my family—if ever my work got in the way, I would give it up in a second.

BUSFIELD: Directing the children's theater is infinitely more important than any work I do as an actor. It's a craft to me, at times an art, but working with the kids is far more satisfying.

OLIN: Can we ask *you* a question? Are you going to have all the women from the show in Bunny outfits on the cover?

WETTIG: Ken, I didn't want to tell you, because I knew you'd be upset . . . but they asked us to do the centerfold.

OLIN: They're just going to pick each of your best body parts.

WETTIG: We could come up with a very good body among the four of us. Trust me. But this is getting a little sexist. . . .

PLAYBOY: OK, a safer topic: How well does *thirtysomething* deal with politics?

HORTON: Sometimes I wish we could do more. [*He throws down a copy of* The New York Times*; the headlines are about the invasion of Panama.*] You want to deal with what's going on out there. I mean, this action in Panama is so myopic and self-centered! There just seems to be this blind acceptance in the U.S. of whatever feels emotionally correct, without any involvement intellectually.

The idea that we went in because two Americans got killed is ludicrous. . . . Ten years ago, American nuns were killed in El Salvador and our response to that was to send millions of dollars in aid. That's not what this country is supposed to be about. We're supposed to be the bastion of morality, of principle. And the timing! A superpower decides to invade a small country when the other superpower is going through a very unstable, transitional time. And while we're at it, sending those envoys to China a few weeks after Tiananmen Square—where's the moral statement?

"If people learn anything from 'thirtysomething,' it's that you've got to work out your problems or they ain't gonna go away."

PLAYBOY: How do your political concerns filter into *thirtysomething*?

HORTON: About all I can do is wear T-shirts about El Salvador. I get in whatever I can. They'll throw in a line about Central America occasionally.

ZWICK: This show's subject is the human heart, so its politics are the politics of emotions rather than the politics of issues. Topical political issues have importance in the show only insofar as they have some emotional content for the characters.

HERSKOVITZ: It's hard enough to do a television show about seven people and their private lives and also convey their relationship to the world.

ZWICK: Though it's very clear that the politics of the characters on *thirtysomething* are basically very liberal—we get a lot of letters complaining about that.

OLIN: These days, by the way, if you want to sell movies or television, you'd better not do it through liberal politics. I mean, we can't even get a Democrat elected President in this country. We're electing the most conservative, environmentally unconscious individuals.

PLAYBOY: What about all the people who, like Michael and Hope, are wrestling with the pull of their financial obligations and their political values?

HORTON: It's an ongoing issue. But if you stay home and say, "I'll compromise my beliefs so that I can get the bills paid," then you've got to, on some level, not be too shocked when your President invades a small country like Panama even though there are a whole host of moral implications that are appalling.

PLAYBOY: What would you like to think *thirtysomething*'s effect on society could be?

DRAPER: [*To Zwick and Herskovitz*] You guys usually answer these kinds of questions.

HERSKOVITZ: Just *one* thing?

HARRIS: I think it would be nice if people would remember we did a really quality show. We worked hard and cared about it. We did the best we could and maybe opened up some avenues for other shows.

HORTON: The traditional wisdom up to this point in television circles was that you had to give people obvious, crude entertainment. But we're proving that people want, at times, to be challenged. There's certainly a place in life for just checking out and letting yourself be entertained. But entertainment is not the staple of life, just the dessert. The staple should be *involvement.*

PLAYBOY: How about the show's legacy? What will it be?

BUSFIELD: I think if people learn anything from *thirtysomething*, it's that you've got to work out your problems or they ain't gonna go away. The deep problems. Communicate. You don't communicate, you don't work it out. And you learn that your problems are probably universal. And you need to be able to say you're fucked up.

OLIN: The notion that, as people have said, "*thirtysomething* has changed my life"—you know, that's a crock of shit. I'm not saying that it is of no consequence. I'm not saying you shouldn't do politically conscious material. I'm just worried that we overemphasize the significance of what we're doing.

WETTIG: The best that movies and television can do is make you stop and think about things. When our show is good, it makes you stop and think.

OLIN: I'm not saying that it *doesn't* have significance. It breeds a certain amount of discussion, and discussion is really good. It's wonderful if people discuss any piece of work. But when actors take on importance because of their roles, it's dangerous.

WETTIG: To think that *we* are experts on matters of the heart because of the show is nonsense.

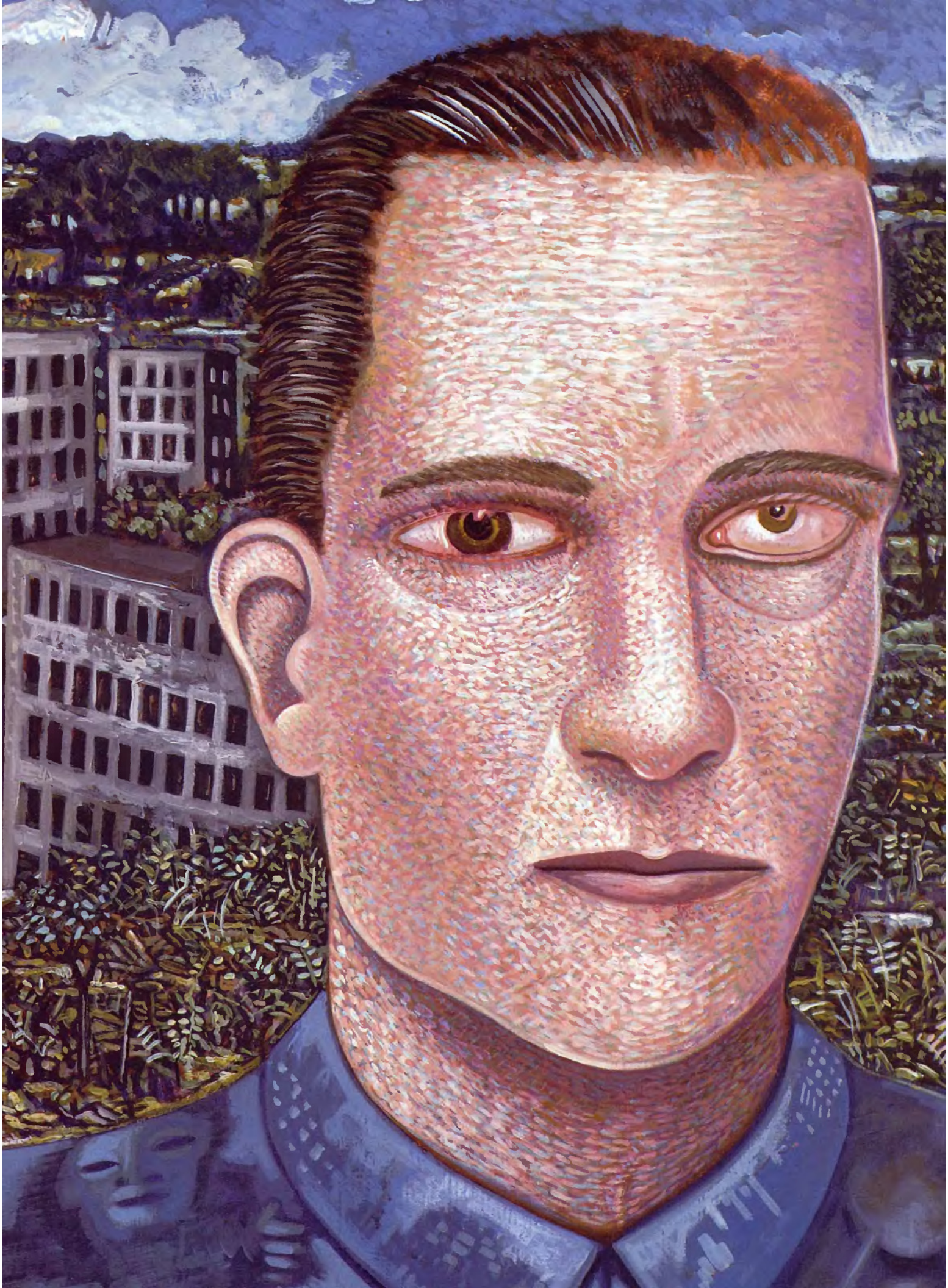
PLAYBOY: OK, then. Last chance. Anyone: What do you hope will be the most positive, long-lasting legacy of *thirtysomething?*

BUSFIELD: [*After a beat*] Residuals.

WHAT THE GENTLEMEN DRINK WHEN THE LADIES LEAVE THE ROOM.

OLD GRAND-DAD

Old Grand-Dad Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 43% Alc/Vol (86 Proof). Distilled and Bottled by The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, KY.



ANSWERS TO SOLDIER

"it's him, all right," keller said. "so i'll take my time and do the job right"

KELLER FLEW United to Portland. He read a magazine on the leg from J.F.K. to O'Hare, ate lunch on the ground and watched the movie on the nonstop flight from Chicago to Portland. It was a quarter to three, local time, when he carried his hand luggage off the plane, and then he had only an hour's wait before his connecting flight to Roseburg.

But when he got a look at the size of the plane, he walked over to the Hertz desk and told them he wanted a car for a few days. He showed them a driver's license and a credit card and they let him have a Ford Taurus with 3200 miles on the clock. He didn't bother trying to refund his Portland-to-Roseburg ticket.

The Hertz clerk showed him how to get on I-5. Keller pointed the Taurus in the right direction and set the cruise control three miles over the posted speed limit. Everybody else was going a few miles an hour faster than that, but he was in no hurry, and he didn't want to invite a close look at his driver's license. It was probably all right, but why ask for trouble?

It was still light out when he took the off ramp for the second Roseburg exit. He had a reservation at the Douglas Inn, a Best Western on Stephens Street. He found it without any trouble. They had him in a ground-floor room in the front, and he had them change it to one in the rear and a flight up.

He unpacked, showered. The phone book had a street map of downtown Roseburg and he studied it, getting his bearings, then tore it out and took it with him when he went out for a walk. The little print shop was only a few blocks away on Jackson, two doors in from the corner, between a tobacconist and a photographer with his window full of wedding pictures. A sign in Quik Print's window offered a special on wedding invitations, perhaps to catch the eye of bridal couples making arrangements with the photographer.

Quik Print was closed, of course, as were the tobacconist and the photographer and the credit jeweler next door to the photographer and, as far as Keller could tell, everybody else in the neighborhood. He didn't stick around long. Two blocks away, he found a Mexican restaurant that looked dingy enough to be authentic. He bought a local paper from the coin box out front and read it while he ate his chicken enchiladas. The

fiction

By LAWRENCE BLOCK

PAINTING BY DENNIS NECHVATAL

food was good and ridiculously inexpensive. If the place were in New York, he thought, everything would be three or four times as much and there'd be a line in front.

The waitress was a slender blonde, not Mexican at all. She had short hair and granny glasses and an overbite, and she sported an engagement ring on the appropriate finger, a diamond solitaire with a tiny stone. Maybe she and her fiancé had picked it out at the credit jeweler's, Keller thought. Maybe the photographer next door would take their wedding pictures. Maybe they'd get Burt Engleman to print their wedding invitations. Quality printing, reasonable rates, service you can count on.

•

In the morning, he returned to Quik Print and looked in the window. A woman with brown hair was sitting at a gray metal desk, talking on the telephone. A man in shirt sleeves stood at a copying machine. He wore horn-rimmed glasses with round lenses and his hair was cropped short on his egg-shaped head. He was balding, and that made him look older, but Keller knew he was only 38.

Keller stood in front of the jeweler's and pictured the waitress and her fiancé picking out rings. They'd have a double-ring ceremony, of course, and there would be something engraved on the inside of each of their wedding bands, something no one else would ever see. Would they live in an apartment? For a while, he decided, until they saved the down payment for a starter home. That was the phrase you saw in real-estate ads and Keller liked it. A starter home, something to practice on until you got the hang of it.

At a drugstore on the next block, he bought an unlined paper tablet and a black felt-tipped pen. He used four sheets of paper before he was pleased with the result. Back at Quik Print, he showed his work to the brown-haired woman.

"My dog ran off," he explained. "I thought I'd get some fliers printed, post them around town."

LOST DOG, he'd printed. PART GER. SHEPHERD. ANSWERS TO SOLDIER. CALL 555-1904.

"I hope you get him back," the woman said. "Is it a him? Soldier sounds like a male dog, but it doesn't say."

"It's a male," Keller said. "Maybe I should have specified."

"It's probably not important. Did you want to offer a reward? People usually do, though I don't know if it makes any difference. If I found somebody's dog, I wouldn't care about a reward; I'd just want to get him back with his owner."

"Everybody's not as decent as you are," Keller said. "Maybe I should say something about a reward. I didn't even think of that." He put his palms on the desk and leaned forward, looking down at the sheet of paper. "I don't know," he said. "It looks kind of homemade, doesn't it? Maybe I should have you set it in type, do it right. What do you think?"

"I don't know," she said. "Ed? Would you come and take a look at this, please?"

The man in the horn-rims came over and said he thought a hand-lettered look was best for a lost-dog notice. "It makes it more personal," he said. "I could do it in type for you, but I think people would respond to it better as it is. Assuming somebody finds the dog, that is."

"I don't suppose it's a matter of national importance, anyway," Keller said. "My wife's attached to the animal and I'd like to recover him if it's possible, but I've a feeling he's not to be found. My name's Gordon, by the way. Al Gordon."

"Ed Vandermeer," the man said. "And this is my wife, Betty."

"A pleasure," Keller said. "I guess fifty of these ought to be enough. More than enough, but I'll take fifty. Will it take you long to run them?"

"I'll do it right now. Take about three minutes, cost you three-fifty."

"Can't beat that," Keller said. He uncapped the felt-tipped pen. "Just let me put in something about a reward."

•

Back in his motel room, he put through a call to a number in White Plains. When a woman answered, he said, "Dot, let me speak to him, will you?" It took a few minutes, and then he said, "Yeah, I got here. It's him, all right. He's calling himself Vandermeer now. His wife's still going by Betty."

The man in White Plains asked when he'd be back.

"What's today, Tuesday? I've got a flight booked Friday, but I might take a little longer. No point rushing things. I found a good place to eat. Mexican joint, and the motel set gets HBO. I figure I'll take my time, do it right. Engleman's not going anywhere."

•

He had lunch at the Mexican café. This time, he ordered the combination plate. The waitress asked if he wanted the red or green chili.

"Whichever's hotter," he said.

Maybe a mobile home, he thought. You could buy one cheap, a nice double-wide, make a nice starter home for her and her fellow. Or maybe the best thing for them was to buy a duplex and rent out half, then rent out the other half when they were ready for something nicer for themselves. No time at all, you're in real estate, making a nice return, watching your holdings appreciate. No more waiting on tables for her, and pretty soon, her husband could quit slaving at the lumber mill, quit worrying about layoffs when the industry hit one of its slumps.

How you do go on, he thought.

•

He spent the afternoon walking around town. In a gun shop, the proprietor, a man named McLarendon, took some rifles and shotguns off the wall and let him get the feel of them. A sign on the wall read, GUNS DON'T KILL PEOPLE UNLESS YOU AIM REAL GOOD. Keller talked politics with McLarendon, and socioeconomics. It wasn't that tricky to figure out his position and to adopt it as one's own.

"What I really been meaning to buy," Keller said, "is a handgun."

"You want to protect yourself and your property," McLarendon said.

"That's the idea."

"And your loved ones."

"Sure."

He let the man sell him a gun. There was, locally, a cooling-off period. You picked out your gun, filled out a form, and four days later, you could come back and pick it up.

"You a hothead?" McLarendon asked him. "You fixing to lean out the car window, shoot a state trooper on your way home?"

"It doesn't seem likely."

"Then I'll show you a trick. We just backdate this form and you've already had your cooling-off period. I'd say you look cool enough to me."

"You're a good judge of character."

The man grinned. "This business," he said, "a man's got to be."

•

It was nice, a town that size. You got into your car and drove for ten minutes and you were way out in the country.

Keller stopped the Taurus at the side of the road, cut the ignition, rolled down the window. He took the gun from one pocket and the box of shells from the other. The gun—McLarendon had kept calling it a weapon—was a .38-caliber revolver with a two-inch barrel. McLarendon would have liked to sell him something heavier and more powerful. If Keller had wanted, he probably would have been thrilled to sell him a bazooka.

Keller loaded the gun and got out of the car. There was a beer can lying on its side perhaps 20 yards off. He aimed at it, holding the gun in one hand. A few years ago, they started firing two-handed in cop shows on TV, and nowadays, that was all you saw, television cops leaping through doorways and spinning around corners, gun gripped rigidly in both hands, held out in front of their bodies like a fire hose. Keller thought it looked silly. He'd feel so self-conscious, holding a gun like that.

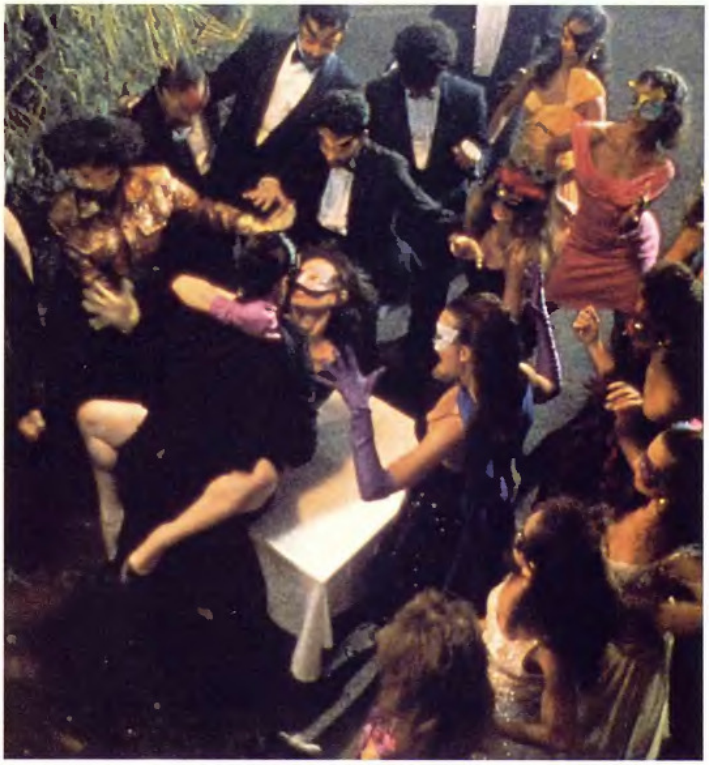
He squeezed the trigger. The gun bucked in his hand, and he missed the beer can by several feet. The report of the gunshot echoed for a long time.

(continued on page 146)

"Have you ever been blown out of the water, so to speak?"

WILD ORCHID

in what bids to be the year's steamiest movie, otis blossoms while rourke burns



ZALMAN KING *doesn't do fainthearted movies. Neither does Mickey Rourke. The last time the two teamed was for "9½ Weeks," with King as producer and Rourke as the sinister arbitrager who involves Kim Basinger in steamy sadomasochism. Word that King and Rourke were reuniting to make "Wild Orchid," this time with King in the director's chair, suggested that sizzling fare was headed for the screen. And it was. Someone extremely closely connected with the production, who prefers anonymity, supplied* Playboy *with the following account:*

Call me the fly on the wall: I was there, from the casting of the all-important role of Emily Reed—the young attorney who's whisked to Rio on her first important job and finds herself lost in a consuming tropical passion—to the shooting of the climactic, and I use that word advisedly, love scene. It wouldn't be your typical Hollywood *(text concluded on page 172)*

Kansas-bred lawyer Emily Reed (Carré Otis) keeps her eyes and mind open in Rio. With the jaded tycoon Wheeler (Mickey Rourke) as her guide, she's exposed to back-room orgies and masquerades, where the sight of sex between masked strangers (above) awakens hidden desires. Later, she replays the scene with a pickup, Bruce Greenwood (opposite).

They say Brazil is where "the songs are passionate and a smile has flash in it." It's also where Carré finds herself in the back of a speeding lima with Raurke and a married couple (Assumpta Serna and Oleg Vidov, below) wha're getting it on beside her. Could be that Raurke's whispered nothings (and helping hand) spurred them on—ar perhaps it was just carnival magic. But don't discount the additianal presence af beautiful Carré as an aphrodisiac far the pair.

Reckless lovers seek relief from the steamy weother ony way they con (left)—but under the wotchful eyes of Corré, who has come upon them unowores. The heot's also getting to Jocqueline Bisset (below), who begins to odmire Carré for more than just her Peeping Tomfoolery. When Jockie ond her new bore-ossed friend look for o three-woy, Carré tries to maintoin neutrality. But the beoch bum drives o hard borgoin ond his body longuoge (bottom) leoves her speechless.

This controversial series of fromes has two toles to tell. The first is obvious: The simmering sexual tension between Otis and Rourke boiled over during this climactic scene as the tender initiate Carré teaches the burnt-out master a lesson in love. But take o good look—it may be your last chance before *Wild Orchid* goes to video. And thot's our second story: The Motion Picture Association of America's threatened X rating forced film makers to trim this sequence to fit prudish U.S. standards. Some of the hotter shots may be seen only on European screens. Whatever the outcome, we continue to admire Rourke's eye for co-stars. As for Carré, she's certoinly not in Kansas anymore.

SEX BULLIES

article **By Molly Ivins**

AUSTIN, TEXAS—The nice Baptist lady from Waco had come to tell a committee of the Texas legislature why sex education was such a terrible idea—"Just like pouring gasoline on a raging fire." She got to explaining her own family's program for preventing teenage pregnancy. The lady and her husband have a daughter, and on this daughter's 16th birthday, her daddy took her out to dinner at a real nice restaurant. In the course of that dinner, he gave his little girl a little golden ring for her finger. And on this ring was a little golden padlock that symbolized the girl's chastity. The daddy has kept the little golden key to the little golden padlock, and on the girl's wedding day, he will give the key to the padlock, and to her virginity, to her new husband.

Right away, you could tell the audience had a lot of questions. Will it really help to keep her finger locked up? If she gets to be 35 and still isn't married, then can she have the key? Is there some whiff of male control of female sexuality here?

Well, the plan may have a few holes in it, but what we have here, friends, is the latest answer to a series of complex and troubling problems—not an answer just to sex education and to teenage pregnancy but to unwanted pregnancy in general, to abortion, to homosexuality, to AIDS, to pornography, to sex itself.

Sex. There it is, your root cause. The answer is, Just say no. You stop sex and that takes care of all the rest. Heaven only knows why it took so long for people to come to this conclusion.

Look, we all know we're supposed to be living in a sexually liberated country; it has been 25 years since the sexual revolution made the cover of *Time* magazine, and by now, we're all supposed to have these stainless-steel, free-from-guilt, sex-is-good-for-you attitudes. Bull. The fact is that sex is scary. It makes people feel guilty and ashamed of themselves. It embarrasses the hell out of them. It causes no end of trouble and is probably the root of as much evil as money. Sex has all these squirmy manifestations—makes you do things you don't really want to, lose control, act the fool; it's a hunger, a craving you can't do anything about. It exposes people's weaknesses and vulnerabilities: Very few things hurt more than a betrayal in a sexual relationship, because it's a treason against intimacy, against trust. Sex is powerful stuff.

And there are a lot of people so afraid of it they will do anything—burn down abortion clinics, beat up queers, pressure politicians, mess with the Constitution—to control sex. All these years, groups such as Planned Parenthood have been thinking that education and contraception would help. "I think contraception is disgusting," says Joe Scheidler, the Chicago anti-abortion activist. "People using each other for pleasure."

And you thought these folks were upset about abortion. Randall Terry, the head of Operation Rescue, the militant anti-abortion outfit, is opposed to all forms of birth control and would eliminate all contraceptives. "Ultimately, my goal is to reform this culture," says Terry. "The arts, the media, the entertainment industries, medicine, the sciences, education—to return to right and wrong, a Judaeo-Christian base."

That's a fairly strenuous agenda. Overturning *Roe vs. Wade* and getting *Playboy* out of the Jiffy Mart are peripheral goals. Even "the unborn," victims of "the new Holocaust," are only symptoms of the larger problem, according to these folks.

Just what the hell is going on here? Is it new? And is it a substantial phenomenon and a threat to freedom in this country?

There are several centers of frankly antisex thinking currently at work in the society, all of them political-issue organizations focused on something else: They are anti-abortion, antigay, antipornography and anti–sex education. In many cases, they describe themselves as "pro-family." Their constituents and their motives vary, but all of them are deeply afraid of sex. Fundamentalists, of course, have been preaching for hundreds of years that sex is Satan's favorite snare, the surest route to the Devil's lair and a siren source of misery and temptation for the unwary and the infirm of faith. The flesh, they are wont to observe, is weak. They have generally prescribed prayer and cold showers.

In fact, those of you whose notions of fundamentalism come from such quaintly dated efforts as *Elmer Gantry* are in for a surprise. Fundamentalists discovered quite some time ago that sex is great stuff. To be sure, they recommend it only within the boundaries of Christian marriage and continue to denounce it with varying degrees of vigor in all other contexts, but there is a flourishing fundamentalist sex trade. There are sex manuals for the born-again and all manner of discreet tapes sold through Christian bookstores. Such widely read Christian family counselors as Tim and Beverly LaHaye purvey sound sexual advice. Praise the Lord.

And there is Scheidler, who is such an extremist that Planned Parenthood uses him in its own fund-raising ads. "Anti-choice activist Joe Scheidler used a private detective to track down a 12-year-old girl scheduled for an abortion," reads a current ad, "and then, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, 'harangued her mother' through his bullhorn, 'demanding to see the child alone.'

"'The mother was almost hysterical,' Scheidler is quoted as saying. 'We couldn't reason with her.'"

The anti-abortion movement is a particularly complex amalgam of Catholics, fundamentalists and citizens independently convinced that fetuses are human. However, what is observably true is that Scheidler represents both what is new and what is most active in the anti-abortion movement. In 18 months, Operation Rescue—run by Scheidler's disciple Terry—spread from a small group in Binghamton, New York, to 35,000 followers in 200 cities. This group has adapted the tactics of civil disobedience to anti-abortion efforts, claiming moral inspiration from the civil *(continued on page 160)*

WHAT DO THE ANTI-ABORTION, ANTIGAY, ANTIPORN GROUPS WANT? NOTHING LESS THAN THE CONTROL OF SEX

ILLUSTRATION BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

Olbinski

SWIMWEAR 1990

six-time ms. olympia cory everson, the star of the espn show *bodyshaping*, can kick sand in our face any time she wants to

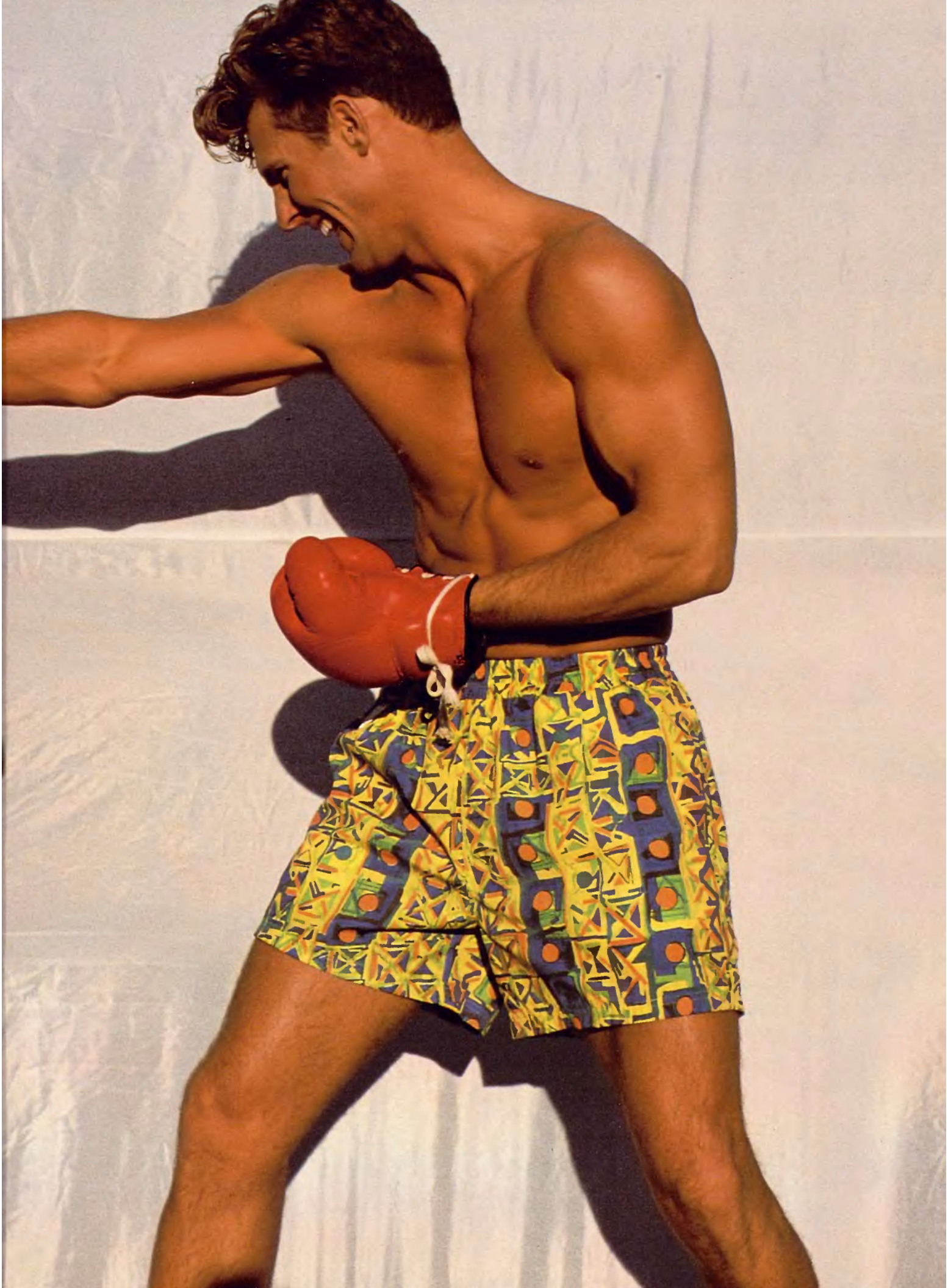
fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

OK, MEN. It's time to file those dog-eared copies of this year's *S.I.* swimsuit issue. Amateur hour is over and now *Playboy* is sending in the A team. Or maybe we should make it the C team, because bodybuilding superstar Cory Everson has definitely brought high-powered definition to this year's swimwear feature. Her revolutionary concept of body shaping—the combination of resistance training with sustained exercise modes—has both men and women rethinking their old firming and toning routines. And if you don't agree with her theories on skin sculpting, tell it to Cory, please. Back on the beach, the volley short, styled after the longish, roomy styles worn by serious volleyball players, is this summer's killer cut. The wide, flared legs make the shorts comfortable and flatter body-shaped thighs. The fabrics used are soft and drapey rayon or high-tech nylon that is fast-drying and cool to the touch. Besides being perfect for the beach, they also make great laid-back street attire. Go for trunks in shades the brighter the better, preferably incorporated into exciting retro patterns and ethnic prints such as the ones our guys are wearing in this feature. You *have* checked out the male swimwear on these pages, haven't you?

Left: Want to compare biceps with Cory Everson? Good luck. We're talking hard Cory. His suit? A nylon volley-length stretch model with side pockets, by Gotcha, about $28. (Her print bikini by Jimmy'Z.) Above: Cory's queen of the hill, and who's going to argue? The crinkled-nylon trunks (above left), by Patrick Einhorn from Kingswood Sportswear, $48; and the sunglasses, by Ziari, $75. The Beyond Neon iridescent-coral nylon cross-dye swim trunks with a double-pleated front and three pockets (above right), $34, and a cap, $12, both by Big Dogs Sportswear. (Her bikini by Darling Rio.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

It's round one and everybody's betting on Cory to deliver a knockout punch, including our model in the blue-and-yellow nylon-and-cotton geometric-print swim trunks with elastic/enclosed-drawstring waistband and on-seam pockets, by Bad Guys, $40. (Her bikini by Jimmy'Z.) So where's Buster Douglas when we need him?



Below: Cory works out with a Lifeline Gym and an able-bodied partner wearing batik-print trunks, by Speedo America, $37; and sunglasses, by Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics, $62. (Her bikini by Darling Rio.) Right: Rayon floral-print swim trunks, by Jams World, about $35. (Her bikini by Darling Rio; sunglasses by Rēvo.)

Where and How to Buy on page 174.

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY of JAZZ and ROCK

the start of a series that traces the common roots and parallel histories of two of america's great art forms, jazz and rock and roll

PART ONE: THE DEVIL'S MUSIC

article **By JOHN SINCLAIR**

THE HISTORY of jazz and rock is the history of American popular culture in the 20th Century. Over 100 years ago, the cornerstones of blues, ragtime and jazz were laid by the first generation of African Americans born out of slavery. The new music introduced African-style syncopation into popular American music and breathed a spirit of boundless human creativity into a stale and sexually repressive Victorian culture.

Jazz and its antecedents provided a new paradigm of an idealized democratic culture that allowed for the maximum creative participation of the individual within a group, no matter how sharply focused or remarkably disciplined. And it proposed an ecstatic union of body and soul, mind and spirit, carnal knowledge and eternal truth for the first time in a uniquely American synthesis.

It sprang from wide-ranging Southern roots: field hollers, arhoolies, work songs, ring shouts, "Sankeys" and "ballits," Baptist spirituals, Choctaw chants, plantation entertainments, minstrel shows, marching bands, the cries of street vendors, the songs of Mardi Gras Indians, the rhythms of country preachers and the crude string improvisations of rural bluesmen. Added to those were European techniques and the carefully structured compositions of popular ragtime pianists. Jazz emerged full-blown circa the 1890s in the rough-and-tumble saloons and dance halls of uptown New Orleans and soon was carried Northward in the hands and horns of its practitioners. By 1917, when the first jazz recordings were made in New York City, the music had spread from coast to coast and had invaded the cultural capitals of Europe, where it was celebrated as an expression of the American genius for synthesis and innovation. After three centuries of development, African-American music took its place on the world stage and popular music was forever changed.

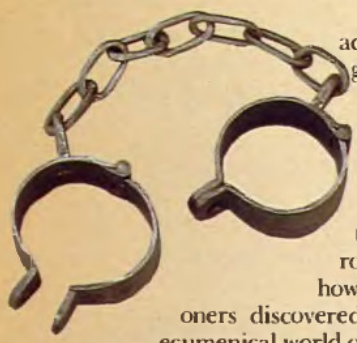
•

Jazz's roots actually spring far from the American South. Such basic jazz elements as blue tonalities, polyrhythms, improvisation, call-and-response patterns, the bass line and the shuffle at the bottom of the beat came from Africa with the ebony-hued people who were delivered here in chains from 1619 on.

In addition to their music, those involuntary emigrants of West Africa brought a cultural belief that music was a function of daily life that could address concerns both mortal and godly. Music and religion and every other part of life were all intertwined. Fundamentally, West African religions were not crusading. When weaker communities were defeated in battle, their more powerful neighbors characteristically enslaved them but allowed them to retain their own beliefs and rituals. In fact, conquering nations frequently

From Colonial times, African Americans nurtured their African musical roots in New Orleans' Congo Square (above), an area just outside the French Quarter.

SCULPTURE BY PARVIZ SADIGHIAN



adopted religious practices from their captives. Later, when their captors traded them to European slavers, however, the prisoners discovered the far less ecumenical world of Christianity.

North American Christian masters regarded the Africans' religious practices as heretical and morally degenerate. Their music and other art forms, so integral to their spiritual life, were antithetical to the Anglo-European world view. Therefore, slaveowners persisted in stripping the former Africans of their traditions. Slave music, because it served as such a basic means of communication among Africans, was regarded with extreme suspicion. Its inspirational and unifying effect on slave communities made its suppression even more essential: The risk of slave insurrection was no small matter.

There was an economic factor, too. Religious rites in the isolation of the slave quarters were likely to go on with strenuous dancing and singing all night long, rendering entire work crews useless the next day. An aged former slave, George Blisset, told WPA researchers in the Thirties, "If they catched us, we got whipped. We couldn't look tired next day, either. First thing ol' driver say was that we was up late the night before, and he sure lay that bullwhip on our nekkid skin."

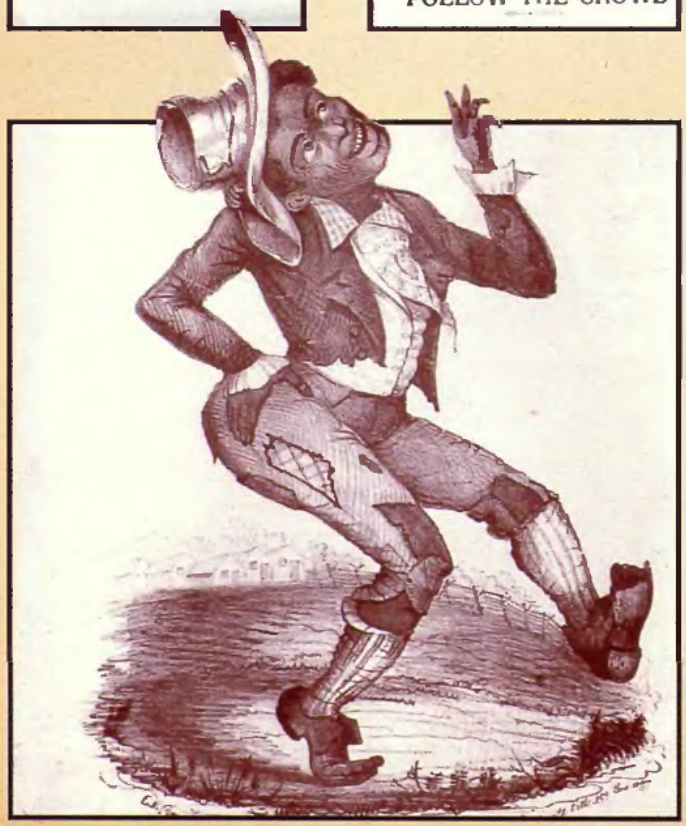
THE INVENTORS

Sidney Bechet
Eubie Blake
Buddy Bolden
W. C. Handy
Alberta Hunter
Scott Joplin
Freddy Keppard
Fate Marable
Jelly Roll Morton
King Oliver
Kid Ory
Ma Rainey

Hence, the slaveowners were bent on eradicating African culture. The playing of the drum, the dance in celebration of the gods of fertility and life, the open use of African systems of language and worship were banned throughout the South for more than 200 years.

The music of the slaves found only two acceptable outlets on the Southern plantations before the Civil War: work songs and church songs, which included

Top left: A Union Army band, whose horns were likely pawned after the Civil War, helping place an array of instruments into the hands of African Americans for the first time. Bottom left and below: Ads for black minstrel shows—white America's first taste of black music. Bottom: Jim Crow, the symbol for racist legislotion, which, in two waves, influenced the development of jazz.



ring and shuffle shouts, chants and spirituals adapted by slaves from African and European forms to express their tentative embrace of Christianity.

A close examination of early Negro Christianity reveals its West African underpinnings. Many of the celebrated Negro spirituals of the slave Baptists and Methodists were simply African concepts, musical constructs and existent compositions rendered into Creolized English and reconciled to the reigning orthodoxy. One Anglican churchman, traveling in Central Africa during the 1800s, reported hearing natives sing "a melody so closely resembling *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* that he felt that he had found it in its original form," adding that the song's content was based on a local religious myth of long standing.

The slaves also infused the pallid Protestant hymns and psalms introduced to them through the popular Moody and Sankey songbooks with patent Africanisms, reshaping the English forms in their own image and fitting them to their own circumstances and concerns. Syncopation, multiple rhythms and various characteristic West African vocal effects transformed them into the stomping, swinging, emotionally charged anthems of the black church.

That is how African-American music stayed alive for two and a half centuries. While its makers learned the English tongue and bent it musically to their will, the music, under cover of the church, overcame every attempt to eliminate it and, in turn, provided African Americans with a potent weapon in their long struggle against oppression.

Only after emancipation did the religious

RECOMMENDED READING

Sidney Bechet, *Treat It Gentle* (Da Capo)

Rudi Blesh, Harriet Janis, *They All Played Ragtime* (Grove)

Amiri Baraka, *Blues People* (Morrow)

Don M. Marquis, *In Search of Buddy Bolden: First Man of Jazz* (Da Capo)

Gunther Schuller, *Early Jazz* (Oxford University)

GOOD LISTENING

West African Music: *Musique Kongo* **(Disques Ocora)**
Spirituals: *Negro Church Music* **(Southern Folk Heritage Series/Atlantic)**
Georgia Sea-Island Songs **(New World Records)**
Roots of Blues and Jazz: *Riverside's History of Classic Jazz, Volume 1* **(Riverside)**
Ragtime: *Scott Joplin Piano Rolls* **(Biograph)**
New Orleans Brass Bands: *The Eureka Brass Band of New Orleans (Jazz at Preservation Hall, Volume 1)* **(Atlantic)**

Top left: Original top sheet for *The Mississippi Rag*, one of the first rags to be published. Top right: King Oliver, a jazz originator, was among those inspired by trumpeter Buddy Bolden, whose Eagle Band (above) is considered the first jazz ensemble. Unschooled and untrained, the Eagle Band specialized in the funkiest renditions of the blues ever heard. Too bad no recordings by the Eagle band exist.

mask fall, revealing the ancestral music of West Africa. And in the one place where the ancestral forms had remained most intact, New Orleans, a new music was brought to life by the sons and daughters of the slaves.

•

Sunday mornings it was different. He'd wake up and start to be a slave. . . . And then he'd hear drums from the square. First one drum, then another one answering it. Then a lot of drums. Then a voice, one voice. And then a refrain, a lot of voices joining and coming into each other. And all of it having to be heard. The music being born right inside itself, not knowing how it was getting to be music, one thing being responsible for another. Improvisation . . . that's what it was. It was primitive and it was crude, but down at the bottom of it . . . it had the same thing there is at the bottom of ragtime. It was already born in the music they played at Congo Square.

—SIDNEY BECHET

New Orleans has always been different from the rest of the South and, as poet Kalamu ya Salaam puts it, "Our music is no accident." Founded by French Catholic explorers in 1718 and operated as a major North American outpost of Catholic civilization until its annexation by the United States (via the Louisiana Purchase) in 1803, New Orleans stood apart from the Protestant South in several important ways. As a major New World seaport connected to the West Indies, Africa and Europe, the city enjoyed a constant influx of people and cultures from all over the world, including free blacks from Haiti and San Domingo, as well as thousands of slaves brought directly from West Africa.

As a Roman Catholic stronghold under French and, from 1763 to 1803, Spanish rule, New Orleans developed a distinctive cultural milieu that stood in sharp relief against the Protestant backdrop of the British colonies. The infamous Louisiana "Black Codes of 1724," which mandated death to slaves who committed certain *(continued on page 134)*

Top: Louis Armstrong (first row, sixth from left) grew up near Funky Butt Hall, where Buddy Bolden played. Satchmo began in a reform school band, which he visited years later. He also tooted aboard Mississippi riverboats (middle). Pianist Jelly Roll Morton (above) played in brothels and claimed he invented jazz.

AFRICAN ARTIFACTS COURTESY OF GRUEN GALLERY, CHICAGO

MEET MISS JUNE
AND YOU'LL AGREE:

BONNIE RATES

"AS YOU CAN SEE," says Bonnie Marino, shaking her head sadly, "this has become really built up. It used to be rural and charming, and now there are all these homes." Bonnie is giving a tour of the town of Lodi, in the agrarian heartland of California, where she grew up. In fact, she's right in front of the quaint two-story house she lived in with her parents, four brothers and sisters as a child. To a jaundiced urban eye, this area doesn't look overdeveloped at all. The sturdy wooden house is bordered on three sides by vineyards that stretch

Long ago, Bonnie dreamed of becoming a professional model. "I used to wish my mom would put me through modeling school," she says. But she was also drawn to medicine; at the age of 15, she became a Candy Striper hospital volunteer. Now Bonnie enjoys both worlds. "I believe everything happens for a reason," she philosophizes.

CENTERFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY KIM MIZUNO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

out endlessly. Sure, there's a cluster of newer homes—five or six of them—nearby, but it's a far cry from urban overcrowding. Hey, it's a far cry from *rural* overcrowding. But Miss June is a small-town girl, and proud of it. Although she'll tell you she has temporarily given up the gentleness of Lodi for the big city, she has actually moved just a few miles south to Stockton so that she and John, her husband of one year, can be closer to their jobs. With a population of fewer than 200,000, Stockton's a town where an eight-story building is considered a skyscraper. John works in construction and Bonnie is a medical assistant. She currently works in a local clinic. Eventually, Bonnie and John may move to a smaller community. "I love small-town living," says Bonnie, 28. "I like a low crime rate and privacy. I loved the feeling of being safe I had when I was a child, of keeping the doors unlocked and

"I used to think of myself as being very shy—I even took a drama class to help build up my confidence. But I always loved having my picture taken," says Bonnie. "In fact, if I could have met anyone in the world I wanted, it would have been Marilyn Monroe. Her nudity was recognized as an art form and she loved being photographed."

"I'm not a cauch potato. I have my wark, my husband and I awn a baat and go water-skiing mast weekends an the Delta," says Bonnie. "I love ta ride my bike, walk my dog and spend time with friends, but mast evenings, I prefer ta just be with Jahn."

knowing the neighbors. That's what I want when I have a family." Still, she admits, there are drawbacks to rural living. "It limits you," she says. "You don't have as many options as you do in the city."

As a child, for instance, Bonnie dreamed of being a model or a dancer. But Lodi didn't have much call for either, so she concentrated on her medical career. Then, a few years ago, she met Katherine Hushaw, the October 1986 Playmate of the Month, who had also come from Lodi. Introduced by a local hairdresser, they became fast friends. When Bonnie looked at Kathy's pictures and said, "Gosh, I could do that," Kathy agreed. The hairdresser took some swimsuit shots and Kathy championed them at *Playboy*. The next thing Bonnie knew, she was on a plane headed for Playboy Mansion West. Her husband and family were thrilled. Her boss, the doctor, has been a *Playboy* subscriber for years and happily altered her schedule so she could fly to Los Angeles and Mexico for her photo sessions. Her mother was so proud she gathered up the test shots and showed them off to her co-workers.

But no one is happier than Bonnie. "If being a Playmate leads to a big modeling job, that's great. If not, that's fine, too. At least now I've fulfilled the dream I had as a young girl. I've modeled for a big magazine. I think I have the best of both worlds."

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Bonnie Marino

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Bonnie Marino

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8 1/2" WEIGHT: 128

BIRTH DATE: 12-20-61 BIRTHPLACE: Cleveland, Ohio

AMBITIONS: To further contribute to Playboy. Advance my medical and modeling career. Become a mother.

TURN-ONS: Silk nightgowns, warm summer months, soft whispers, interesting conversations, trust in relationships, physical fitness.

TURN-OFFS: Crime, drug and environmental abuse.

FAVORITE TV STARS: Tracey Ullman, Shelley Long, Arsenio Hall.

FAVORITE AUTHORS: Russell W. Lake, Adelle Davis, Jules Verne.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Eric Clapton, Rolling Stones, Beatles, Elvis Presley.

I AM WHO I AM BECAUSE: Of freedom of choice, supportive family and friends, plus following my intuition and occasionally my heart.

IDEAL EVENING: Sailing to a remote beach house, off the mainland, then having a fresh seafood dinner, as the golden sun sets, with the man I love.

Somewhat shy seventh grader

Refreshing Escape!

Glad Grad!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After several months on an island with just a pig and a Doberman for companions, the lonely man awoke one morning as horny as hell. Putting his natural reservations aside, he hungrily eyed the two animals, prudently settling on the pig. Just as he approached the porker, the dog ran up between them and began to snarl, putting an end to his amorous plans.

After weeks of frustration, the man spotted a raft drifting onto shore. On board was an unconscious woman. For two weeks, the man tended her as best he could, barely able to take his eyes off her. Finally, she awoke.

"Are you all right?" the man asked.

"Oh, yes," the woman replied. "How can I ever thank you?"

"Well, there is one thing . . ." the ecstatic man began.

"Just name it," she insisted.

"Do you think you could take that damn dog for a walk?"

How do San Franciscans perform safe sex? In a doorway.

During a long rain delay, the baseball announcer filled in time by providing some baseball trivia for his color man. "Do you know who had the most home runs between 1955 and 1975?" he asked rhetorically. "Hank Aaron. Do you know who had the most R.B.I.s between 1955 and 1975? Hank Aaron. Do you know who got hit with the most balls in the face between 1955 and 1975?"

"Hank Aaron?" the color man guessed.

"Nope," replied the announcer. "Liberace."

We've been told that a major pharmaceutical company is introducing a new painkiller for masochists. It promises to bring slooow relief.

A tourist was walking in mid-town Manhattan when he saw a man lying in the street. Rushing to his side, the newcomer bent down and asked, "May I help you?"

"No, thanks," the prostrate New Yorker replied. "I just found a parking space and I sent my wife to buy a car."

The well-known televangelist returned from an overnight business trip and called his aide into his office. "Bob, the most incredible thing happened last night in the hotel," he began. "I had just gotten into bed when the door burst open and in stepped the most gorgeous woman I had ever seen. And Bob, she was naked as a jay bird! Naturally, I drew the covers over my head and ordered her to leave." The minister noticed his aide's skeptical expression. "Well," he asked, "what would you have done?"

"Reverend, I'd have done the same thing you did, only I wouldn't have lied about it."

What's the real reason Manuel Noriega left the Vatican embassy? Elvis snores.

A man was walking down the street, dragging one foot, when he saw a man approaching him, walking the same way. As they passed each other, the first fellow smiled, gave a thumbs up and said, "Mekong Delta, 1969."

The second fellow smiled, returned the salute and said, "Dog shit, five minutes ago."

We understand that OSHA is preparing regulations that require air bags on all headboards in honeymoon hotels.

Two former high school sweethearts met at their 30th class reunion and chatted about the good old days. As they drifted on to more recent developments in their lives, the man asked, "So, Donna, how have you been?"

"I have some good news and some bad news," she replied.

"What kind of bad news?"

"I had to have a complete hysterectomy."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," he consoled. "But what's the good news?"

"Well," she said, grinning sheepishly, "we found your class ring."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.

Laugh along with Playboy *on The Party Joke Line,* ***1-900-740-3311.*** *Or tell a joke of your own! The charge is only two dollars per minute.*

"Just think how great this guy would be without the strait jacket."

GENTLEMEN, PLACE YOUR BETS

article

BY ANDREW BEYER

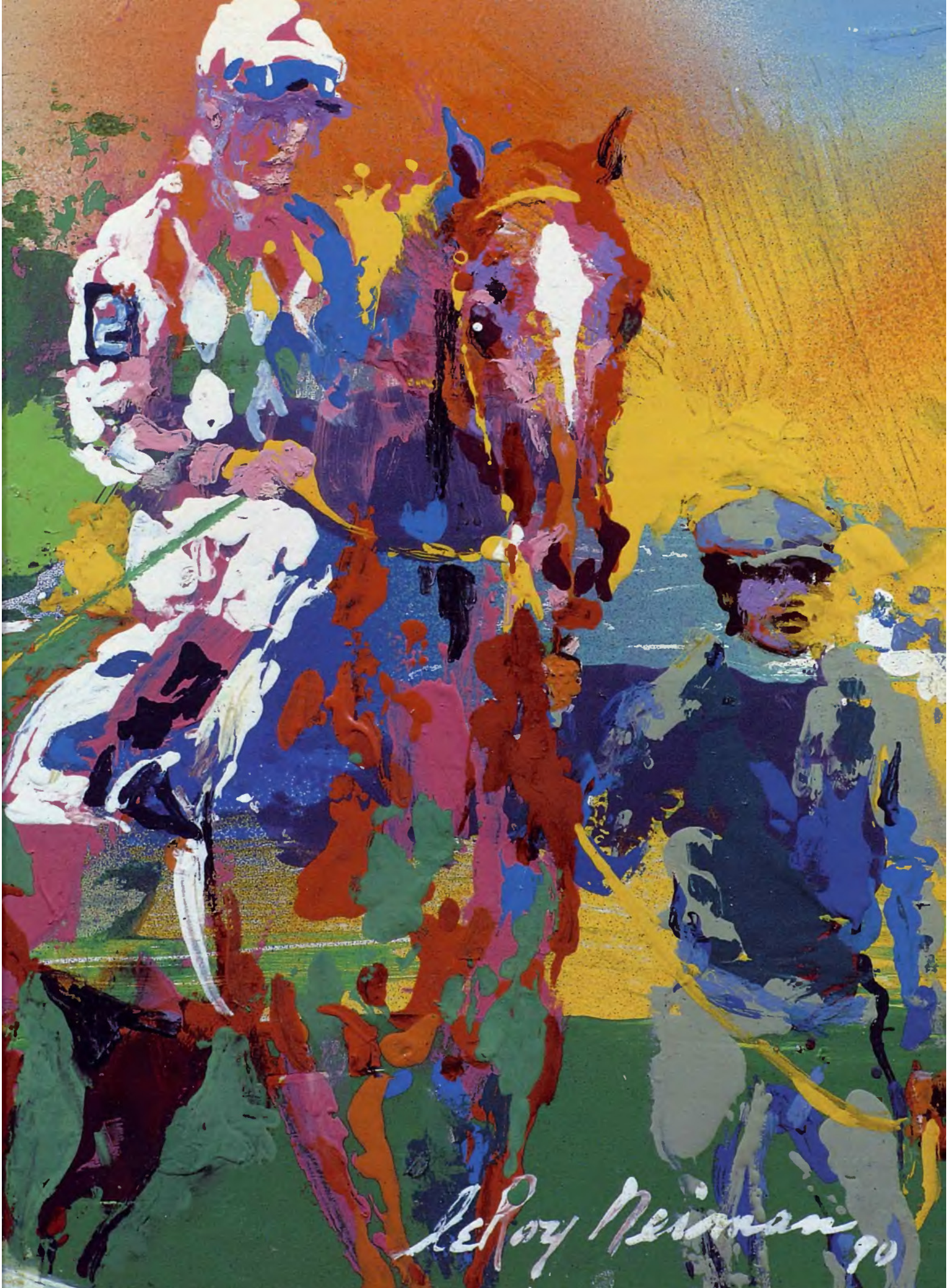
how to make the most of a day at the races

PAINTING BY LEROY NEIMAN

ON A CLEAR, beautiful, blue-skied day in Miami last winter, nothing was clearer or more beautiful than my insight into the second race at Gulfstream Park. As I studied the data in the *Daily Racing Form*, I could barely contain my excitement.

Cougar Island had run at Gulfstream two weeks earlier, and on paper, his performance looked mediocre: He had shown brief speed but had tired to finish 12 lengths behind the winner. I had watched all of the races that day and I had concluded that the inside part of the track had been deep and tiring—no horse running near the rail had been able to win. Cougar Island had been pinned on the rail, battling head and head with two very fast rivals before he succumbed. His show of speed under those conditions had, in fact, been an admirable effort. Now he was entered against a very different kind of field, one in which all of the other horses tended to break slowly and rally in the stretch. Cougar Island had the potential to burst out of the starting gate and take a commanding lead without even being challenged.

As post time approached, with Cougar Island ten to one on the odds board, I whispered to a confidant, "This is as close to a perfect situation as you're ever going to see." Of course, I had uttered similar sentiments hundreds of times in the past and had frequently been wrong, because of either faulty judgment or bad luck. This is not an easy game. Even so, a committed horse player cannot waver when he holds such a strong opinion, and I bet as much on Cougar Island


Leroy Neiman 90

as a rational man could reasonably bet on a horse that had never won a race.

I watched intently as the starting gate sprung open—and after only a few strides, I knew I had been right. Cougar Island cruised to the lead effortlessly and was four lengths in front before his jockey had even urged him to run. After he crossed the wire six lengths in front of his nearest pursuer, I was standing at the cashier's window, collecting neatly wrapped packets of $100 bills, reaffirming once again my conviction that this is the most wonderful game in the world.

Other people who love Thoroughbred racing may rhapsodize about the nobility of the animals, about the beauty and ambience of the best race tracks, about the pure excitement of the sport; but the reason that racing has so many passionate devotees is summed up by my experience with Cougar Island. This is a participatory sport; people in the grandstand are involved as actively as jockeys, trainers and owners, for they are playing a gambling game that is endlessly fascinating and challenging. The outcomes of horse races are influenced by so many complex factors that no computer has ever been able to master the game. So when a horse player does pick a winner and makes a triumphant visit to the cashier's window, he feels a sense of exhilaration very much different from the way a gambler feels when he wins money on the roll of dice or the spin of a roulette wheel. A payoff at the track represents a reward for skill and judgment, not a lucky guess on a random event. Indeed, the first rush of excitement a horse player feels after winning a race comes from the knowledge that he has been right when most of the people around him have been wrong; the money is secondary. Novices cashing a two-dollar bet will experience much the same kind of elation that a professional does when he is collecting one of those neat packets of $100 bills.

Ask any passionate horse player about his first trip to the track, his first bet, his first winner, and he is likely to remember it as vividly as his first love. William Murray, a writer for *The New Yorker* and the author of several race-track novels, told me this archetypal first-trip-to-the-track story: "I was sixteen, home from prep school and staying with my father in New York," Murray related. "My cousin had married a horse degenerate named Harry Woodard, and he suggested we go to the races at old Aqueduct. My father objected but thought it would be a good moral lesson for me to watch Harry blow a bundle.

"We had five winners in a row and we came to a race where Harry said, 'Nobody can pick this race; Bill, you pick it,' and my horse barreled in at nineteen to one. We swept into New York, had dinner

(continued on page 127)

THE RACE CARD

EXACTA WAGERING ON THIS RACE
PICK-SIX WAGERING CLOSES ONE MINUTE BEFORE POST TIME OF THE THIRD RACE.

START ▼ 6½ FURLONGS ▲FINISH

	WIN	PLACE	SHOW

MAIDEN
PURSE $13,000

3

(Plus $3,900 KTDF and $1,470 KDOTB)

FOR MAIDEN THREE-YEAR-OLDS AND UPWARD. Three-year-olds, 112 lbs.; older, 122 lbs.

Track Record—DDGDON (5) 121 lbs.; 1:16; November 5, 1957

MAKE SELECTION BY NUMBER

	Owner / Trainer	Jockey Min. Line
1	MARVIN DELFINER — THOMAS J. SKIFFINGTON Purple, Yellow Diamonds, Yellow Chevrons on Sleeves, Yellow Cap **SCHAVONO** B 112 Ch.c.86, Beaudelaire—Anti Social	3 RANDY ROMERO
2	NIGHTENGALE FARMS (Jack R. & Sarah Nightengale) — SARAH NIGHTENGALE Royal Blue, Green Nightengale, Green Chevrons on Sleeves, Royal Blue Cap **HAPPYAPRILFOOLSDAY** 112 Dk.b. or br.g.86, Five Star Flight—Leslie Ann Harriet	15 DANNY COX
3	JOHN W. FLOYD — WAYNE MURTY Black, Red Braces, Red Band on Sleeves, Red Cap **BARAMUL** B-L 122 Dk. b. or br.g.85, Lilpy—Alzabella	6 STEVE BASS
4	ELMENDORF FARM (Jack Kent Cooke) — CRAIG BOONE Gold, Blue Sash, White Dots on Blue Sleeves, Blue Cap **EXMA** 112 B.c.86, Explodent—Sweet Maid	30 JOE DEEGAN
5	MRS. CARLTON COLE — LISA VERHOEST Pink, Yellow Sash, Yellow Sleeves, Yellow Cap **PRINCE BAJA** B 112 Gr.c.86, Bejilla—Bangoiure	15 EARLIE FIRES
6	JAMES HURT — EDDIE BONNAFON Gray, Blue "JS," Blue V Sash, Gray Cap **MOSS GREEN** B-L 122 B.g.85, Cabin—Green's In Fashion	15 MITCHELL HUMPHREY
7	LESLIE COLBURN — PHILIP M. HAUSWALD Black, Red Hoops, Black Band on Gold Sleeves, Gold Cap **RICANDRY** B-L 112 Gr.c.86, Spectacular Bid—Kathleen's Girl	6-5 PAT DAY
8	SHAWN ADAMS — SHERMAN MITCHELL Gold, Black Cross Sashes, Black Sleeves, Black Cap **ANDY JACKSON** 112 B.c. '86, Jack Slade—Lucrative	20 JESSE GARCIA
9	LYLE G. ROBEY AND DON PARIS — GARY W. SANDERS White, Purple Sash and Green Band on Sleeves, White Cap **PARIS GREEN** B 112 B.g.86, Raise A Cup—Green Empress	6 CHARLES WOODS, JR

First Time Bute*—SCHAVONO, PRINCE BAJA, RICANDRY
First Time Lasix*—RICANDRY
Change of Equipment—PRINCE BAJA, Blinkers On
Scratched—POST OFFICE, FEISTY RED, NATIVE QUICKIE, POLKA, RENSSELAER, ABACO ISLAND, CADDO HILL

MEDICATION
Lasix is used to aid respiration; when horses are treated with it for the first time, they stand a chance of improving phenomenally.

BLINKERS ON
Blinkers are used to force a horse to look straight ahead. Young, lightly raced horses often improve sharply when equipped with them.

JOCKEY
Although his role is vital, the jockey should never be the main reason for a wager on a horse. The public overbets the top riders; the odds on a horse will be depressed if it is being ridden by a star such as Pat Day.

BETTORS' BIBLES

how to read the "daily racing form" and the race card

TRAINER
The trainer controls a horse's destiny much more than the jockey does. Look elsewhere in the program for a list of the leading trainers and note those with high winning percentages.

WEIGHT
The weight carried by a horse is the most overrated factor. Beginners can ignore it.

RUNNING LINE
The horse's position at four stages of a race, including the finish. Western Playboy was eighth, six lengths behind the leader, in the early part of his last start. Midway through, he had moved up to be first, a head in front of the next horse. Entering the stretch, he was first by ten lengths. At the finish, he led by 17.

Horses that won or finished close in their last race are obviously in good form. Horses that showed speed to the stretch before seeming to tire are often candidates to improve.

DAILY RACING FORM

DISTANCE
Western Playboy's last race was at 1⅛ miles. A shorter race would be shown in terms of furlongs (eighths of a mile); 6f would denote a ¾-mile race. Distance runners, especially slow starters such as Western Playboy, don't do well when they are entered in sprints. But sprinters frequently win long races by going to the front and holding on all the way.

OVER-ALL RECORD
These figures show a horse's total number of starts and the number of first-, second- and third-place finishes. Horses with a high winning percentage often make good bets, as opposed to "sucker horses" with a preponderance of seconds and thirds.

WESTERN PLAYBOY* 122

Ch. c. 3(Mar), by Play Fellow—Westward Hope, by Daniel Boone
Br.—Vanier Mr-Mrs A L (Ill)
Tr.—Vanier Harvey L
Own.—Vanier Nancy & Script R Farm

Lifetime 16 6 4 1 $877,175
1989 12 4 2 1 $65,301
1988 4 2 2 0 $942,476

14Oct89-10Pha fst 1⅛	:45⅘	1:10⅘	1:47⅘	Pa Derby	10 10	8^6	1^hd	1^10	1^17	Clark K D	122	3.70	97-03 Western Playboy 122^17 RoiDanzig 122^3 Tricky Creek 122^3 Ridden out 12
14Oct89-Grade II													
24Sep89-9AP fst 1⅛	:47⅘	1:11⅘	1:49	[5] J Hertz	4 4	4^8	4^6	1½	11¼	Day P	121	*.40	86-22 Western Playboy 121^11¼ Tex's Zing 121^7 Ankles 112^2 Driving 6
5Aug89-9AP fst 1¼	:46⅘	1:35⅘	2:02⅘	Amer Derby	8 8	6^15	5^8	5^5½	4^4½	Penna D	126	4.80	80-18 Awe Inspiring 126½ Dispersal 123^nk Caesar 114^4 Wide first turn 8
5Aug89-Grade I													
15Jly89-9AP fst 1⅛	:46⅘	1:10⅘	1:49⅘	Classic	1 8	7^14	7^11	4^9½	3^9¼	Penna D	126	7.90	75-23 Clever Trevor 126^9 Bio 114^nk Western Playboy 126^1½ Rallied 8
15Jly89-Grade I													
6May89-8CD my 1¼	:46⅘	1:37⅘	2:05	Ky Derby	3 15	14^14	14^15	15^21	15^22¼	Romero R P	126	9.50	49-17 Sunday Silence 126^2½ Easy Goer 126^hd Awe Inspiring 126½ Outrun 15
6May89-Grade I													
15Apr89-8Kee my 1⅛	:48⅘	1:12⅘	1:51⅘	Blue Grass	4 5	5^5	3^3½	1^hd	1½	Romero R P	121	*1.00	78-21 Western Playboy 121½ Dispersal 121^9 Tricky Creek 121^nk Impeded 6
15Apr89-Grade I													

Speed Index: Last Race: 0.0 3-Race Avg.: +3.3 10-Race Avg.: −1.7 Overall Avg.: −1.7

LATEST WORKOUTS: Nov 2 GP 4f fst :49 B • Oct 28 Kee 7f fst 1:27⅗ H Oct 23 Kee 4f fst :49 B Oct 8 Kee 7f fst 1:27⅗ H

DATE OF THE LAST RACE
A good recent race, within the last week or two, usually means the horse is in good condition.

TROUBLE LINE
The *Racing Form* shows when a horse may have encountered bad luck in a previous start, such as "Wide first turn" or "Impeded."

HUFFY
HED.
DURA-ACE

PEDAL POWER

how and where to ride the latest high-tech bikes, from bad-boy mountain cycles to 21-speed road rockets

NOT LONG AGO, it was easy to own a bike. Greg LeMond wasn't a role model, the bike path hadn't been invented yet, helmets were for football and about the only thing finer than owning a new "English racer" was the rush you felt when you and your ten-speed became one mean piece of machinery. The modern versions of those English ten-speeds are faster, sleeker and featherlight, and most have about 21 gears, enabling the rider to handle the 11 new types of topography that apparently were discovered in the past few decades.

Not only is the bicycle of the Nineties hot, it's downright sexy. Guys who have never before straddled an inanimate object are mounting up and doing some up-close-and-personal drafting of the opposite sex on bike paths across the country. Bicycle magazines are even taking surveys on biking and sex: Yes, it's supposed to be better before you ride.

Climbing onto the saddle of a bicycle is not purely a testosterone-driven function, though it is a great way to work up a sweat. There are serious environmental considerations to owning and riding a bike. The rider takes an environmentally sound piece of equipment out into its element. No fumes, no noise, no divots, no damage. It's a clean sport. So much so that, in many states, mountain bikers have adopted a list of rules and regulations for off-road riding designed to protect wild lands and improve the image of bikers.

Unlike the nations that treat their bicycles as a viable means of transportation, we are not a country of pragmatic two-wheelers. We fancy products replete with bells and whistles. All this has led to an interesting phenomenon in the cycling industry. We now purchase our bicycles in much the same way we assemble our stereo systems. Components—headsets and stems, gearing and braking component groups, pedals, chains, rims, tires, handle bars and seats—all are as mixable and matchable as a high-end tuner/receiver is with the umpteen makes of loud-speakers available.

Stroll into a bike shop and you'll find a virtual parking lot of the latest that the technology has to offer. Meet the Alien ACX from Nishiki, the Prelude from Schwinn, Huffy's Triton and the Klein Attitude.

Familiarize yourself with such creatures as the Mongoose, the Ascent from Diamond Back, Fat City's Wicked Fat Chance and Bruce Gordon's Rock 'n Road. There are Rockhoppers from Specialized and Iguanas from Giant. Sure, you'll find that many of the high-end manufacturers, such as Trek with its hot 970 and Kestrel with the MX-Z, still just number their models, and this seems to work out fine. But the merry pranksters down at the bike factories seem to have stayed up late personifying their offerings with exotic names and kick-ass designs.

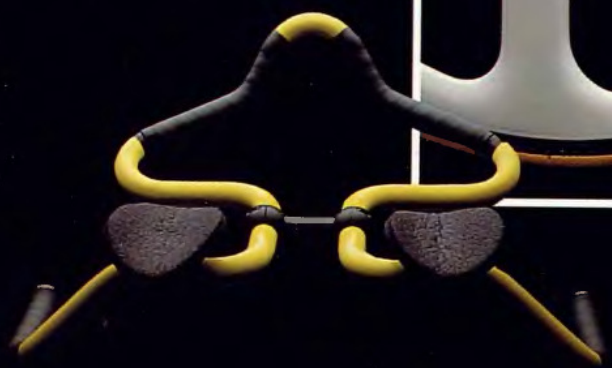
Here are some easy-to-follow guidelines.

All-terrain/mountain bikes: These are the bad boys of biking. Resembling racing bikes on steroids, they were created to get down and dirty and to like it. ATB/mountain-bike frames, forks, headsets and stems are heavy hitters made of titanium, steel or combinations of both. The brakes are no-nonsense. Contrary to first impression, the newer, puffy-looking all-terrainers are not *(text concluded on page 162)*

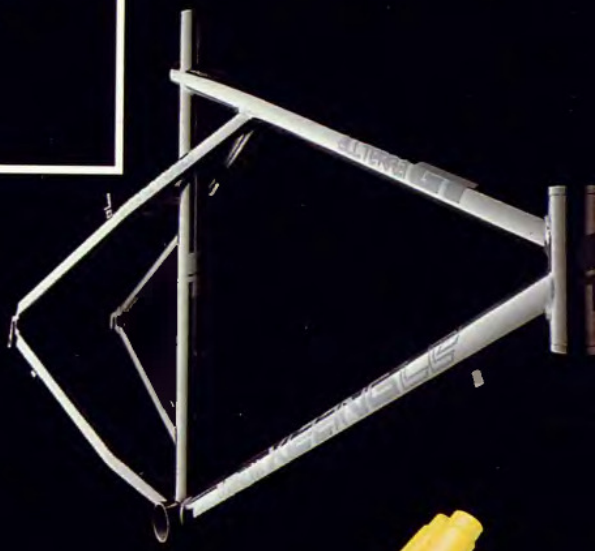
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

Left: Molded from the same material that is used to construct jet fighters, the Zipp 3000 wheel is, at about two pounds, the lightest composite spoke wheel in the world. The three aerofoil spokes are designed to reduce drag and let air flow through the wheel to ease handling, by Compositech, Indianapolis, $885.

Below: For the serious biker, there's Aero III time-trial bars, a handle-bar set that's geared to fast riding. The armrests are adjustable and the bars feature a seamless one-piece construction that's ergonomically designed for natural wrist angles when grasped, by Profile for Speed, Chicago, $99.95.



Right: The super-strong Xizong LE Limited Edition all-terrain/mountain-bike frame of handcrafted titanium is a high-tech answer to a biker's weight and strength needs, by GT Bicycles, Huntington Beach, California, $2400 complete.



Below: The Triton, a hybrid cousin to Olympic-caliber racing bicycles, is designed and built from its rider's measurements, specifications and riding style, by Huffy Tech Center, about $8500, with nifty HED wheels and Shimano components.

Right: Your favorite trail will be more comfortable to navigate if you equip your all-terrain/mountain bike with a Rock Shox shock-absorption system for the front fork that's air-sprung and tunable to match your weight and the terrain you'll be riding over, from Kestrel Cycle Composites, Watsonville, California, about $400.

Below: Campagnolo's Delta brake, from its Record group of components, is a center-pull, adjustable stopper, by Campagnolo Corp., West Caldwell, New Jersey, $469, including levers.

Shimano's uniquely designed Rapidfire brake-and-shift-lever system lets you shift gears with your thumb while maintaining control of the brakes and keeping your grip on the handle bars, from Shimano American, Irvine, California, $125.

Below: Capping an attitude is the Klein Attitude mountain bike, with its tough, ultralightweight, oversized aluminum frame, forks, headset and stem, by Klein Bicycles, Chehalis, Washington, $2195, with Campagnolo components group.

BIKE TALK

WORDS TO THE CYCLE-WISE

Know your downstrokes (pushing the pedal down) from your upstrokes. Here's a brief bicycle-English dictionary:

Attack: In a race, a fast breakaway from other riders.

The Bonks: Total exhaustion from hard riding. You're bonked.

Century: A 100-mile ride.

Clinchers: Tires with separate inner tubes.

Criterium: Street race held on closed streets, between one and three kilometers long.

Hammering: Riding hard. Leads to the bonks.

LSD: Long, steady distance. A two-hour-plus training ride.

Road Rash: Abrasions from a fall.

Sag Wagon: Repair vehicle that follows racers.

Silks: Lightweight racing tires with silk threads. They cost more than cottons.

Sit on a Wheel: Tail another cyclist to exploit the slip stream.

Velodrome: Banked oval bicycle-racing track.

GREAT DESTINATIONS

Pump up a mountain, tour a country or catch a race: Here is a potpourri of the best biking bets.

FOUR DELUXE BICYCLE TOURS

1. Custom Tours, by Bicycle Holidays, RD3, Box 2394JW, Middlebury, Vermont 05753. This company specializes in bike tours in Vermont tailored to your wishes. You can camp out or stay in luxury inns and even travel with a full-support van. The price: about $80 to $100 per person per day (much less if you camp out).

2. The Scottish Borders and Lowlands, by Peter Costello, Ltd., P.O. Box 23490, Baltimore, Maryland 21203. Six- and nine-day guided tours south from Edinburgh along the River Tweed through the land of kilts, bagpipes and single-malt whisky. The price: $600 to $850 per person, not including air fare.

3. Burgundy and Beaujolais, by Travent International/Vermont Country Cyclers, P.O. Box 305, Department 990P, Waterbury Center, Vermont 05677. Eight days traveling on country lanes through some of the world's finest vineyards. The trip includes a stay at the romantic Château de Pizay and dining in four-star restaurants. The price: $2075 per person, not including air fare. Tours are also available to other French regions, as well as to Switzerland, Ireland, Italy, Holland, Japan and North America.

4. Bali Mountain Bike Tours, by Backroads Bicycle Touring, 1516 Fifth Street, Suite M29, Berkeley, California 94710. During the day, you'll pedal past temples and black sand. At night, you'll relax in luxury hotels and traditional native inns. Tired? Just hop aboard the *bemo*, your Balinese support van. The price: $1595 per person, not including air fare. Other tours are available to North America, Europe, Hawaii, Australia, New Zealand, China and Thailand.

FIVE GONZO MOUNTAIN TRAILS

1. White Mountain Peak in a Day, a 65-mile route starting just outside Bishop, California, that goes up to higher than 14,000 feet. Not for the faint of heart. There's usually a group ride in July organized by Rick Wheeler, 1375 Hearst, Berkeley, California 94702.

2. The Resurrection Pass trail on Alaska's Kenai Peninsula. Gold miners originally packed in supplies over this trail that's now used by bikers, snowmobilers, hikers and horseback riders. For six to 11 hours, you pedal past grizzlies, eagles and moose. There's usually a group ride in August. For more information, contact Mountain Bikers of Alaska, 2900 Boniface, #657, Anchorage, Alaska 99504.

3. Slick Rock in Moab, Utah. Bikers fly in from as far off as Saudi Arabia to view the stunning vistas and tackle a trail that's so steep it's best to have treadless tires. The ride is only 12 miles and four to five hours, but don't be lulled—it doesn't come any tougher than this.

4. American Birkebeiner in the winter is a top Wisconsin cross-country-skiing trail. In the summer, it's a north woods bike trail that runs 40 miles from Hayward to Cable, up rolling hills, across streams and through dense fir forests.

5. Pearl Pass is a classic. Riders bike from Crested Butte, Colorado, up an 1880s ore-hauling trail for mules, over 12,700-foot Pearl Pass to Aspen, 35 miles away. The ascent is 3500 feet on the Crested Butte side, 4500 feet on the Aspen side. The Pearl Pass Tour is September 13 to 16. Fat Tire Bike Week is July 7 to 15.

BIKE FIRST AID

What if you're hammering through Death Valley and one of your bike tires blows? You won't be buzzard brunch if you're prepared with a tool kit that includes tire irons (tools to pop the tire free), a tire patch and a pump. It also helps if you've had somebody walk you through a flat-fixing drill and you've packed *The Roadside Guide to Bike Repair*. Other preventive medicine includes:

- Every time you ride, check tires, brakes and lights.
- Every two weeks (and whenever your bike gets rained on), clean and lubricate the chain.
- Every month, lubricate the brakes and derailleur (the mechanism that moves the chain from gear to gear). Check for worn brake pads and wheel wobbles.
- Every six months, tighten all bolts.
- Every year, have the derailleur overhauled and replace brake pads and brake and shifting cables.

KEEPING YOUR WHEELS

It's a jungle out there. So what can you do about bike heists on those mean streets?

Rule one: Take it with you. Like into your hotel room.

Rule two: Many police departments lend tools for engraving your driver's-license number on the frame, so you can reclaim your recovered stolen bike.

Rule three: If your bike must stand unguarded, lock it to a parking meter or any post with a top that bulges or tees. Take off the front wheel and put the lock's bar or cable through the rear wheel, front wheel and frame—bike parts are almost as valuable as the frame. Some mountain-bike seats pop off, requiring a special lock.

Rule four: Invest. A top-grade lock, such as Kryptonite's Rock II (about $50), stops 42-inch bolt cutters, hack saws, pry bars and hammers. If your bike is stolen while protected with a Rock II, Kryptonite will give you a check equal to the bike's value up to $1000, except in New York City.

—RICHARD AND JOYCE WOLKOMIR

PATRICK MAGAUD

VAUCLUSE

John Dempsey

© 1990 Associated Importers, Farmington Hills, M

ST. PAULI GIRL
BEER
BREMEN
GERMANY

...meet the right girl.

Born: Bremen, Germany

Most Appealing Qualities: A fabulous body, great head on her shoulders, incredibly good taste.

Favorite Pastimes: Getting picked up at bars, being the most popular girl at parties.

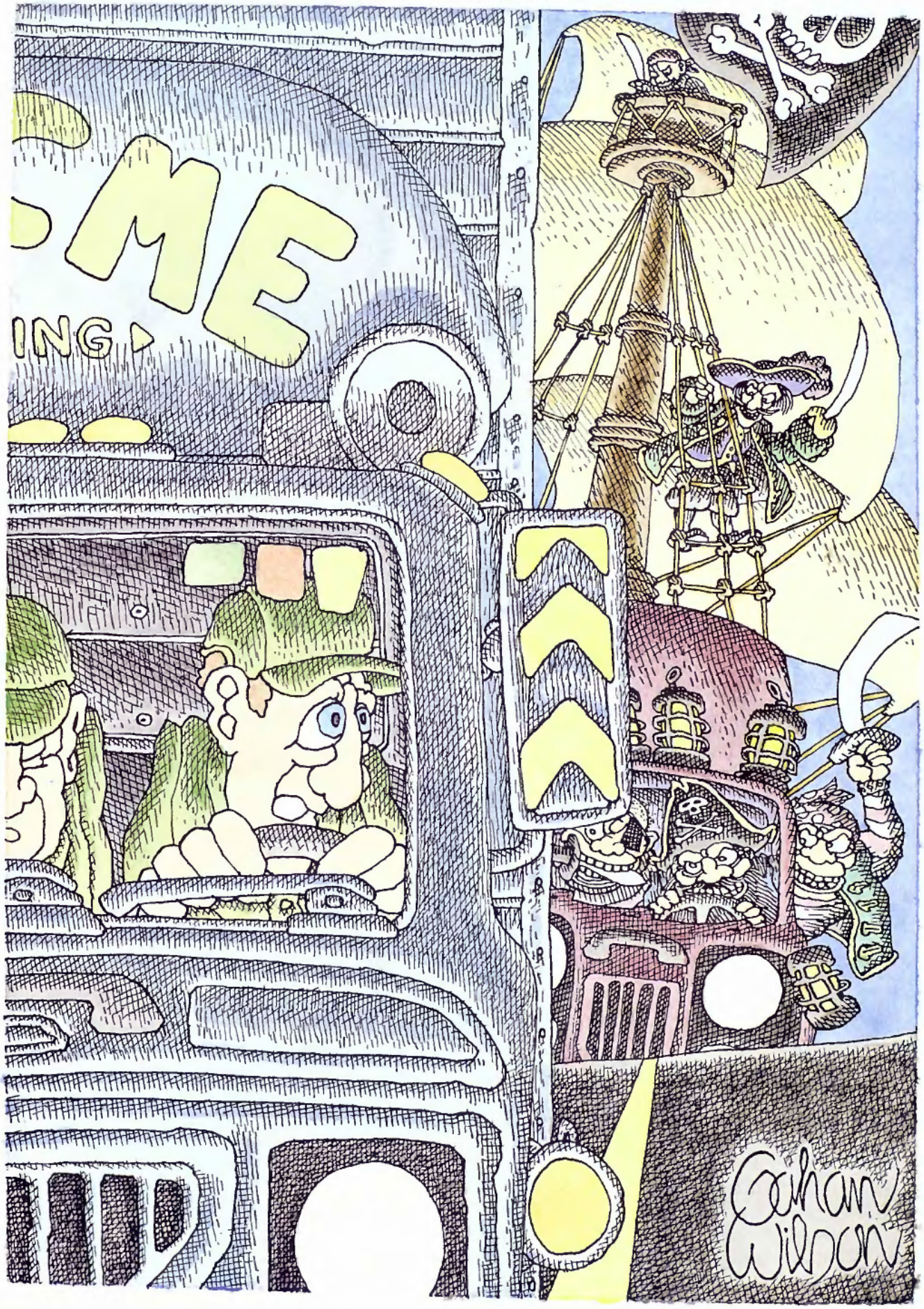
Favorite Kind of Guy: One who admires a girl for her purity.

Quote: "I love to hang around and talk, so tear out my poster and call me at 1-900-990-MTRG. Each week I'll give you seven new opening lines you can use to meet girls like me." One minute call 85¢

...so there I was, waiting at the bar. Waiting for a guy like you. It was dark. Smoky. The music was driving. It was a night filled with promise.

Then you walked in, looking for a good time. Right away you saw what I had to offer. You fell for my fabulous body, my obvious good taste.

Your throat went dry. You wanted me. You knew this was your night to...



"I think we're in deep trouble, Herman!"

 (continued from page 118)

"My father asked, 'How did you do?' I said, 'I won four C notes. Why don't we do this more often?'"

at '21,' scalped Broadway tickets and got home at two A.M. My father was propped up in bed, reading Thucydides in the original Attic Greek, and he asked, 'How did you do?' I said, 'Harry won fourteen Gs and I won four C notes. Why don't we do this more often?'"

Decades later, horses are still Murray's passion; one memorable day at the track changed the course of his life. And the spirit with which he approached his first day at the races is one that every novice should embrace. Don't go to the track as a spectator; be an active participant. That isn't always easy. Despite the enormous appeal of the sport, the race track can be an intimidating place for a newcomer. It doesn't have the congenial atmosphere of, say, a New York Giants game or a Bruce Springsteen concert, where everybody has come for the same shared experience. It is a subculture with its own special language and code of conduct. Under the system of wagering that prevails at all American tracks, horse players bet against one another, not against the house. So even though the player sitting next to you may be a kindred spirit, he is also an adversary. A neophyte who walks into a track with no preparation may feel that he is in a bewildering or even hostile environment.

When friends ask me to take them to the races for the first time, I am happy to oblige, but I always insist on conducting a tutorial session before we go. It begins with a reading from the sport's bible.

•

The *Daily Racing Form*: On a few occasions, I have been at tracks where the delivery of the *Daily Racing Form* was delayed by natural disaster, and horse players have reacted with the shock and sense of helplessness that eastern European citizens might feel when their stores run out of bread and milk. Life without it is unthinkable.

A beginner should buy a copy of the *Form* and familiarize himself with it before he ever sets foot inside a track. Forget the editorial content; the heart of the newspaper is the records of horses entered in every race—the past performances, or P.P.s. They summarize a horse's over-all record and describe in detail each of its last ten starts; models of concision, they compress all the information about each previous race into a single line of type. No racing paper in the world comes close to providing the quantity of information that American horse players take for granted in the *Form*.

Study of the *Form* can be an arcane science, but even a casual fan can glance at the P.P.s and tell which horses are coming into a race after sharp recent efforts, which ones can be expected to show early speed and which will come from behind, which are consistent and which are erratic. If a horse player has even a rudimentary understanding of the *Form*, just about everything that happens at the track will be comprehensible to him. Take a look at the box on page 119 for a guide to the small print.

One important caveat: When studying the *Form*, don't wear light-colored clothing. Despite its $2.50 price, which makes it the most expensive daily newspaper in America, the Eastern edition of Rupert Murdoch's publication employs cheap ink, so a serious player who spends an hour making notations on it will find that his forearm has turned black. Dress appropriately.

•

Accommodations: Race tracks offer general-admission seating in the grandstand and the clubhouse (typically, about two dollars and four dollars, respectively), reserved seats (another buck or two) and a dining room. Some have a posh private turf club. This is a matter of personal preference, but if I wanted a tuxedoed waiter serving me duck *à l'orange*, I would be more inclined to go to a restaurant than to Aqueduct.

I like to savor the atmosphere of the race track. Clubhouse general admission usually offers adequate seating and a level of civility that is acceptable to all but the most fastidious racegoers. If you go with binoculars, try to find a high location near the finish wire with good sight lines. If you don't have binoculars, find a spot near a television monitor.

•

Tip Sheets, Touts and Turf Advisors: After entering the track, you will buy the official program, an essential source of late information that may not be in the *Racing Form*: the betting numbers for the horses, the final jockey assignments, the names of horses receiving medication. And as you are getting your program, someone nearby will be imploring you to buy a tip sheet, a one-page publication with a name such as "Eddie's Green Card," promising the winners of the day's races.

There was a time when innocents at the track were well advised to stay away from any stranger offering advice or information. Tip-sheet sellers would often keep a small printing press in a truck near the track; after four or five races, they would reprint their card, telling late arrivals that they had picked all the winners who had run so far and distributing the phony cards after the races as bait for the next day. Worse than the tip-sheet sellers were the touts—hustlers who would approach strangers and claim to have inside information on the upcoming race that they would share in exchange for a wager on the horse. In a ten-horse race, a tout would ideally try to find ten clients and whisper to them the names of ten horses.

Flagrant con artistry is rarer nowadays, not because the human soul has become nobler but because there are enough good sources of race-track information to have driven out most of the bad sources. Selectors for many daily newspapers are serious students of the game. Some tip sheets—such as "The Wizard," "Inside Track by the . . . Beard" and "Clocker Lawton" at the New York tracks and "Baedeker's Guide" in California—are well respected and have earned an enthusiastic following. The West Coast, in fact, has given rise to an entire industry of turf advisors. The Western edition of the *Racing Form* is filled with ads for breakfast seminars, typically costing $20, where a professional handicapper will analyze the day's card; the presentations are usually enlightening.

So there is no harm in seeking professional counsel at the track, but in the long run, there is no profit in it, either. A two-dollar bet on the selections of even the best public handicappers would almost certainly produce a loss over a long period of time. A bettor may listen to others, but he should ultimately make his own decisions. At the very least, he will get to enjoy the mental stimulation of analyzing the races and the special satisfaction that comes from picking a winner that he can call his own.

•

Handicapping: A newcomer to the track will immediately be struck by the seriousness of the people around him. Many will be reading the *Racing Form* with the earnestness of Talmudic scholars and discoursing knowledgeably about the horses in the next race. When the race is run, however, it may look like such a chaotic scramble that nobody can realistically have predicted its outcome. And, indeed, when it is over, the vast majority of those same souls who were poring

over the *Form* will be tearing up their tickets and cursing their bad fortune.

It may appear that people trying to make logical sense of horse races are playing a fool's game, one as hopeless as that of casino gamblers who think they can beat roulette with a system. But Thoroughbred races aren't a random spin of the wheel. They are sufficiently governed by the logic that, at every track, there are a few quiet, anonymous professionals or semiprofessionals who will dependably make money over the long term by betting the horses. Few fit the Runyonesque image of a swaggering gambler with a loud sports coat and a big cigar. Many are college-educated; most are serious-minded and studious to the point of obsessiveness. They may employ widely diverse methods of handicapping—the term that encompasses the entire process of analyzing a race. Many modern-day handicappers use complex mathematical methods to analyze the times of races and to evaluate horses on the basis of their speed. Others depend on watching races intently, looking for horses that are blocked or bumped or otherwise victimized by bad racing luck. Some place an emphasis on their observations of horses in early-morning workouts. Some judge horses according to their physical condition as they warm up before a race. All of these approaches demand virtually full-time effort, and realistically, a once-a-week horse player cannot expect to enjoy the same results as a professional. Yet the existence of the pros proves that racing is not necessarily a sucker's game, and that putting effort into handicapping can pay off.

•

The Paddock: The most picturesque part of a race track is the paddock and walking ring, where trainers will saddle their horses and confer with their jockeys before boosting them onto the horses' backs. In an era when the trend of the industry is toward off-track betting and the development of simulcast facilities—race tracks with no live horses—bettors sometimes forget that this sport is being conducted by magnificent flesh-and-blood animals capable of achieving speeds of 40 miles per hour, the product of two centuries of concerted human effort to breed the ultimate running machine. The paddock is where you may admire these animals at close range—a side pleasure that should not be missed.

Some expert bettors rely heavily on their judgment of the horses' appearance before a race, but it takes a great deal of experience to develop the necessary visual skills. Even so, newcomers might visit the paddock and try to spot animals that look more robust than their rivals, that aren't sweating profusely or wearing front-leg bandages, and that seem to exude an air of controlled energy.

•

Odds and the Tote Board: On a large electronic board in the middle of the infield and on television monitors throughout the track, odds for each horse in the upcoming race are displayed and updated minute by minute. The odds are determined by the amount of money bet on each horse. The track itself acts as a middleman: It accepts the wagers, takes a fixed fee for its services and pays all of the remaining money to the winners. (The track's cut, plus taxes that go to the state, may typically be 17 percent.) Unlike a casino, which makes money when its customers lose theirs, the track is a neutral participant in the gambling process.

If the crowd at a track bets $200,000 on a race, and the track removes its 17 percent "take," or $34,000, the sum of $166,000 will be distributed to people who have bet the winner. If the crowd has bet a total of $16,600 on the winning horse, a successful bettor will get back ten dollars for each dollar he wagered. If the crowd has bet $83,000 on the horse, a winner will collect two dollars for each dollar he bet.

Nobody has to worry about these calculations, because a computer makes them and shows the probable return in the form of odds. The odds signify the amount of profit a bettor will make for each dollar he wagers. If a horse is 7–1, a bettor will make a seven-dollar profit for each dollar he puts in—in addition to getting his initial investment back. Because the basic unit of race-track wagering is two dollars, a 7–1 shot will pay $16—a $14 profit, plus the original two-dollar bet.

When horses are heavily bet, their odds are quoted differently—for example, eight to five—to permit a more precise estimation of the payoff. A tote board will read 8–5 because it can't use decimal points and say that a horse's odds are 1.6 to 1, which is the same thing. Such a horse would return a $3.20 profit for two dollars, plus the original two dollars, for a payoff of $5.20. Most race-track programs list the payoffs for such odds, but all serious bettors quickly learn them by heart.

•

Types of Wagers: For most of the history of Thoroughbred racing, the object of the game has been to pick the best horse in the race and bet that he will win. But since the mid-Seventies, race tracks have offered an ever-growing array of "exotic" or "multiple" wagers—quinellas, exactas, trifectas, pick sixes, pick nines, twin trifectas, double quinellas—that involve picking more than one horse or race. (Check the track's program for explanations of the betting options.) The most popular form of betting at American tracks today is the exacta, which requires picking the first two finishers in a race in the correct order.

Traditionalists decry the new forms of wagering, saying that they have turned a grand sport into a lottery or a numbers game; but for most horse players, these exotic wagers have been a welcome invention. In the old days of simple win betting, it was virtually impossible for a bettor with a moderate bank roll to walk out of the track with a huge profit. But when an exacta combining two logical horses can easily pay 50–1, and when more exotic wagers sometimes return payoffs in the hundreds of thousands of dollars, horse racing offers possibilities for turning a modest investment into a windfall profit.

Even so, the natural instinct of newcomers is to bet cautiously. They may be inclined to make show wagers—i.e., bet that a horse will finish first, second or third—which are relatively easy to win but yield low payoffs. As a rule, these players will cash a few tickets, collecting $7.20 here and $3.60 there, and go home losing a few dollars. To people with this prudent approach, I say, Don't be a wimp. If you want to be cautious with your money, buy a savings bond.

When I escort novices to the track, I recommend that they take a modest amount of capital that they are prepared to lose—an amount, say, that they wouldn't mind spending on dinner in a fancy restaurant. But they should bet this money aggressively, not defensively, trying to make one or two hits that will produce a profit for the entire day. Exactas are the best vehicle. A common strategy is to "box" three horses—play all possible combinations involving those horses—which costs $12 for a two-dollar unit bet. Another is to "key" one horse over two or three others—bet your horse to finish first, in combination with other possible second-place finishers.

•

At the Betting Windows: As post time approaches, horse players converge on the betting windows to get their wagers down, and while the scene may appear to be frenzied and chaotic, it is (or at least ought to be) governed by a strict code of conduct. Bettors should be thoughtful enough to call their bets in the proper fashion, conclude the transaction as quickly as possible and allow the next person in line to reach the seller.

It is impermissible for the bettor to say to the ticket seller something like this: "I think I'm going to box two, seven and

(continued on page 158)

MEXICO

FOR LOVERS

five ways to make a run for the border

DOING IT THE FIRST TIME

Cancun: for the couple in those first giddy throes

YOUR relationship is new, still fresh; you're a bit nervous, maybe apprehensive. You've been plotting a long weekend together, possibly to Mexico, but you're not certain. You want creature comforts, lots of hot water, nonstop fresh linen and towels—all this, plus a view. Well, take your love to Cancún.

Nonstop jets regularly descend onto a modern airstrip cut from the dense green jungle. A blast of hot, humid air greets you as you step off the plane. It is possible to be at O'Hare, J.F.K. or L.A.X. in the morning and be lying on Cancún's tropical shores by late afternoon.

This resort exploded onto the tourist map in 1974, when some Mexican developers put sun, beach and American tourism into a computer and it spit out Cancún. Back then, it was virtually uninhabited; now, with a main strip of some 100 hotels, it caters to close to 1,000,000 visitors a year.

In Cancún, you loll under 80-degree tropical sun on white porous limestone sand that never seems to get too hot. That same clean limestone is under all the surrounding jungle—no silt flows to the sea, making the waters around Cancún clear. You can go sailing, boating, skiing, parasailing, snorkeling and windsurfing. With the Nichupte and Bojorquez Lagoons on one side and the Caribbean Sea on the other, you can watch the sun ascend from the sea at dawn and see it shimmer into the lagoons at dusk.

The food in Cancún is excellent. Mexico is a fishing culture and the restaurants compete to see how fast they get the fish from the ocean to your table. Try the fish, lobster, shrimp and conch at El Pescador in Cancún City.

There are people who claim that Cancún is Miami Beach, and that may be true; but it's Miami Beach set in the middle of one of the most culturally rich spots in all of Mexico—the Yucatan Peninsula, land of the Mayan Indians.

To visit Mayan history, take a bus tour about 60 miles down the relatively undeveloped east coast through the dense hardwood jungles to the ruins of Tulum. Perched on a 40-foot cliff overlooking the Caribbean is a shrine to the moon goddess Ix Chel, where 13th Century Mayans made their cocoa beans (money) off religious tourism.

You can also hop a ferry, a trimaran or a replica of a pirate ship to Isla Mujeres, where a cab will take you down the long, slender island to the beach at El Garrafon. There you can rent snorkels and masks and enter the water into an offshore national park where tame blue, purple and orange fish take you on a tour of the coral reef.

Or take what's billed as the world's largest jet boat to Cozumel, a 28-mile-long island off the Yucatán coast. There, lose the Cancun hustle in the village of San Miguel, where Mexican fishermen work their nets rather than the tourists and laughing children practice their English trying to say hello.

Cancún's not cheap. You can get a package deal by scouring your Sunday paper; but food, air fare and accommodations come at prices that approach those in Hawaii. On the other hand, it's closer. Plus, there's the Caribbean, the white sand, the ruins, Isla Mujeres, Cozumel. In short, a place that's delightfully, but unthreateningly, foreign. If romance doesn't take root in all of this, at least you can't blame the ambience.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NICK BACKES

SPICING IT UP

Ixtapa/Zihuatanejo: when that zest for variety lures the senses

It's not your first trip, nor is it likely to be your last. You've overcome the initial jitters; you even use the same toothbrush on occasion. This year, you want to step out a little further, let your guard down, get closer. A lapse in room service won't ruin your time, but not seeing something exotic and wonderful might. Try Ixtapa/Zihuatanejo.

According to Felix, one of the cabdrivers who'll give you a lift from the Ixtapa/Zihuatanejo airport, 14 years ago, Zihuatanejo had hardware stores instead of boutiques, and nobody had ever heard of Ixtapa. Then the same developers who had put Cancún together started building first-class hotels on the 24 miles of barren beach just north of the town and christened it Ixtapa. To preserve the isolation and the individual flavor of the towns, they left a six-mile gap between them.

Ixtapa is luxury. It's broad, sandy beaches. It's sailing, tennis, golf and catered whim. It's the offshore Isla Ixtapa, with its protected beaches facing inland and its tropical-bird sanctuary. It's north of town along the many secluded beach coves waiting for you to give them a name.

But do not—repeat, do not—go to Ixtapa unless you also spend some time in Zihuatanejo. Because if Ixtapa is luxury, then Zihuatanejo oozes romance from its pores. Against the jungle-covered bluffs that tumble into this peaceful bay are a number of older, more intimate hotels, such as the Sotavento and the Villa del Sol, where by the second day, they know your name and by the third day, they know your drink.

South of these hotels is the Playa La Ropa—a slender, quarter-moon-shaped beach backed by a few excellent thatched-roof restaurants. In Zihuatanejo, you can stroll down cobblestone streets past whitewashed shops framed in flowering bougainvillaea. *Mariachis* play in most of the restaurants and Mexico is the one place where *mariachi* music is meet and right.

One of the town's favorite drinks is the muppet. Ask the bartender at the Villa del Sol what it is and he'll reply, "Dangerous." Then he'll tell you of the evening when a Hollywood film crew gathered round the hotel pool, drinking muppets, and how the director climbed into the cage with the hotel's mascot cougar, claiming they were old friends.

As the days pass in Zihuatanejo, they get slower and slower and, at the same time, your attention span tends to get longer and longer. At night, ceiling fans and sea breezes heal beleaguered gringo minds. These are the first signs that the vacation is building mental antibodies against your personal urban unrest. In the midst of all this, you may find that you and she aren't talking much, but communicating very well, just the same. *Muy peligroso* ("very dangerous"), say the Mexicans. More dangerous is that you'll start feeling right at home—to the point where you'll hear yourself saying you'd like to *live* there.

RULES OF THE GAME

1. PROTECTING YOUR MONEY: Forget the stories about the *bandidos*; you're safer at most Mexican resort communities than you'd be in New York or Los Angeles. Still, travelers are susceptible to theft. Carry a little cash, but split it between your wallet and your luggage. Carry most of your money in traveler's checks and keep a list of check numbers in a separate place.

2. RESERVATIONS: Immediately upon hitting town—in fact, before you leave the airport—make certain your return reservations are in order. Carry plenty of documentation for hotel and travel reservations—they have a way of getting lost when they cross the Rio Grande.

3. DRIVING AT NIGHT: Don't. There are too many potholes, too few lights, too few warning signs and too many cattle and donkeys on the road.

4. THE "BITE": If you're stopped for a violation (real or fabricated), the police officer may say you have to go to the station with him. Ask him if there is some other way you can take care of it. Let him suggest a sum—barter, even—then slip it to him covertly, declaring it a gift for his children (see Spanish Primer). Don't get pissed off. Remember what lawyers charge in the States.

WE WANT TO BE ALONE

Los Cabos: because every romance needs a break for seclusion

You've been inattentive. You may have won the vice-presidency, but its cost to your relationship is an impeachable offense. It's time to go somewhere and restore the magic. It's time to go to Los Cabos.

The first glimpse of the sandy beaches at the end of the Baja California peninsula may convince you. They're broad, bright and expansive. No matter how many people are there, you can always find a corner retreat. Los Cabos is the apex of Baja, superprime A-plus desert, with enough marine air tossed up from the junction of the Pacific Ocean and the Sea of Cortés to keep the cactus moist, green and in bloom.

They used to bill this place as Cabo San Lucas and San José del Cabo, the two sleepy villages at the cape (*cabo*) of the red-desert peninsula. It is where Hemingway went to catch marlin and hunt white doves. But then it was discovered. Hotels now line the 21 miles between the villages, and they call the new package Los Cabos. The weather is a constant 75–80 degrees, with 350 sunny days a year. But the heat is dry and calming, like a mild sauna. There, you can work the kinks out of your neck, the tangles out of your love affair.

For merriment, chase the tourist excitement at the Giggling Marlin, where you eat burgers under a high ceiling surrounded by balloons and colorful painted walls. Or search out old Cabo—as well as the best steak in town—at El Faro Viejo (The Old Light House), located in the middle of a trailer park, where you can watch town officials drink brandy and make major noise over Cabo's future well past anyone's sensible bedtime.

San José del Cabo is a little quieter, less expensive and a bit more authentic Mexico. For an excursion, rent a canoe and paddle up the lagoon by the Stouffer Presidente Hotel to where the San José River joins the calmer waters and the herons and egrets hunt for their dinner.

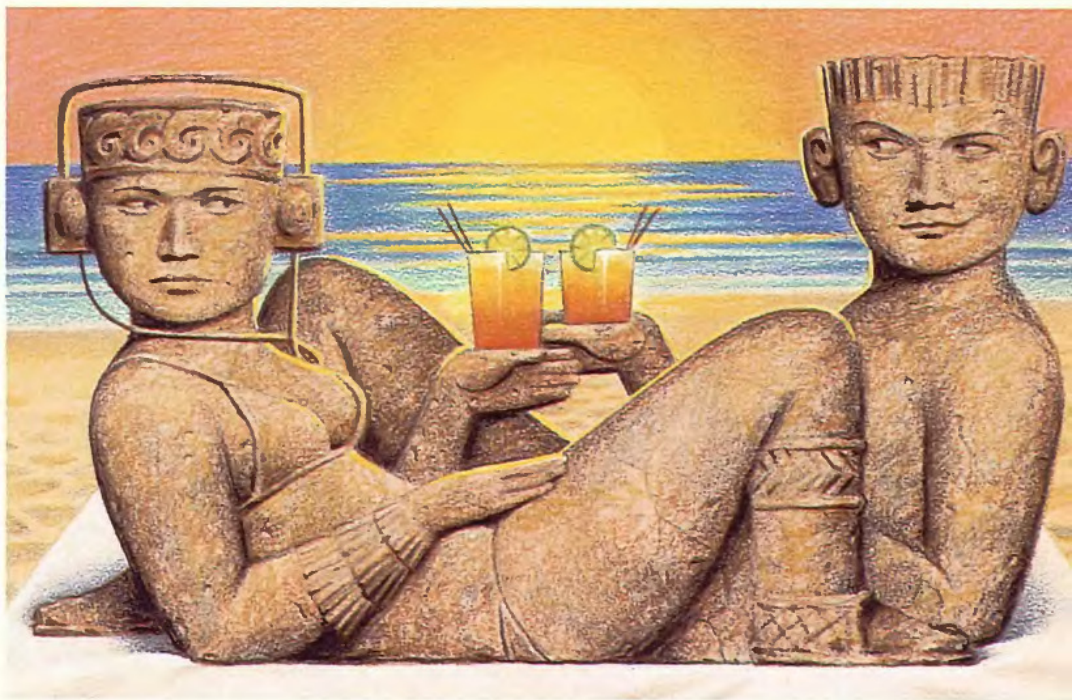
Other pleasant diversions are nearby. An hour north of Cabo San Lucas on the Pacific side, you'll enter Todos Santos, an agricultural town with one hotel, one restaurant and a beautiful old theater. The inhabitants trace their ancestry back to a particular Dominican priest who, it's said, took his fathering very literally.

An hour north of San José del Cabo on the Sea of Cortés side, you can visit the dusty, idyllic village of La Rivera, where tourism takes a back seat to fishing and the Mexicans get fat solely from the sea. The marlin are great there, but you'll get more for your money if you go after wahoo, yellowtail or dorado (mahi mahi). We know of one convalescing couple who went fishing the morning of their departure from Los Cabos and caught 14 dorado in four hours. Dorado are rainbow-colored, weigh ten to 40 pounds each, jump in the air and fight like hell. The couple had their fish filleted, put them in an ice chest, took them home and had a party, where they shared their catch and their stories about their vacation.

The best thing was, they didn't argue for two and a half weeks.

A SPANISH PRIMER

GREETINGS	
Buenos días.	Good day.
Buenas tardes.	Good afternoon.
Buenas noches.	Good night.
Señor	Sir
Señorita	Miss
Mi amigo	My friend
Mi amor	My love
Pendejo	Asshole
DIRECTIONS	
¿Dónde está	Where is
la sala de baño?	the bathroom?
la farmacia?	the pharmacy?
mi esposa?	my wife?
la pachanga?	the party?
Quiero ir	I want to go
a la playa.	to the beach.
al disco.	to the disco.
al aeropuerto.	to the airport.
a la cama	to bed
con tigo.	with you.
TO THE SHOPKEEPER	
¿Quanto cuesta esto?	How much is this?
¿Yo le doy la mitad?	I'll give you half.
TO THE POLICE	
¡Soy inocente!	I am innocent!
Pero le doy este regalo para sus hijos.	But I will give you this gift for your kids.
TO YOUR NEW FRIENDS	
Me encatan estos pequènos trajes de baño.	I love these small bathing suits.
tus tetas enormes.	your enormous tits.
TO THE WAITER	
Otra cervesa.	Another beer.
Menos salsa picante.	Less hot sauce.
La cuenta.	The check.



WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE

Oaxaca: when a relationship wants that jolt of adventure

You've been together awhile; your relationship is steady. You can even say "I love you" and not feel your stomach tie in a knot. You're seasoned travelers who seek out culture shock. You're ready for adventure—something strange, something exotic, something different. You're ready for Oaxaca.

The rugged Sierra Madre mountains surround the star-shaped valley and 16th Century Spanish city of Oaxaca (wah-HAH-kah). It's Mexico, but at 5000 feet. It's cool, breezy and less humid. The first thing that strikes you as you enter the city is the cathedrals—close to 160 of them, the result of a colonial building boom by Dominican friars who were irked because the Franciscans had got to Mexico City first.

Although they dominated the village landscape, the Dominicans never quite dominated the Indians, who still seek spiritual guidance in hallucinatory mushrooms and divine their illnesses by gazing at chicken entrails. But it is this blending of baroque architecture and Zapotec Indian culture that makes Oaxaca so original. In all of North America, you are not likely to find any city stranger, more surreal, more otherworldly.

Consider this: It is possible to sit at one of the sidewalk cafés around the central plaza and listen to the Oaxaca State Band play the U.S. Marine Corps hymn while you eat chicken with dark, rich, complex *mole* sauce, a Oaxacan dish made from at least four kinds of chilies and that tastes like spicy chocolate. Zapotec Indians have filled the town shops with captivating carvings, weavings and pottery—among the finest in Mexico. The Zapotecs have been mixing blues, magentas, oranges and yellows into magical arrangements for thousands of years. Buy a couple of big baskets and fill them with stuff you'll never see at home.

It stands to reason that mescal comes from Oaxaca. You might think about buying a bottle and taking it back to your room at the Stouffer Presidente Hotel, which was built from the refurbished ruins of a 16th Century Dominican convent. The walls are three feet thick; no one will hear you party.

During the day, you can take the bus ride up to Monte Alban, which is a collection of powerful pyramids, tombs and stone carvings set in an enormous field with a commanding view of the Oaxaca Valley. The Zapotecs began building this city in 500 B.C., abandoning it in 700 A.D. Invading Mixtecs then took over Monte Alban, where they first stowed their mummies and later hid their gold from the Spanish.

In the morning, you may want to visit the Benito Juarez market place and wander through booths where chilies and medicinal herbs are piled three feet high. You'll notice the Indians drinking strong, sweet coffee, talking in what sounds like an Oriental language. It's just another surrealistic morning in Oaxaca.

HOW NOT TO LOOK LIKE A GRINGO

To a Mexican, a gringo wears shorts, tennis shoes and a cap, carries a camera, talks loud and is materialistic. Many of us forget that when we cross the border, we're in a different culture. Here's how to blend in.

• DON'T WEAR SHORTS: They're OK on the beach or around the resort communities in the afternoon, but if you venture out beyond the resort limits (and you should), wear trousers.

• DON'T STARE AT A MEXICAN MALE'S GIRLFRIEND: Not if you value your *huevos* (balls). Mexican women flirt, but they don't mean it. Mexican males get pissed, and they do mean it.

• BE POLITE: Be extra polite. Mexicans are zealously cordial, greet strangers on the street, shake hands, hug and think gringos are cold. Learn the words *gracias* (thank you) and *por favor* (please) and use them liberally.

• SLOW DOWN: Latins consider punctuality a gringo quirk. Don't insist on it. Leave your watch in your room and get on *mañana* time.

• SPEND PESOS: Dollars are acceptable, especially around the resorts, but when you carry a wallet of pesos, you are showing a willingness to integrate with their society, rather than force yours on them.

• SPEAK SPANISH: Even if you can say only a few words, use them. Doors open wide when you speak, even haltingly, their language. Carry a dictionary.

• DON'T CLAIM YOU'RE AN AMERICAN: This really pisses them off. Mexicans think they are Americans, you are a North American (*norteamericano*).

DOING IT WITH FRIENDS

Puerto Vallarta: the perfect place to share the fun

You're way past first flush but still romantic. You're thinking you'd like to take some friends along this year. You want to go on a Mexican traveling party, and you want to know the best place to take it. Puerto Vallarta is your ticket.

In the movie *Night of the Iguana*, Richard Burton rides out of the jungle into a dusty Mexican village. That village *was* Puerto Vallarta before Burton and Elizabeth Taylor decided to fall in love and build houses there. Today, the tourists arrive by jet instead of bus. And now they encounter the beauty of the Pacific coast combined with the sumptuousness of luxury resort hotels and the charm of a lively town. The essential ingredients—jungle-covered mountains, sun, sand and ocean bay—are all still there; people just don't go to bed as early. Puerto Vallarta now rocks until dawn, but in a cobblestoned-street sort of way.

Around the enormous Banderas Bay are many fine beaches where your party can relax under *el sol* and watch the pelicans buzz the water. Puerto Vallarta sun seems particularly benevolent to those whose idea of a perfect vacation begins with a tan. You can take an all-day cruise to Yelapa, a secluded tropical village of palm trees and bleached sand. Or you can take a car or a taxi about seven miles south of Mismaloya beach up into the mountains to Chico's Paradise, where the adventuresome swim under waterfalls and sun on huge streamside rocks.

In the evening, take your tans to Carlos O'Brian's for seafood and margaritas. On the walls are pictures of revolutionary firing squads. Later, drop by one of the local discos. Even if you think discoing is the last thing you'd ever want to do, do it anyway. Mexican discos are so camp they're hip. The Mexicans are so serious, the Americans so drunk it's like *Dynasty* directed by Fellini. There are several discos in town: Capriccio, Christine, the City Dump. Each vacation crowd decides which one is currently in favor.

Matter of fact, one of the real pleasures of visiting Puerto Vallarta with a group of friends is that you can totally disrupt your at-home routine. Puerto Vallarta is a town that doesn't get much sleep. Even if you don't party much at home, you'll find yourself—fueled by the enthusiasms of your peers—exceeding what you thought your dancing shoes were capable of. You may close down a disco at dawn and collectively decide that it is imperative for your communal well-being to jump into the ocean with a great many of your clothes on. You may try to get some sleep back at the hotel, but whatever is happening out on the street lures you into another day of personal bests in the Puerto Vallarta Invitational Iron Man Wildlife competition. Soon you'll convince yourself that you don't *need* sleep—you can get that at home. But you might never have convinced yourself or your friends that you were capable of such behavior if you hadn't seen it for yourselves. It worked for Taylor and Burton.

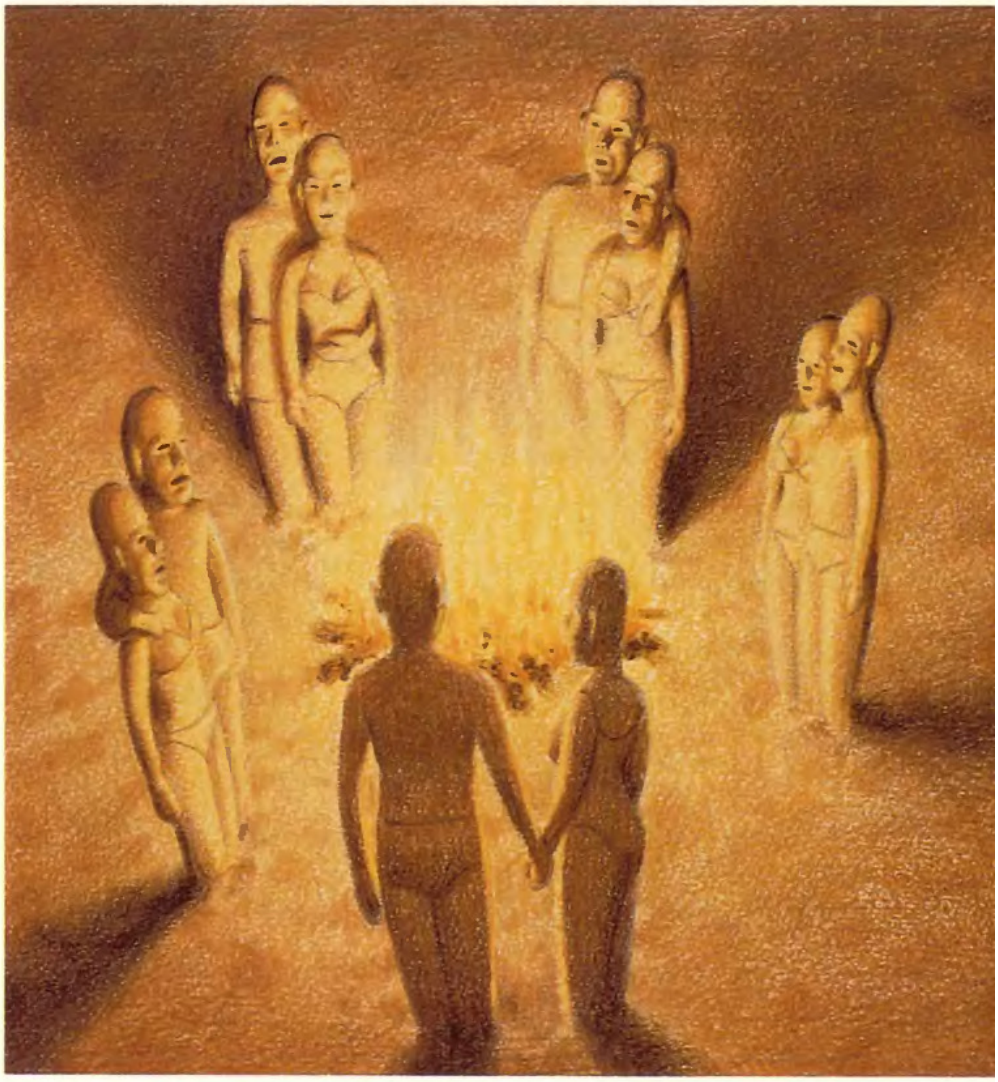
AVOIDING *TURISTA*

As many as a third who cross the border get *turista*—the trots, or common diarrhea. Montezuma's revenge generally lasts one to two days, but it can be quite uncomfortable. Its roots are found in microbes in the tap water.

To avoid it, don't drink tap water, don't even brush your teeth with it. Drink bottled water; brush your teeth with tequila, if you have to. Avoid ice cubes, including the ones crushed up in your margarita. Order your drinks "*sin hielo*"—without ice. Skip uncooked vegetables or peeled fruits; they are often washed in tap water. Avoid salads and avoid eating from stands.

You might ask your doctor to prescribe a prophylactic dose of antibiotics for your trip. Mexico *aficionados* claim that lime and yogurt eaten daily helps ward off the curse.

Should all this fail, there's potent help at the pharmacy (*farmacia*), where, without prescription, you can get antibiotics or Lomotil—the latter, according to its devotees, can "turn Niagara Falls into cement." But there are potential side effects. Best to see a doctor.



History of Jazz and Rock *(continued from page 101)*

"The Africans in New Orleans developed music in a continuum that stretched back to the Congo."

offenses against their masters, also explicitly guaranteed them human rights not granted elsewhere in the South.

The urban environment and the nature of the work performed by slaves in New Orleans also accorded them considerable freedom. Slaves served the shipping industry, merchants and traders, politicians and professionals, households and businesses, as well as plantation owners. As early as the 1720s, free blacks in New Orleans had become tradesmen and merchants, many owning slaves themselves. Education and training in the trades, arts and professions, as well as the possibility of manumission, were within the reach of many black New Orleanians, certainly to a far greater extent than anywhere else in the antebellum South.

Religion was at the root of the profound differences between Louisiana and the rest of the South. Unlike the Southern Protestants, who considered their slaves subhuman primitives, the Louisiana Catholic Church seriously regarded the Africans as souls to be saved and made every effort to convert them without demanding in return the obliteration of their African heritage. As a result, the Africans in New Orleans found that they could maintain their ancestral system of beliefs by subverting Catholicism to their own religious purposes. They discovered acceptable parallels between their gods and the many saints of the Catholics, their own commitment to ritual and the formal obsessions of the French and the Spanish. Worship of Ogun, Elegba and the myriad West African deities continued under the guise of entreaties to the Catholic saints who most resembled their African counterparts; candles continued to be lit, incense burned, icons cherished and rituals performed according to the ancient precepts on the holy days that coincided with those on the Roman Catholic calendar.

Importantly, many blacks continued to worship in the traditional ways, both privately and publicly, gathering regularly outside the ramparts of the old city (the area now known as the French Quarter) in a large swampy tract called Congo Plains (later Back of Town and now the old Sixth Ward) to socialize and celebrate their gods. Here the slaves assembled along Old World tribal lines. They searched for long-lost relatives and exchanged personal news and cultural information.

On the Congo Plains, hundreds of slaves formed a series of concentric circles around ceremonial percussionists and conducted African religious rites centered on ecstatic drumming, dancing and spirit possession that lasted for hours at a time. These mass ceremonies, unlike the heavily censored religious services of their counterparts on the rural Protestant plantations, took place without any mandate to mask or suppress the ancestral cultural forms. Free of interference by their Catholic masters, the African culture-bearers in New Orleans continued to develop their music in accordance with an artistic continuum that stretched directly back to the Congo.

The French and then the Spanish rulers of New Orleans had no apparent interest in curtailing the extracurricular activities of their slave population, as long as these practices posed no threat to the basic security of the established system. But when the Americans took charge of New Orleans in 1805, the city council quickly moved to limit the gatherings on the Congo Plains to Sunday afternoons and banned any other form of slave gatherings. By the 1820s, these activities were confined to a smaller area at Rampart and Orleans called Congo Square, where the police could keep a closer eye on things. Still, these unadulterated African-based cultural activities continued with little interruption until the enactment of the segregation laws after 1877, which, among other things, banned blacks from gathering in the city parks and drove the remaining Africanisms underground.

Congo Plains and Congo Square kept the music of Africa alive in New Orleans for 150 years. It remained for the Civil War, emancipation and, ironically, more Jim Crow laws to produce the extraordinary circumstances that molded that African music into a new sound that ultimately was called jazz.

•

After emancipation, the former slaves were finally free to travel. Many moved from plantation country into Southern cities. Others remained where they were, now working the land as sharecroppers and tenant farmers bound to their former owners through a new form of economic servitude.

Especially in the rural South, the Negro church had been a sanctuary during slavery. With freedom, the ex-slaves were delivered, in a sense, to the land of promise that had loomed so large in the lyrics of their spirituals. Now the secular world demanded their attention. Now came the potential for music outside the carefully circumscribed world of the church.

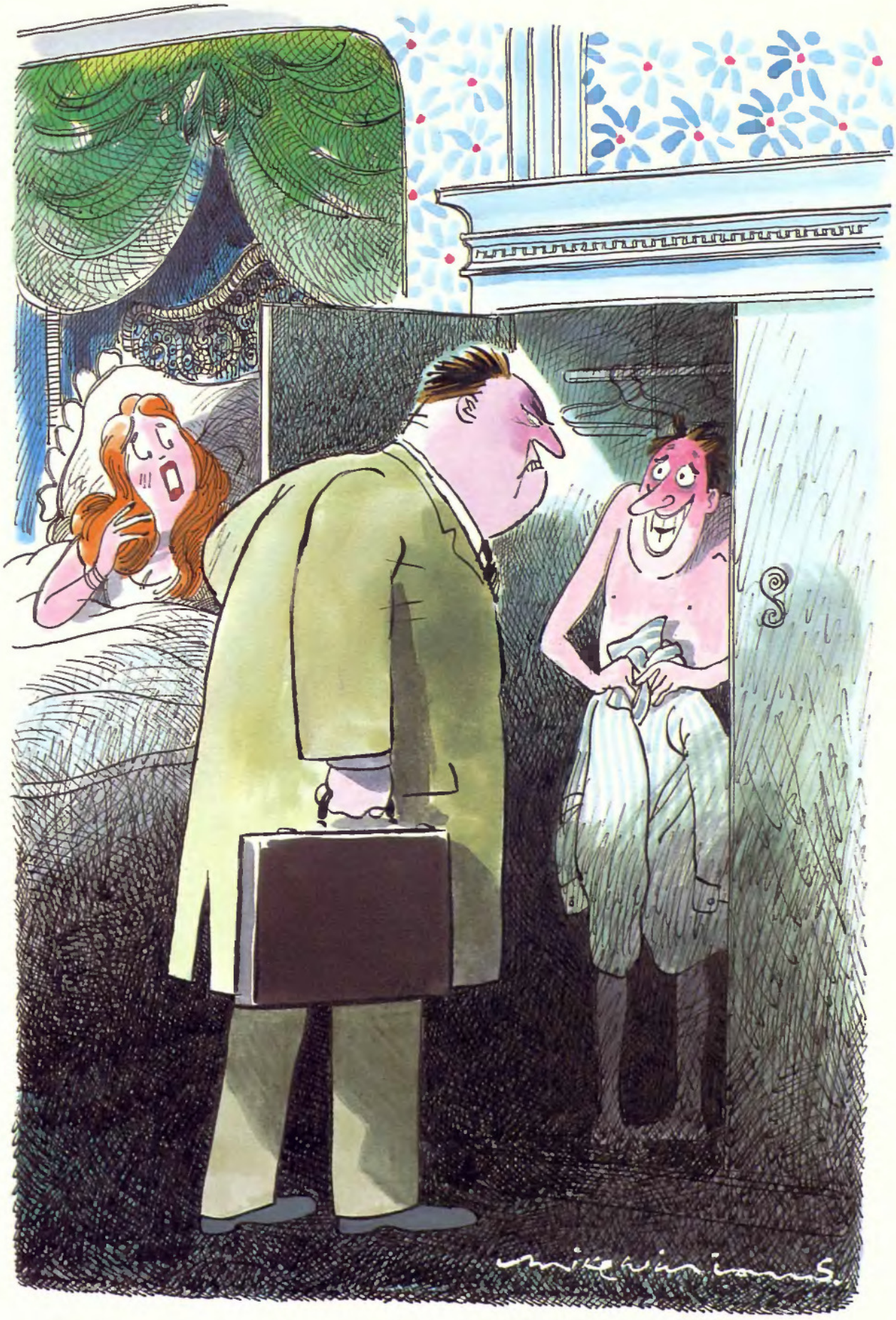
The new secular music of the ex-slaves emerged as the uniquely African-American construct we know as the blues, termed "the Devil's music" by the legions of God-fearing black Protestants who resented its propensity to lead their people away from the church. Formally inspired by the spiritual, the blues also drew breath from work songs. But now it could speak eloquently of other earthly concerns, from the struggle to find and keep a home or a lover to the adventures experienced along the road in the bluesman's eternal quest to avoid regular employment.

The blues as a form of personal expression perfectly suited the new social circumstances of the African American. Through the temporal subject matter of its lyrics, the blues helped the ex-slaves explore their new freedom. While its lyrics were growing in sophistication, so were its musical arrangements, thanks to the Civil War armies, whose military marching units had left their beat-up horns and woodwinds behind in pawnshops throughout the South. That sudden treasure of abandoned musical instruments put trumpets and trombones, clarinets and tubas, snare drums, bass drums and cymbals into the hands of African Americans for the first time.

Musical training was rare in the rural areas, but after emancipation, New Orleans' large population of "free persons of color"—part French Negroes (the offspring of French gentlemen and American women of color under that peculiar local institution called *plaçage*) and high-placed slaves who served the French households and businesses of the Vieux Carré—produced a generation of well-schooled, technically expert musicians who contributed to the evolving musical mix that would become jazz. Long exempt from the problems and conditions of their less fortunately placed fellow African Americans, those "Creoles of color" had developed refined musical skills through European-style training and direct exposure to the standard musical literature. They snapped up the abandoned band instruments, mastered their intricacies and began to form little marching units and society bands of their own. By the early 1880s, there existed, at the very least, 12 such bands in New Orleans.

The sound of jazz started to take shape within the black New Orleans marching bands as the players injected syncopation and melodic variation into the clipped, militaristic charts popular with brass bands throughout America. Those same musicians also played at picnics, dance

(continued on page 156)



"Well, enough about me, Frank; how's your troublesome backswing coming along?"

THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

idaho beauty reneé tenison wins *playboy*'s top honors

RENEÉ TENISON thought she was dreaming. This place certainly wasn't Melba, the tiny Idaho town where she'd grown up. It wasn't Boise, where she had worked in a computer factory. Rubbing sleep from her eyes, sitting up in a curtained bed in an elegant hotel room, she wondered where on earth she was. "Then it dawned on me," she says, shaking her head, astonished by the events of the past few months. "I thought, I'm in Paris. *Playboy* is taking pictures of the Playmate of the Year, and it's *me*!"

At 21, Reneé is the proud owner of a sleek new Eagle Talon TSi, which will replace the old Mustang she used to drive around town. She is $100,000 richer—a sum that represents more than five years' worth of her work at the factory. And much more important to Reneé than the goodies that come with her new title are two firsts: She's proud to be our first Playmate *(text concluded on page 174)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCIS GIACOBETTI

The very first time I saw *Playboy*," says Reneé, "I thought, If I ever had a chance like that, I'd do it in a heartbeat." Now her pulse is quickened by an all-wheel-drive Eagle Talan TSi (below) with a check for $100,000 in its glave compartment. The money and the car, fab as they are, impress Reneé less than the symbolic weight of her new rale. "I'm a mix, a mulatto—different," she says. "A first as Playmate af the Year. It's exciting, but there's responsibility, too. When you're different, yau can't afford to make mistakes. I want to represent *Playboy* as well as I can. I'm not Vanessa Willioms; there are na skeletons in my claset." We're not worried. *Playboy* admires Reneé's sense af duty, but we chose her for her beauty. There's no mistaking that.

Posing for *Playboy* "isn't so much about sex. It's about freedom," Reneé says. "You can't *try* to be sexy. You have to feel it. You just have to be yourself. If you are comfortable with your own sexuality, it shows. And that's sexy."

SOLDIER *(continued from page 80)*

"If he used the gun, he'd be too close to miss. It wasn't rocket science, for God's sake."

He took aim at other things—at a tree, at a flower, at a white rock the size of a clenched fist. But he couldn't bring himself to fire the gun again, to break the stillness with another gunshot. What was the point, anyway? If he used the gun, he'd be too close to miss. You got in close, you pointed, you fired. It wasn't rocket science, for God's sake. It wasn't neurosurgery. Anyone could do it.

He replaced the spent cartridge and put the loaded gun in the car's glove compartment. He spilled the rest of the shells into his hand and walked a few yards from the road's edge, then hurled them with a sweeping sidearm motion. He gave the box a toss and got back into the car.

Traveling light, he thought.

Back in town, he drove past Quik Print to make sure it was still open. Then, following the route he'd traced on the map, he found his way to 1411 Cowslip Lane, a Dutch-colonial house on the north edge of town. The lawn was neatly trimmed and fiercely green, and there was a bed of rosebushes on either side of the path leading from the sidewalk to the front door.

One of the leaflets at the motel told how roses were a local specialty. But the town had been named not for the flower but for Aaron Rose, a local settler.

He wondered if Engleman knew that.

He circled the block, parked two doors away on the other side of the street from the Engleman residence. VANDERMEER, EDWARD, the white-pages listing had read. It struck Keller as an unusual alias. He wondered if Engleman had picked it out himself, or if the Feds had selected it for him. Probably the latter, he decided. "Here's your new name," they would tell you, "and here's where you're going to live and who you're going to be." There was an arbitrariness about it that somehow appealed to Keller, as if they relieved you of the burden of decision. Here's your new name, and here's your new driver's license with your new name already on it. You like scalloped potatoes in your new life, and you're allergic to bee stings, and your favorite color is blue.

Betty Engleman was now Betty Vandermeer. Keller wondered why her first name hadn't changed. Didn't they trust Engleman to get it right? Did they figure him for a bumbler, apt to blurt out "Betty" at an inopportune moment? Or was it sheer coincidence or sloppiness on their part?

Around 6:30, the Englemans came home from work. They rode in a Honda Civic hatchback with local plates. They had evidently stopped to shop for groceries on the way home. Engleman parked in the driveway while his wife got a bag of groceries from the back. Then he put the car in the garage and followed her into the house.

Keller watched lights go on inside the house. He stayed where he was. It was starting to get dark by the time he drove back to the Douglas Inn.

•

On HBO, Keller watched a movie about a gang of criminals who have come to a town in Texas to rob the bank. One of the criminals is a woman, married to one of the other gang members and having an affair with another. Keller thought that was a pretty good recipe for disaster. There was a prolonged shoot-out at the end, with everybody dying in slow motion.

When the movie ended, he went over to switch off the set. His eye was caught by the stack of fliers Engleman had run off for him. LOST DOG. PART GER. SHEPHERD. ANSWERS TO SOLDIER. CALL 555-1904. REWARD.

Excellent watchdog, he thought. Good with children.

•

He didn't get up until almost noon. He went to the Mexican place and ordered *huevos rancheros* and put a lot of hot sauce on them.

He watched the waitress' hands as she served the food and again when she took his empty plate away. Light glinted off the little diamond. Maybe she and her husband would wind up on Cowslip Lane, he thought. Not right away, of course; they'd have to start out in the duplex, but that's what they could aspire to. A Dutch colonial with that odd kind of pitched roof. What did they call it, anyway? Was that a mansard roof or did that word describe something else? Was it a gambrel, maybe?

He thought he ought to learn these things. You saw the words and didn't know what they meant, saw the houses and couldn't describe them properly.

He had bought a paper on his way into the café, and now he turned to the classified ads and read through the real-estate listings. Houses seemed very inexpensive. You could actually buy a low-priced home here for twice what he would be paid for the week's work.

There was a safe-deposit box no one knew about rented under a name he'd never used for another purpose, and in it, he had enough cash to buy a nice home here for cash. Assuming you could still do that. People were funny about cash these days, leery of letting themselves be used to launder drug money.

Anyway, what difference did it make? He wasn't going to live here. The waitress could live here, in a nice little house with mansards and gambrels.

•

Engleman was leaning over his wife's desk when Keller walked into Quik Print. "Why, hello," he said. "Have you had any luck finding Soldier?"

He remembered the name, Keller noticed.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "the dog came back on his own. I guess he wanted the reward."

Betty Engleman laughed.

"You see how fast your fliers worked," he went on. "They brought the dog back before I got the chance to post them. I'll get some use out of them eventually, though. Old Soldier's got itchy feet; he'll take off again one of these days."

"Just so he keeps coming back," she said.

"Reason I stopped by," Keller said, "I'm new in town, as you might have gathered, and I've got a business venture I'm getting ready to kick into gear. I'm going to need a printer, and I thought maybe we could sit down and talk. You got time for a cup of coffee?"

Engleman's eyes were hard to read behind the glasses. "Sure," he said. "Why not?"

•

They walked down to the corner, Keller talking about what a nice afternoon it was, Engleman saying little beyond agreeing with him. At the corner, Keller said, "Well, Burt, where should we go for coffee?"

Engleman just froze. Then he said, "I knew."

"I know you did; I could tell the minute I walked in there. How?"

"The phone number on the flier. I tried it last night. They never heard of a Mr. Gordon."

"So you knew last night. Of course, you could have made a mistake on the number."

Engleman shook his head. "I wasn't going on memory. I ran an extra flier and dialed the number right off it. No Mr. Gordon and no lost dog. Anyway, I think I knew before then. I think I knew the minute you walked in the door."

"Let's get that coffee," Keller said.

They went into a place called the Rainbow Diner and had coffee at a table on the side. Engleman added artificial sweetener to his and stirred it long enough to dissolve marble chips. He had been an accountant back East, working for the man Keller had called in White Plains. When the Feds were trying to

(continued on page 162)

BACARDI® Breezer.

Bright. Light. Refreshing.

Breezer's the taste.

It's cool. Sparkling. And so special, it's unlike anything you've ever tasted. We took a splash of Bacardi® rum, a touch of sparkle, and luscious natural fruit juices. All deliciously blended into a new taste as light as an island breeze.

That's Bacardi Breezer, in four inviting flavors, each with its own little touch of paradise: Calypso Berry, Caribbean Key Lime, Island Peach, Tropical Fruit Medley. Available in convenient 4-packs.

BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. © 1990 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FL. RUM SPECIALTY. 4%-5.1% ALC. BY VOL.

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

While the sting ray isn't at home on the range, its highly reflective pebble-grain leather not only has an unusual look but also is virtually indestructible, by Decktiles, Portland, Maine, about $425. (No leather used in a Decktiles boot is obtained from endangered or threatened species.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

The unique K 1000 headphones angle and rest off the ear, reducing the air-volume interference of canventional headphone styles, from A.K.G. Acoustics, San Francisco, $895.

Stone Phones' hand-painted faux-marble surface in green, white or black lends them an air of elegance wherever they're placed, from Question-Mark of Santa Fe, $59.95.

RCA's cable-ready gloss-black Model EO9435 ColorTrak nine-inch A.C./D.C. portable TV comes with remote, a clock and sleep timer, auto programing and car cord, $269.

This 18-kt.-gold wotch designed by Gérold Genta has on enomel Mickey Mouse on mother-of-pearl face, sharkskin band, from Lester Lampert Jewelers, Chicago, $12,900.

This Iceman cometh in chrome plating. The snoppy little lunch box keeps food cool for as long os six hours with o refreezable ice pock, from Metrokone, New York, $50.

The original model of this wind-up Bugotti-type toy car is worth about $15,000. This 19" reproduction (one of only 5000) costs only $850, from l'art et l'automobile, New York.

Designed by Matteo Thun, The Alessi Compari Shaker of lead crystal and stainless steel incorporates a built-in strainer for mixing and pouring Campari cocktails, $130.

20 QUESTIONS

WILLY T. RIBBS

OK, now, real quick: What popular American sport introduced its first black competitor 43 years after Jackie Robinson entered major-league baseball? If you said Indy-car racing, you qualify for an official Willy T. Ribbs Flying Tiger fan club T-shirt. Ribbs, who started racing as an amateur in Europe in 1977, has become a minor legend in racing circles since breaking into professional racing in America in 1981. The San Jose native has notched 17 victories in the Sports Car Club of America's Trans-Am series and seven victories for Dan Gurney's team in the International Motor Sports Association's (IMSA) Camel GTO series; he was IMSA Driver of the Year in 1987 and 1988. Despite that impressive record, Ribbs never got the break every driver lives for—the invitation to race for an Indy-car team. That is, not until last November, when Bill Cosby joined the Raynor Motorsports Racing Team, renamed the Raynor/Cosby Racing Team, and committed himself to raising approximately $5,000,000 needed to put Ribbs on the CART/Indy circuit in a computerized Lola-Judd. Cosby said he first took an interest in the charismatic Ribbs when he saw him do his patented "victory shuffle" atop his car following a Trans-Am race. As for Ribbs, he's unflustered by being the Jackie Robinson of race-car drivers. As Contributing Editor Walter Lowe, Jr., who interviewed Ribbs at his home, says, "Willy Ribbs exudes charisma and confidence like a young Muhammad Ali but without the clowning. And, like the young Ali, you have a sense that it's not a matter of if he's going to be one of the greatest of all time but merely how long it will take."

the fastest black on four wheels runs down his critics, hitches up with bill cosby and explains the thrills of the braking contest

1.

PLAYBOY: At the age of thirty-four, are you considered an old rookie in Indy-car racing?

RIBBS: Are you kidding? Do you know how old Graham Hill was when he first ran at Indy? Thirty-seven. And he *won*. Physically, I'm the best athlete in the sport. And I'm not bragging. Just ask my peers.

2.

PLAYBOY: What do you do differently from other drivers to stay in shape?

RIBBS: No other driver trains like a boxer. I've trained at Garden City Boxing Club [in San Jose] for the past six years. Early in my career, Muhammad Ali convinced me that boxing was the best training for a race driver. Fighters are the best athletes in the world. No other sport comes close in terms of the strength, speed and durability it takes to be a champion. It's easy to dish out punches and not run out of gas if you're not getting hit. But the great fighters train to *take* punches. The *g* forces in a race car are tremendous. When a driver goes around a corner at Indy, his cornering speed is between two hundred ten and two hundred eighteen miles per hour, and right in the middle of that turn, the *g* force on your neck can be about five. That's a phenomenal amount of lateral force on your body for three hours. To prepare for that, a lot of drivers train in Nautilus rooms. I do Nautilus work, but I also give myself an extra edge by training in the boxing gym.

3.

PLAYBOY: When a baseball player or a football player starts to get too old to perform his best, they say he has "lost a step." Is there an equivalent of losing a step in racing?

RIBBS: Yeah, but it's a lot later in auto racing. Normally, it starts to happen around the age of fifty. For instance, I respect Mario Andretti more than any other driver in the world, because he's forty-eight or forty-nine years old and he's just as fast now as he was when he was twenty-eight. He's a tiger. When he walks into a room, if you didn't know who he was, you'd know he was somebody. But the main reason drivers start to lose something when they reach their fifties is primarily a matter of eyesight and, to some extent, reflexes. Eyesight is crucial, particularly depth perception when you're going into turns. But genetics also plays an important role. Some guys are born with eyesight and reflexes that hold up longer. But I think that's true of any sport.

4.

PLAYBOY: What makes a young African-American boy want to grow up to be a professional race-car driver? Can you point to specific events or people responsible for putting you on the fast track?

RIBBS: My grandfather went from Louisiana to California in 1921, and at the time he left Louisiana, *his* father, my great-grandfather Felix, was the wealthiest black man in the state. He had more than three thousand acres of farmland that he leased to sharecroppers. So our family was, from the turn of the century, a very business-minded people.

When my grandfather got to California, he went into the plumbing business in Santa Clara County, and I don't have to tell you how hard it was back then for a black man to get a license to do business. He did very well and eventually bought a lot of real estate. He started building housing complexes and retired at fifty.

My father and my uncle took over the plumbing and real-estate businesses from my grandfather when they were relatively young, and my father had enough money to pursue his hobby, which was sports-car racing at the amateur level. He was already racing when I was born.

My grandfather has a three-hundred-acre ranch in the Sacramento Valley, and when I was twelve, my parents sent me there to live with him and learn some discipline, because I'd already learned how to drive and was going wild, driving on the streets of San Jose. At my grandfather's ranch, I had room to drive without getting into trouble. But more important was my grandfather's work ethic. He didn't stand for any fooling around. When I first got there, he gave me a whipping every day. He just didn't stand for any nonsense. He shaped me more than anyone. He made me realize that to be the best at anything, you have to work hard.

At any rate, I was born into the sport and I know it better than most of my critics; and because of the way I was raised, I wasn't going to settle for anything less than what the top drivers got.

5.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of your critics, you had a reputation for being very outspoken earlier in your career. Yet, since Bill Cosby has become one of your major backers, you seem to have become a kinder, gentler Willy T. Ribbs. Have you been Huxtableized?

RIBBS: Well, first of all, I don't know what you mean by outspoken. Sure, if I thought I was being treated differently from other drivers, I was going to talk about it and still will. And then you have

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM ZIMBEROFF

to realize that there are certain people out there in the racing community who aren't ever going to be Willy T. fans, even if I never say another word.

6.

PLAYBOY: Well, one incident that may have earned you the reputation of having a quick temper was when you slugged driver Scott Pruitt after he bumped you during a race in Portland, Oregon, in 1987. Did he deserve it?

RIBBS: That's an example of what I'm talking about when I say I've been treated differently from other drivers. I'll explain what happened and let your readers decide for themselves.

We were racing for the lead and a quarter of the way through the race, we were lapping a slower car at the same time. As we raced to the corner, I took the other car on the inside, Pruitt took him on the outside. I made the lap, but Pruitt's move didn't work. He got bumped by the other car and knocked off the track into the dirt. He had to make two pit stops to repair the damage, which put him two laps behind me. I held on to the lead, and toward the last part of the race—when there was no way he could have caught me—I made a routine pit stop for gas and tires and just happened to come out of the pit right in front of him. He stayed on my tail and then, a few laps later, he cut a corner, ran into the right rear of my car, spun me around and damaged my car, knocking me out of any chance to win the race.

I finished second, and after the race was over, I went to the officials. I expected them to fine him for unnecessary rough driving, just as they had fined me in the past. And none of my infractions were as bad as his, since the only times I was fined I was racing for the lead and he wasn't. But IMSA turned a blind eye to his vengeful act and I was really steamed.

So after the race, I put on my clothes, packed up and left and I happened to see Pruitt in the parking lot driving out with a friend. He was sitting in the passenger seat with the window down. I went over to his car, reached in and gave him a little palm-reading lesson upside his head. Then he did what any crybaby would do, which was go to the officials. I knew that the majority of officials were not fans of mine, and Pruitt's complaint gave them an excuse to do what they wanted to do anyway, which was suspend me for a month. The press ate it up like hot boardinghouse pie.

7.

PLAYBOY: It has taken the Indianapolis 500 longer to integrate than it took major-league baseball, and when Cosby announced that he was backing you, you were quoted as saying, "There were two people who could make this happen: God and Bill Cosby." Cosby, in his ever-diplomatic way, has said that he sees unfairness when it comes to the racing world's acceptance of Willy T. Ribbs. When you press down the pedal at Indy, will you be trying to prove a point?

RIBBS: I try to win every race, and I'll be doing just that at Indy. No matter what the obstacles are, the whole point is to win. Raynor/Cosby and I and the mechanics and the engineers are all going for one thing: a winning team—not just at Indy but over the whole CART [Championship Auto Racing Team] season and for seasons to come. Anybody who asks me what my philosophy on race is, I tell him: Success comes in one color—green. If you win, it speaks for itself.

All I can say about unfairness is that at every level I've raced, I've been successful. I've won record numbers of races, driver-of-the-year awards, and so on. But to compete in Indy-car championship races, you have to be picked by a CART/Indy-car team. If Roger Penske calls and asks you to drive for him, or if Carl Haas gives you a call, then you go run Indy cars. Bill simply felt that I hadn't gotten the phone call my record deserved. There were other drivers whose records were no better than mine, perhaps not as good, who were getting the opportunity to go to Indy, and I wasn't.

8.

PLAYBOY: How much of being a successful driver is guts and speed and how much is public relations and business sense?

RIBBS: You can leave guts out. Guts have nothing to do with driving at high speed. Intelligence and desire are what's important. The only time guts come into driving fast is when you don't know what you're doing. But you do have to be one hundred percent public-relations expert and one hundred percent businessman.

It wasn't that way twenty, thirty years ago. Back then, rich team owners just hired drivers and paid their bills. But now racing is big corporate sponsorship, big television. You have to know how to make a deal, you have to know how to represent your sponsors well, you have to know how to make speeches, meet the press, make appearances and deal with being on TV. It's more than just being a hell of a driver.

9.

PLAYBOY: Your Dan Gurney All-America racer with the Toyota engine has won you a lot of races over the past two and a half years. Do you have any sentimental attachment to that car?

RIBBS: Not at all. Some drivers have attachments to their cars, particularly the guys who are into the mechanical side of racing. But I'm into the art of driving. When a race is over, I get on top of the car, do my victory shuffle and leave footprints on the roof, then go to the victory podium. I don't turn around to look lovingly at the car or anything like that. After all, it's just a mechanical object that can give you big joy but can give you big letdowns, too. I would

venture that more drivers call their car a bitch than praise it.

10.

PLAYBOY: Dan Gurney, a racing legend in his own right, has been your unfailing backer for five years. What's the most important lesson you've learned from him?

RIBBS: The most important thing I learned from Dan was team spirit and a sense of trust. On the teams I'd raced with before Dan's, the trust factor was very low. Like, for instance, when I'd think up a different chassis combination to make my car a little bit quicker, I'd share that information with other guys on my team. But when they'd come up with an idea, I'd never see the blueprints. The idea of *team* became a farce to me. But Dan's attitude was that we all had to share information with one another, no exceptions. He wanted each one of us to win as badly as *we* wanted to win, but he also wanted each guy to have the same advantages as the other guy. That way, you were competing on sheer skill. Eventually, Dan and I became tight off the track. Part of what I loved about him was that he was a pure racer. A pure racer isn't necessarily a guy who wins a lot of races or is the fastest ever. A real racer is a guy who will spend his last nickel and his last ounce of energy to win. That's Dan Gurney.

11.

PLAYBOY: What's a driver's worst nightmare—a crash or a fire?

RIBBS: If you run straight into something at over a hundred and fifty miles per hour, that's *real* bad. Now, if you glance off a wall, do a spin or slam back into a wall at that speed, or even roll the car, that's normally not too bad. It's bad but not *too* bad. But the sudden stop of going head on into something, that's definitely not good. As far as fire, the safety equipment we have now—the suits we wear and the strength of the capsule of the race car itself—prevents serious injury. That's one of the biggest improvements in racing over the past decade. Back in the Fifties and Sixties, fire was the most dangerous problem, because a driver could survive a crash but get trapped in the car in a fire and be killed.

12.

PLAYBOY: Apart from dangers on the track, aren't there dangers off the track, such as the lifestyle that caused the emerging star of racer Tim Richmond to be snuffed out by AIDS? When he died last year, the explanation given by his friends was that he lived an extremely promiscuous life. Is that lifestyle common among racers?

RIBBS: Auto racing is a very fast-paced business, just like the music industry. I've seen it all my life, even as a kid. It's glamourous, and in any glamourous profession, there are a lot of beautiful women around. There is plenty of action on and off the track, you know? A lot of sex. And the mechanics and the engineers are just as big stars to the women who know the sport as the drivers are. After a race, they go back to their hotels and put their noses to a totally different grindstone.

13.

PLAYBOY: Give us a quick scope on the women who hang around the pit. Can they change a tire? When they look under the hood, do they see order or chaos?

RIBBS: Women who are interested in auto racing are almost always interested in the mechanical side of the sport. They can certainly change their own tires, and when they look under the hood, they know what they're looking at. That type of woman is a racer, whether she drives a race car or not.

14.

PLAYBOY: What are three things about driving that you guys know and we don't?

RIBBS: Well, I can think of four things: car control; the art of driving in the rain at high speed; drafting, or high-speed slipstreaming; and how to win a braking contest. The last is when you're going down the street and you're racing somebody to a corner. Eventually, both of you are going to have to put on the brakes to make it around the corner. A braking contest determines who can go into the corner deepest and brake the latest without crashing. Your depth perception has to be paramount and your foot speed has to be like Sugar Ray Leonard's.

15.

PLAYBOY: What's the dumbest thing we do behind the wheel that you don't?

RIBBS: Rubbernecking is the dumbest thing that lay people do and pro drivers don't. If a race driver has crashed and the car's on the side of the road, we do not look at the accident. We're not trying to see if anybody's hurt. We may go by the scene of an accident at well over a hundred miles per hour, so we look where we're going.

16.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel comfortable riding in the passenger seat?

RIBBS: I don't have a problem riding in the passenger seat with anybody until he starts to go above what he's capable of handling. People who try to show off for me make me nervous. My wife is a good driver, so I feel very comfortable with her. My dad drives fast, but he knows what he's doing, so it doesn't bother me. But if somebody looks like he's taking my life in his hands, I'll definitely speak up.

17.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us the Ribbs tips for buying a used car? And what information is gained when we kick the tires of a car we intend to buy?

RIBBS: It's really simple. For my dollar, the Mercedes is the best car in the world, new or used. The car is very strong structurally, it's got good power, good handling, and those three ingredients, along with its phenomenal reliability, make it a tremendous value for the money. And I don't drive for Mercedes, so this is just my honest opinion. I don't know why anybody would kick the tires of a car, unless he wanted to break his toe. More useful is to test-drive it and let go of the steering wheel for a second to see if

"No halfway measures will work. In the end, Bush will have to appoint an anticholesterol czar."

the car veers to the left or the right, which tells you that something's wrong.

18.

PLAYBOY: One of the most memorable lines from the film *Apocalypse Now* is "I love the smell of napalm in the morning." Is there an equivalent smell at the race track that makes you tingle?

RIBBS: Well, there isn't a smell, but there is a sound. When you hear the explosions of the turbochargers when the drivers shift, it's absolutely the greatest sound in the world. And it echoes across the track and kind of makes your blood pound. Some cities are trying to introduce ordinances to reduce the decibels at the race tracks, but when auto racing becomes so intimidated that it starts putting mufflers on race cars, it's going to lose a lot of its excitement.

19.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been, if you'll pardon the expression, ribbed about your name? And aren't you happy that your parents didn't name you Bobby Q.?

RIBBS: I've never given it any thought. A lot of people have thought that my real name was something I made up. My family's name was Beck. One of the reasons my grandfather had to go to California was that his older brother Ben had a business dispute with a white man over a large amount of timber the man was buying from my great-grandfather. As a result, my granduncle beat the man up. And back in the Twenties, you didn't do that. So they had to leave Louisiana in a hurry or be lynched. America was a socially insane country at that time, and it wasn't inconceivable that some fools from Louisiana would go all the way to California to get revenge on my family. So when they moved to the West Coast, they changed their name from Beck to Ribbs. I remember hearing my granddad always talking about the Becks, how tough they were. I remember finally asking my dad when I was about thirteen, "Dad, who are the Becks?" And he answered, "The Becks are you."

20.

PLAYBOY: Columbia Pictures has bought the rights to your life story. If you had control over the film, whom would you pick to play yourself, who would play your love interests and how would it end?

RIBBS: Denzel Washington would play me, because my life has been a dramatic saga, and he's a phenomenal dramatic actor. As for my love interests, I'd like one of them to be Whitney Houston or maybe Paula Abdul. I hate the traditional ending where a guy wins the big race, with the checkered flag waving, and he rides into the sunset with a trophy in his hand. I'd like my ending to leave the audience hanging, wanting more. I'd like the movie to end on a beginning—me climbing down into a car, in slow motion, getting buckled in.

"Why do I have this feeling that something happened to the Jaguar?"

History of Jazz and Rock

(continued from page 134)

halls and social gatherings as small society orchestras and pushed the music ahead another step when they started livening up their dance material with the beat of their marching units.

The new music gained inspiration from a postwar influx of back-country black preachers and their congregations, who brought their emotional, rhythmically charged spirituals, shouts and sermons to the rough uptown districts. The Mardi Gras Indians—blacks of mixed African, French and Choctaw ancestry who masked as "wild" Indians during Mardi Gras—preserved the remaining traces of their African heritage through their ritualistic chants and cries, wild street moves and regular Sunday "Indian practices." They added an Afro-Caribbean-Choctaw rhythmic twist to the music of the brass bands that survives today as an essential ingredient of all New Orleans music.

•

Blues in the country, brass bands in the city—here were the two strains of African-American music that would dominate and inform all American popular music for the next century. Both gave voice to the evolving culture of ex-slaves in new circumstances. Both served the emerging needs for self-expression and homespun entertainment among the communities that produced them. But emancipation also made possible the emergence of an entirely new force in American show business: the professional Negro entertainer.

The first black entertainers to pursue a living in the music business were the genuine Negro minstrels who surfaced after emancipation to introduce African syncopation and phrasing to white audiences throughout America and Europe. A pale approximation of their music had been popular with the general public since the 1840s, performed by troupes of white entertainers originating in New York who aped the early inventions of actual plantation minstrels. They formed troupes dressed in raggedy formalwear, blackened their faces and hands with burnt cork and offered awkward versions of Negro songs, dances and comedy routines in the guise of blackface minstrels.

Once blacks were free to seek a living, show business offered an opportunity for African Americans finally to compete with their imitators. And such early "Negro" touring shows as the Georgia Minstrels, Pringle Minstrels and McCabe and Young Minstrels gained wide exposure throughout the country.

The genuine Negro minstrels ultimately contributed a radical new musical form called ragtime, a relentlessly polyrhythmic music that appeared on the American entertainment scene in the late 1880s. Ragtime developed as soon as black musicians gained regular access to that quintessential European instrument, the piano, and

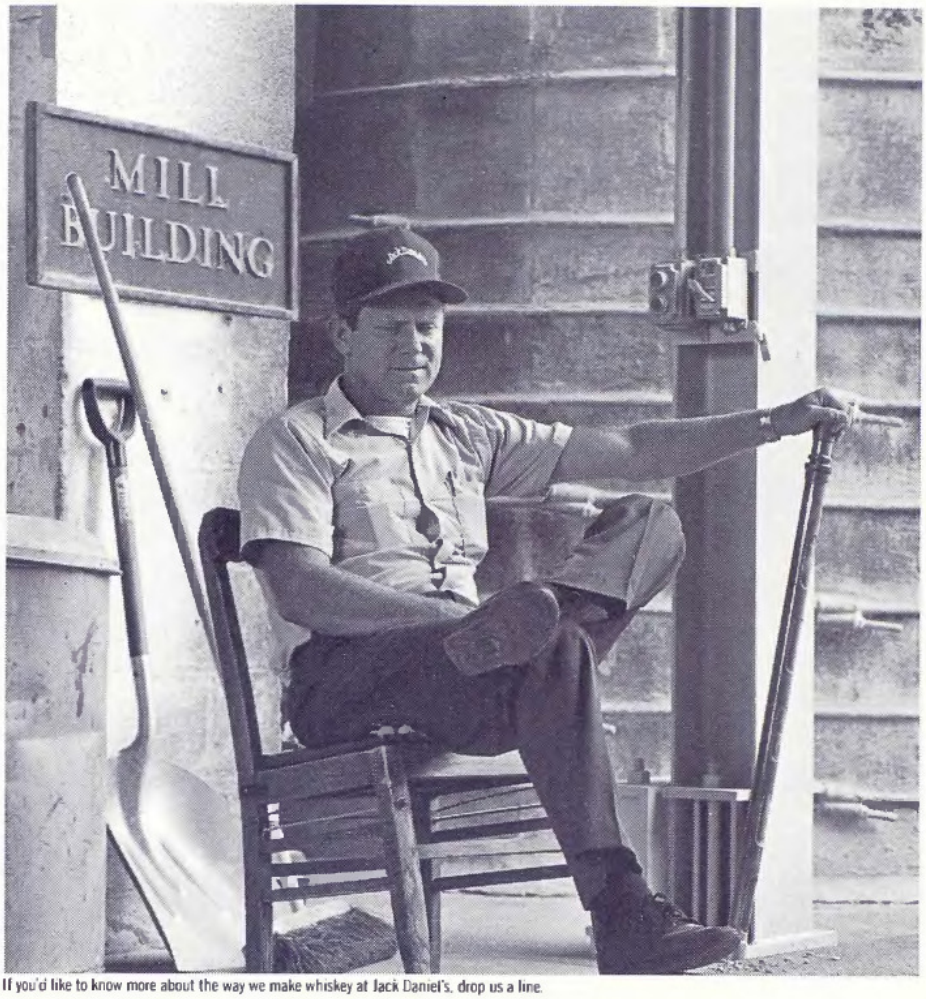
began to bend its keys to their own purposes. Adapting their ancestral musical concepts and practices to its expressive properties, the early ragtime pianists whipped together light classics, popular marches and show tunes, folk ditties and traditional dance tunes of both races into a thrilling synthesis that flashed into the national limelight at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. The first published rags—Tom Turpin's *Harlem Rag* and W. H. Krell's *The Mississippi Rag*—appeared in 1897 and were instantly snatched up by millions of American households to be studied and played on parlor pianos.

Ragtime was a strong force in New Orleans, where the Creoles of color enjoyed early access to the piano. Ragtime soon colored the attack of the brass bands, as well as the approach of the "piano professors" who provided popular entertainment for the city's wide-open red-light district. Untutored uptown blacks began *ragging* their blues and spirituals, infusing their country-bred concoctions with the spirit and drive of ragtime.

Popular ragtime compositions by Midwestern pianists published by New York music firms found their way onto the music stands of the Creoles of color, who prided themselves on their hard-won ability to read and perform every sort of written material. Syncopation reared its tempting head and these stiff, well-schooled musicians who had moved so far away from the ancestral polyrhythms of Africa were suddenly propelled right back under their spell. The Creoles' mastery of the lugubrious rhythms and dragging tempos of European music stood for nought in the face of the ragtime invasion, which demanded the destruction of regular meter by the unrelenting offbeats and cross-accents that characterized the new popular music of the Nineties.

At that point was added the last ingredient in the development of jazz—racism with a new twist. However strong the Creole musicians' loyalty to European forms and however strong their stand against the music of darker-skinned blacks, the relative status of the Creole musicians was about to crumble. With the amended Jim Crow laws of 1892 came a new legal basis for strict racial segregation and all people of color were thrown together into a single outcast class barred from equal participation in all walks of life.

The new laws erased in one stroke the decades of effort exerted by the Creoles to distance themselves from their fellow citizens of African descent. Overnight, the haughty Creoles were reduced to the level of the lowliest blacks just in from the country, forced to compete with their rough, dark-skinned counterparts for jobs and sustenance. While some took this disaster in stride, others cursed the day they had been born with whatever fractional amount of African blood still ran through



If you'd like to know more about the way we make whiskey at Jack Daniel's, drop us a line.

AT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY, our miller is known as the crankiest man in Moore County. We're glad that he is.

For seven generations at our Tennessee distillery we've insisted on the very best corn American farmers can grow. Our miller inspects each delivery from bottom to top. And if it isn't up to our standard, he'll send the whole truckload right back. Occasionally, we hear he's too picky. But we don't mind hearing that. You see, what earns him his cranky reputation is what earns our whiskey your respect.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352

their veins. All had to cope somehow, for better or for worse, with the new Jim Crow definition of negritude and the limited opportunities it afforded every person of African descent.

The most resourceful of the Creoles read the handwriting on the wall and began preparing at once to mingle in the economic sphere with the blacks their people had shunned for generations. Among the Creole musicians, that meant accepting the crowd-pleasing validity of the gut-bucket blues and the Baptist spirituals the rough uptown players used to entertain their crowds. Enterprising Creoles turned their considerable prowess toward the task of meeting the low-down mark set by the raggedy musicians of ignoble birth.

It was at this point that jazz was born. The Jim Crow amendments, intended to hold back the progress of the African race, ironically facilitated the commingling of the distinct African-American cultural strains. And out of unity came the musical form that would take over the world of popular music for decades to come. In a matter of months, the first identifiable jazz group, Buddy Bolden's Eagle Band, would strut onto the stage of history from the disreputable precincts of uptown New Orleans, laying down a sound that would reverberate around the globe.

This is the first in a series of articles that will appear from time to time.

"Blub. . . . So much for your 'Who's going to know?' . . ."

PLACE YOUR BETS

(continued from page 128)

eleven. But I really don't know about this seven horse. Maybe I should go with the eight. Who do you like in the race, anyway?" If you do this and I happen to be the next person in line, I will deliver a stinging rebuke. If there are 15 seconds left before post time and I am in danger of being shut out, I may throttle you.

Bettors uncertain about the proper procedures should bet early, not in the last-minute crush, but all should learn proper conduct at the windows: Have your bets written on your program; don't expect to make any last-second decisions. Have the money in your hand. Call your bets in the following order: amount, type of bet, horse's number. For example. "Five dollars to win on number eight. Two-dollar exactas, eight-one, eight-five, eight-six."

•

Watching the Race: In order to see a race clearly, it is no longer necessary to tote unwieldy binoculars of the sort that General Patton might have used to observe enemy troops. Binoculars are now made in compact sizes (such as 8 x 20) that will fit into a pocket but will nevertheless give a razor-sharp view of a race. But there are plenty of horse players, even serious ones, who don't bother with binoculars at all, preferring to watch races on closed-circuit television. In either case, a bettor should take a look at his horses when they go onto the track and make a mental note of the cut and the color of the jockey's silks so he can follow the progress of his investment when the race is on.

•

Rooting: The running of a race is a minute or two of intense excitement and noise as thousands of people implore different horses, cheer their victories and curse their losses. Nevertheless, a few rules of etiquette must govern such behavior.

One day at Hialeah, I bet $1000 on a horse and watched the race from the press box, rooting energetically. Next to me was a young man who was screaming for his horse with the level of emotion that one might normally reserve for pleading with the Mau Mau to spare one's infant child. When the young man's horse beat mine, I learned that he had bet two dollars and had won $20. My annoyance led to the formulation of the Beyer Rule of Rooting: While enthusiastic cheering is part of the game, wild and unrestrained displays of emotion are permissible only when the potential winnings equal ten percent of a bettor's annual income. I always stop to make this calculation before dropping to my knees, raising my arms and shouting, "I'm king of the world!"

It should be noted, however, that vociferous denunciations of jockeys are always considered permissible. After a race has been run, you may stand in the midst of a

We Want You To Know...

Condoms are considered one of the most effective methods of birth control ever developed.

Condoms, when properly used, are the only contraceptive that aids in the prevention of sexually transmitted diseases.

Protex Condoms have been meeting consumers' needs for 50 years. No other condom has been proven more effective.

TRY 10 FREE!

Send $1.00 handling (cash, check or money order) to receive your sampler of 10 Protex condoms featuring Arouse®, Secure®, Touch® Contracept Plus®, Man Form Plus® and Sunrise® to:

AllerCare/NSL
7150 N. Ridgeway, Lincolnwood, IL 60645

Be sure to print clearly your name, address and zip code for prompt shipment. Limit one offer per household. Void where prohibited. ©1990 AllerCare/NSL

Protex®...
Quality Protection is Our Name.

crowd and shout, "That crooked little pinhead! He ought to be arrested!" Regardless of what has transpired in the race, half the people around you will be nodding vigorously in agreement.

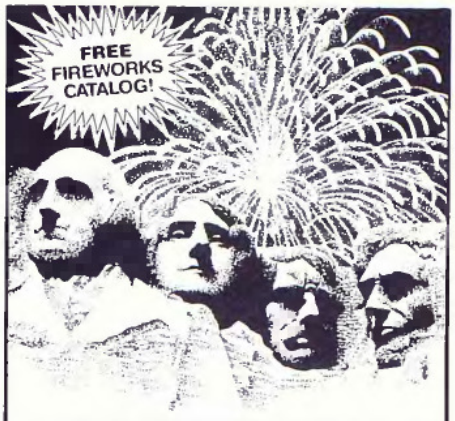
•

If You Get Serious: Horse racing has always tended to appeal to a hard core of committed devotees rather than a broad base of casual fans, because the game usually inspires either passion or indifference. Those who find that the game strikes a responsive chord in them will want to explore new horizons—both intellectually and geographically.

Many serious, literate books about handicapping have been published in recent years. Steve Davidowitz' *Betting Thoroughbreds* is an excellent primer. William Quirin's *Winning at the Races* employs computer-generated statistics as a basis for understanding the sport. *The Body Language of Horses*, by Tom Ainslie and Bonnie Ledbetter, explains ways to judge horses' physical appearance. My book, *Picking Winners*, helped trigger the current popularity of speed handicapping; *The Winning Horseplayer* describes a more advanced approach called trip handicapping. James Quinn's *The Best of Thoroughbred Handicapping* is a survey of all the major literature on the subject.

As new fans develop a fondness for the sport and a national perspective, they will want to see the famous races and race tracks that they read about in the *Daily Racing Form*. The Breeders' Cup, the one-day extravaganza with seven rich championship races, is the sport's most compelling attraction; it will be held this fall at Belmont Park on Long Island, next fall at Louisville's Churchill Downs. And every horse player should probably see one Kentucky Derby, though one is enough; crowded, chaotic days of major-stakes races are often less fun than a normal day at a wonderful track. Even for an ordinary midweek racing card, a visitor will have his breath taken away at the sight of Santa Anita, in Arcadia, California, with its majestic backdrop of the San Gabriel Mountains. Saratoga Race Course, in Saratoga Springs, New York, is permeated by so much history and tradition that it is easy to envision what the sport was like in the last century, when plungers such as Diamond Jim Brady and Bet-a-Million Gates were regular customers.

When a horse player does travel to far-flung tracks, he will appreciate the strength and universality of the game's appeal. I have played the horses in places as diverse as Thailand, Australia and Barbados, and while the tracks and the animals may be very different, I see the same character types everywhere, poring over their country's version of the *Daily Racing Form*, engaged in the never-ending quest to pick a winner.



OLDE GLORY FIREWORKS brings fireworks to your door! Complete 32-page color catalog **FREE!** For more information call **TOLL-FREE 1-800-843-8758.**

Void where prohibited.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Olde Glory Fireworks

P.O. Box 2863, RAPID CITY, SD 57709

1-800-843-8758

STOP SWEAT 6 WEEKS

Treatment with electronic DRIONIC® keeps the heavy sweater dry for 6 week periods. Try doctor recommended Drionic for unequaled control with a 45 DAY MONEY BACK GUAR. Thousands previously prescribed. Send $125. ea. pair (specify hands, underarms, feet). CA res. + 6¼%. COD send $25. — bal/chgs on receipt. © 1990 GEN MED CO

GENERAL MEDICAL CO., Dept. P8-20
1935 Armacost Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025

Phone **orders** — MC/Visa — 800 HEAL DOC

SWIMSUITS ILLUSTRATED
Limited Edition Signed Portfolios

Swimwear USA's Darla Addley poses in the exotic U.S. Virgin Islands for six 9X12 color portfolio plates- complete with an illustrated envelope. Available in 2 collector's editions.
Signed;model & photographer...$50 Ppd.
(contains an extra hand-developed photo)
Signed;photographer only.....30 Ppd.

Visa or MC customers include phone # and all info or send check or MO. Free catalog with order. **Satisfaction guaranteed**

The Illustration Studio
14 Glenwood Dr, Windsor CT 06095
(203) 644-3590 . Fax (203) 644-0456

FREE CONDOMS
CALL TOLL FREE NOW!
1-800-CONDOMS

Adam & Eve • P.O. Box 900 • Dept. PB66
Carrboro, NC 27510

SEX BULLIES

(continued from page 88)

rights movement (much to the well-expressed disgust of the leaders of that movement). The anti-abortion movement was, until recently, dominated by Catholic religious leaders and composed largely of women. Most of those women held strong religious convictions against abortion and many were antifeminist as well, because they believed that feminism threatened their identity and prestige in the traditional roles of wife and mother.

But what we are seeing with Operation Rescue is not women who feel threatened by the feminist movement—it is young men. It's young men you see outside abortion clinics these days screaming "Whore!" and "Dyke!" at every woman who enters. Susan Faludi, who is writing a book on the backlash against feminism, reports that Terry's background is fairly typical. Son of a middle-class family in Upstate New York, Terry was a bright and talented kid who was underemployed by the early Eighties. He flipped burgers at McDonald's, pumped gas, sold tires and cars and was laid off twice during the recession. Faludi observes, "The men of Operation Rescue—and police records indicate that 56 percent of the activists are men—do not fit the stereotype of grizzled Christian elders. Almost all its leaders and nearly half its active participants are in their late 20s to mid-30s. They are men who belong to the second half of the baby-boom generation, men who not only missed the political engagement of the Sixties but were cheated out of that era's affluent bounty.

"In the media," Faludi writes, "the abortion debate is most commonly framed as a moral dispute over a biology question: When does life begin? But Operation Rescue's peculiar brand of passion and animosity is fueled by far more personal emotions. These are men who are losing ground and at the same time seeing women gaining it—and suspect a connection."

The resentment of young white men who are losing ground in the system and who blame it on women and on affirmative action takes some odd cultural forms. One of them is the popularity of extraordinarily sexist comedians—"the Rev" Sam Kinison, Andrew Dice Clay, Rick Ducommun and others, who are not only hot on the comedy-club circuit but also frequently featured on cable-TV channels. "Bitch," "slut," "cunt," "dyke," "whore"—the insults pour out of them and audiences roar with laughter. Part of their appeal is the lure of the outrageous—to be daring, to be *outré*, to say what no one else dares say. And part of the appeal is what one form of humor has always been good for—it's a great way to express hostility.

Terry says it without humor: "Our diehard enemies are almost totally feminists. Radical feminism, of course, has vowed to destroy the traditional family unit, hates motherhood, hates children for the most part, promotes lesbian activity. Take Margaret Sanger [founder of Planned Parenthood]. She was a whore, she slept all over the place, all over the world, with all kinds of people."

The prescription is clear: Back to the kitchen; keep 'em barefoot and pregnant.

Perhaps the cruelest manifestation of this attitude is the work of the pro-family forces to stop programs designed to end child abuse and to help battered women. You may wonder how anyone could be against stopping child abuse or wife battering. Easy; ask social workers who deal with child abuse or work at shelters for battered women. They are under constant assault by people convinced that they are destroying the family by trying to stop physical violence within the family. These so-called pro-family groups are often fundamentalist Christians hipped on the notion, pure and simple, that God intended the man to be the head of the family.

With the antipornography movement, the antisex coalition takes on an even more unlikely ally than hip comedians—feminists themselves. In the well-known cases of the Minneapolis and the Indianapolis obscenity statutes, we saw an alliance of fundamentalists and feminists united in efforts to impose legal censorship. In Minneapolis, the statute was vetoed by the mayor; in Indianapolis, it was overturned by the courts. But these will not be the last such efforts. Legal censorship is by no means a majority position among feminists—few approve of pornography, but then, few approve of censorship, either.

Pornography is a cause that attracts a wide range of crusaders. One of the most notable is Charles H. Keating, of Lincoln Savings and Loan: When not presiding over his failed S&L and consorting with U.S. Senators, he spent his time on efforts to keep dirty magazines out of the Pick 'n' Pay. Which is not to say that all who oppose porn are given to financial chicanery—merely that they're a heterogeneous lot.

Antiporn groups also attract a delicious assortment of fruitcakes and bluenoses, who can be counted upon to denounce immortal works of literature, sight sexual innuendoes in Dr. Seuss books and otherwise add to the festive carnival of malarkey that enriches our civic life.

One fundamentalist divine, the Reverend Mark Weaver, heads a group called Citizens Against Pornography and is hellbent on driving sin out of Austin, Texas. At a recent City Planning Commission hearing, Weaver informed a horrified audience that only the day before, a man had come out of the dirty-movie theater on South Congress Avenue, gone into the alley behind that theater and . . . masturbated. And a lady who has two little girls lives

Looking Good!
PLAYBOY'S BOOK OF
LINGERIE
THE JOY OF SEXY INTIMATE APPAREL
©1990 Playboy
One look and you'll agree: you've never seen women quite as beautiful as those featured in this all-new edition of Playboy's Book of Lingerie. An uninterrupted gallery of great looking women in and out of the world's sexiest intimate apparel: something to savor all Spring long. At newsstands now.
TO ORDER BY MAIL: Send check or money order for $10.00 per copy plus $2.00 shipping and handling charge per total order made payable to Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Dept. 09018, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009. Canadian residents, add $3.00, full amount payable in U.S. currency on a U.S. bank only. Sorry, no other foreign orders can be accepted. Or order by phone by calling toll-free: 1-800-345-6066.
AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

right behind that theater and they might have seen that man doing that—except, praise Jesus, she has a large wooden fence around her yard.

Weaver's testimony against the evil wreaked by dirty movies caused John Henry Faulk, 75, to creak up to the microphone and announce that he had been born and raised in South Austin, not a quarter of a mile from where the dirty-movie theater stands today. "I think you should all know," he announced, "that there was a *considerable* amount of masturbation goin' on in South Austin before there was ever a dirty-movie theater on South Congress Avenue."

The antigay movement, as reflected in its literature, springs from the danker and murkier depths of human motivation. The fact that it is distinctly sick is reflected in the miasma of hatred that surrounds it. A lot of people who are antigay don't just crusade against homosexual bookstores or try to put gay bars out of business with zoning ordinances—they go out and beat up the patrons. It is that sick violence that makes antigay literature and action groups so repellent. The question that always comes up is, Just who is calling whom perverted here?

The more genteel reaches of antigay bigotry continue to enjoy wide social acceptance. The young thug in Dallas who went out gay bashing one night last year and wound up murdering two men he didn't even know is not destined to become a social lion. On the other hand, Judge Jack Hampton, who gave this creep an exceptionally light sentence on the stated grounds that his victims were "just queers," enjoyed more applause than condemnation. He is running unopposed for re-election and has received a huge number of campaign contributions.

AIDS has obviously reinforced a range of fears about homosexuals and has promoted antigay prejudice. As the disease spreads and begins to cost more and more—its impact on the nation's health-care system has only begun to be felt—it will inevitably help give sex a bad name.

Barbara Ehrenreich, in her recent book *The Fear of Falling*, notes that the current social and political conservatism of the American middle class was caused in large part by a reaction against and fear of the dread Sixties triumvirate—sex, drugs and rock and roll. Middle-class reaction against hedonism, real or perceived, is extremely strong. Middle-class mores call for discipline, self-denial and postponement of gratification.

The President of the United States regularly says that the most serious problem this country faces is drugs, which are, in fact, used by only a very small percentage of Americans. But the fear of drugs and of permissiveness and of all they imply about decline and decay is pervasive in our country. Not even rock and roll is safe from reaction: All over the country, legislatures have passed laws banning the sale to minors of records with "sexual excitement or activities" in the lyrics; some states put warning labels on rock albums and rock videos or require opaque wrappers.

Add to all these trends a sane reaction against the commercialization of sex. Sex, after all, is used to sell everything from cheap, quotidian products such as tooth paste to expensive, exotic foreign sports cars. Thoughtful social critics across the political spectrum deplore the phenomenon, though they disagree about remedies.

All of these fears and prejudices, dislikes and distastes, reactions against wretched excess and sexual abuse result in repeated attempts to outlaw sex in one way or another. James West, a senator in the Washington State legislature, introduced a bill this year that would outlaw not only sexual intercourse among those under 18 but also "heavy petting." According to the National Center for Health Statistics, 54 percent of young women 15 to 19 have had intercourse at least once, so this bill would create a substantial pool of future felons. Right away, you can see the complications that would ensue from legal sanctions against heavy petting. Definitions would be critical. Did you touch it? Did it twitch? If you're the first person in your area to be thrown into the hoosegow for French kissing, how will you explain it to all the mother rapers and father killers doing hard time?

One ambitious Texas legislator introduced a bill that would have made same-sex handholding illegal. But it is unwise to assume that just because this is a hopelessly silly endeavor it will never succeed. American jurisprudence has not always moved to greater freedom—there have been several times when freedom was rolled back, rights were rescinded and the Constitution failed to rescue the many unfortunates. Fear causes more damage to liberty than any other factor.

John Henry Faulk, that wise old man who spoke about masturbation, likes to tell the story of the time his momma sent him and his friend Boots Cooper to clear a chicken snake out of the family's henhouse. Johnny and Boots looked on the lower shelf of nests and couldn't find the snake, so they stood on tiptoe to see if it had got up on top, and that's how they came to be nose to nose with a chicken snake. They left that henhouse so fast they did considerable damage both to themselves and to the henhouse door. Johnny's momma thought it was pretty funny: "Boys, don't you know a chicken snake can't hurt you?"

That's when Boots uttered this immortal line: "Yes, ma'am," he said, "but there's some things that'll scare you so bad that you'll hurt yourself."

PLAY
MATE
MOUSSY
Non Alcoholic
Brew
This mate has style, European breeding but no alcohol and just 50 calories. Moussy's imported beer taste satisfies your thirst and leaves your senses razor sharp to enjoy the rest of the evening with a clear head. Because Moussy's the drink to choose when you choose not to drink.
Delicious, non-alcoholic Moussy. A partner to your lifestyle because...
It's Your Life To Style.
FREE! For a 4-color guide to a healthy, active lifestyle, including exercise tips, stress reduction techniques, guilt-free snack ideas and 50¢ Moussy coupon, send a $1.00 check for postage and handling payable to: STB Inc. Mail to: STB Inc./1, Moussy, P.O. Box 1700, Jackson, NJ 08527. Imported by Sibra Products Inc., Greenwhich, CT. Contains less than 0.5% alcohol by volume.
PLAYMATE used with permission of Playboy

PEDAL POWER

(continued from page 121)

suffering from glandular problems. They are constructed of ultralight aluminum tubing oversized to increase strength. Their fat, knobby tires and state-of-the-art multigear component groups can take, and survive, a beating off the beaten bike path. Of course, it makes little difference that most mountain bikers will come as close to riding on a mountain as Dan Quayle came to landing in Saigon.

Road racers: The top guns of bicycling are made to go fast, period! Their light alloy or aluminum frames, aerodynamically designed disc or three-spoke composite wheels and finely machined component groups make these hot screamers look sharper and move faster than any previous generation of roadies. The fallout is that they have unleashed legions of LeMond clones onto the bike paths and public ways, which is like using a Corvette as rush-hour transportation in midtown Manhattan.

While biking is enjoying a renaissance, riders now face police and rangers with radar guns, advocates for mandatory helmet laws and cops on mountain bikes making arrests. Can Ted Koppel and *Nightline* be far behind?

Whether the bicycle is to the Nineties what the horse was to the last century remains to be seen. That it can take its rider farther and farther away from the urban sprawl is a certainty. That it's being used for just that purpose is also a given. It's the perfect escape vehicle, no matter what you plan to escape from or to. So, although it once may have been easier to buy a bike, it sure wasn't as much fun. Happy trails.

"Luckily, I hit my head when I fell off the bar stool and I suddenly remembered who I was and where I lived."

SOLDIER

(continued from page 146)

make a RICO case against Engleman's boss, Engleman was a logical place to apply pressure. He wasn't really a criminal, he hadn't done much of anything, and they told him he was going to prison unless he rolled over and testified. If he did what they said, they'd give him a new name and move him someplace safe. If not, he could talk to his wife once a month through a wire screen and have ten years to get used to it.

"How did you find me?" he wanted to know. "Somebody leaked it in Washington?"

Keller shook his head. "Freak thing," he said. "Somebody saw you on the street, recognized you, followed you home."

"Here in Roseburg?"

"I don't think so. Were you out of town a week or so ago?"

"Oh, God," Engleman said. "We went down to San Francisco for the weekend."

"That sounds right."

"I thought it was safe. I don't even know anybody in San Francisco; I was never there in my life. It was her birthday; we figured nothing could be safer. I don't know a soul there."

"Somebody knew you."

"And followed me back here?"

"I don't even know. Maybe they got your plate and had somebody run it. Maybe they checked your registration at the hotel. What's the difference?"

"No difference."

Engleman picked up his coffee and stared into the cup. Keller said, "You knew last night. Did you call someone?"

"There's somebody I can call," Engleman said. He put his cup down. "It's not that great a program," he said. "It's great when they're telling you about it, but the execution leaves a lot to be desired."

"You hear things," Keller said.

"Anyway, I didn't call anybody. What are they going to do? Say they stake my place out, the house and the print shop, and they pick you up. Even if they make something stick against you, what good does it do me? We'll have to move again because the guy'll just send somebody else, right?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, I'm not moving anymore. They moved us three times and I don't even know why. I think it's automatic, part of the program; they move you a few times during the first year or two. This is the first place we've really settled in to since we left, and we're starting to make money at Quik Print, and I like it. I like the town and I like the business. I don't want to move."

"The town seems nice."

"It is," Engleman said. "It's better than I thought it would be."

"And you didn't want to develop an accounting practice?"

"Never," Engleman said. "I had enough of that, believe me. Look what it got me."

"You wouldn't necessarily have to work for crooks."

Nobody has the Carlton Combination.

1.
Lowest tar. Lowest nicotine.

2.
"The taste that's right."

1 mg. tar
0.1 mg. nic.

U.S. Gov't. Test Method confirms of all king soft packs:

Carlton is lowest.

King Size Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© The American Tobacco Co. 1990.

"How do you know who's a crook and who isn't? Anyway, I don't want any kind of work where I'm always looking at the inside of somebody else's business. I'd rather have my own little business, work there side by side with my wife; we're right there on the street and you can look in the front window and see us. You need stationery, you need business cards, you need invoice forms, I'll print 'em for you."

"How did you learn the business?"

"It's a franchise kind of thing, a turn-key operation. Anybody could learn it in twenty minutes."

"No kidding?" Keller said.

"Oh, yeah. Anybody."

Keller drank some of his coffee. He asked if Engleman had said anything to his wife and learned that he hadn't. "That's good," he said. "Don't say anything. I'm this guy, weighing some business ventures, needs a printer, has to have, you know, arrangements so there's no cash-flow problem. And I'm shy talking business in front of women, so the two of us go off and have coffee from time to time."

"Whatever you say," Engleman said.

Poor scared bastard, Keller thought. He said, "See, I don't want to hurt you, Burt. I wanted to, we wouldn't be having this conversation. I'd put a gun to your head, do what I'm supposed to do. You see a gun?"

"No."

"The thing is, I don't do it, they send somebody else. I come back empty, they want to know why. What I have to do, I have to figure something out. You don't want to run."

"No. The hell with running."

"Well, I'll figure something out," Keller said. "I've got a few days. I'll think of something."

•

After breakfast the next morning, Keller drove to the office of one of the Realtors whose ads he'd been reading. A woman about the same age as Betty Engleman took him around and showed him three houses. They were modest homes but decent and comfortable, and they ranged between $40,000 and $60,000.

He could buy any of them out of his safe-deposit box.

"Here's your kitchen," the woman said. "Here's your half bath. Here's your fenced yard."

"I'll be in touch," he told her, taking her card. "I have a business deal pending and a lot depends on the outcome."

•

He and Engleman had lunch the next day. They went to the Mexican place and Engleman wanted everything very mild. "Remember," he told Keller, "I used to be an accountant."

"You're a printer now," Keller said. "Printers can handle hot food."

"Not this printer. Not this printer's stomach."

They each drank a bottle of Carta Blanca with the meal. Keller had another bottle afterward. Engleman had a cup of coffee.

"If I had a house with a fenced yard," Keller said, "I could have a dog and not worry about him running off."

"I guess you could," Engleman said.

"I had a dog when I was a kid," Keller said. "Just the once. I had him for about two years when I was eleven, twelve years old. His name was Soldier."

"I was wondering about that."

"He wasn't part shepherd. He was a little thing; I suppose he was some kind of terrier cross."

"Did he run off?"

"No, he got hit by a car. He was stupid about cars; he just ran out in the street. The driver couldn't help it."

"How did you happen to call him Soldier?"

"I forget. Then, when I did the flier, I don't know, I had to put ANSWERS TO SOMETHING. All I could think of were names like Fido and Rover and Spot. Like signing John Smith on a hotel register, you know? Then it came to me—Soldier. Been years since I thought about that dog."

•

After lunch, Engleman went back to the shop and Keller returned to the motel for his car. He drove out of town on the same road he'd taken the day he bought the gun. This time, he drove a few miles farther before pulling over and cutting the engine.

He got the gun from the glove box and opened the cylinder, spilling the shells into his palm. He tossed them underhand, then weighed the gun in his hand for a moment before hurling it into a patch of brush.

McLarendon would be horrified, he thought. Mistreating a weapon in that fashion. Showed what a judge of character the man was. He got back into his car and drove back to town.

•

He called White Plains. When the woman answered, he said, "You don't have to disturb him, Dot. Just tell him I didn't make my flight today. I changed the reservation; I moved it ahead to Tuesday. Tell him everything's OK, only it's taking a little longer, like I thought it might." She asked how the weather was. "It's real nice," he said. "Very pleasant. Listen, don't you think that's part of it? If it was raining, I'd probably have it taken care of, I'd be home by now."

•

Quik Print was closed Saturdays and Sundays. Saturday afternoon, Keller called Engleman at home and asked him if he felt like going for a ride. "I'll pick you up," he offered.

When he got there, Engleman was waiting out in front. He got in and fastened his seat belt. "Nice car," he said.

"It's a rental."

"I didn't figure you drove your own car

Ultra-Sensitive Derma-Silk™ Safetex Condoms.

THE UNCONDOM.

Uncommon Condom.

SAXON
THE SECURITY OF DERMA-SILK™ NATURAL LATEX
12 WET LUBRICATED CONDOMS
GOLD CIRCLE COIN
6 CONDOMS OF DERMA-SILK™ NATURAL LATEX IN COIN TYPE EASY-TO-OPEN GOLD FOIL PACKS
Embrace

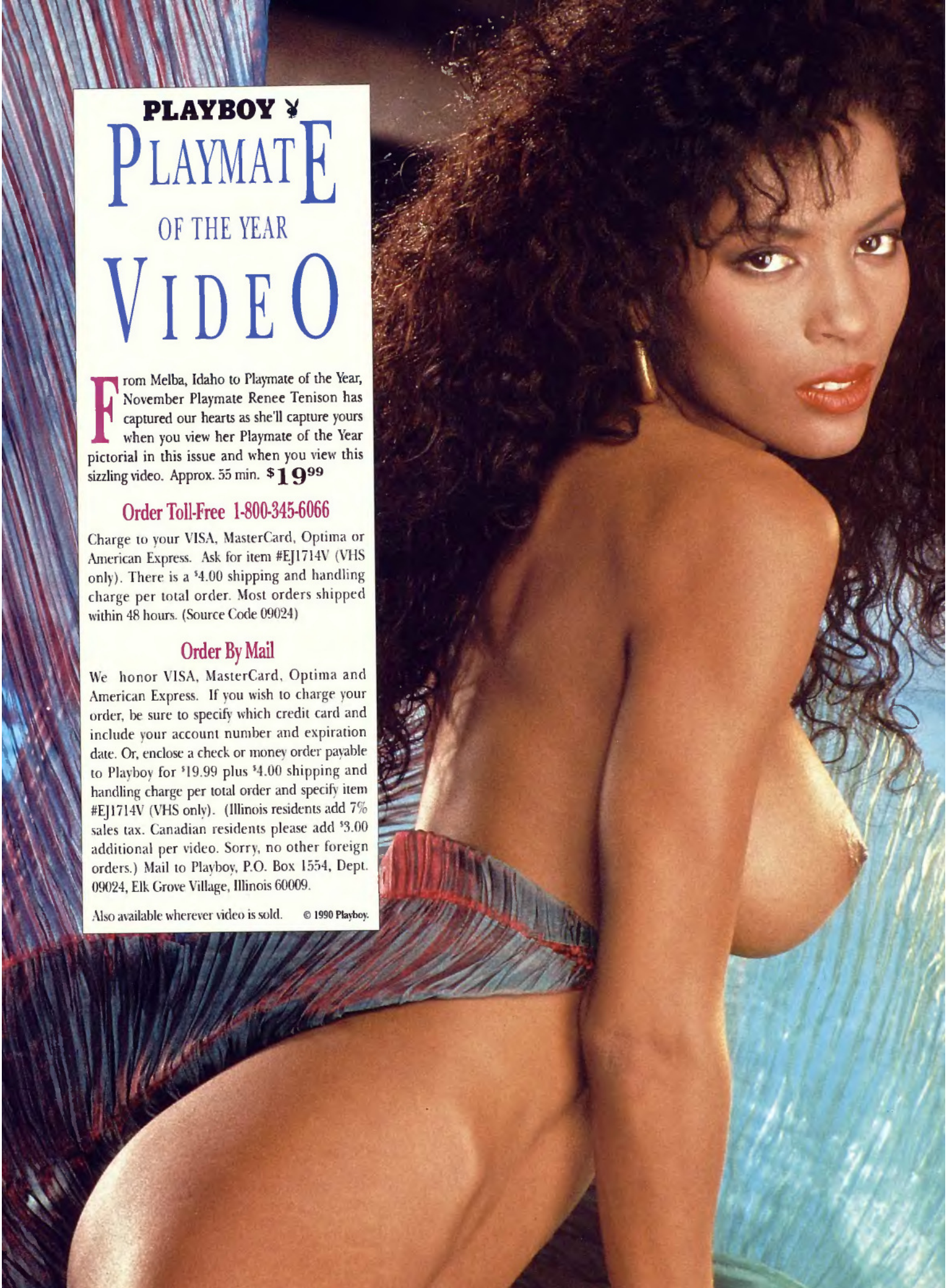
There's nothing quite like the feeling of using the uncommon condoms from Safetex: **Gold Circle Coin®, Saxon® or Embrace™.** Especially if you value your sensitivity. Safetex condoms are made with Derma-Silk natural latex,* achieving a sensational skin-like quality – without sacrificing strength and protection. And all Safetex condoms are manufactured in the most modern state-of-the-art facility in the U.S.

Enjoy the feeling of using the uncommon condoms from Safetex. When you value your sensitivity, there's nothing quite like it. For further information, write Safetex Corporation, 1100 Valley Brook Avenue, Lyndhurst, NJ 07071.

In Canada call 1-800-668-6451.

*Developed in conjunction with Fuji latex of Japan.

® 1990 Safetex Corporation.



PLAYBOY

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR VIDEO

From Melba, Idaho to Playmate of the Year, November Playmate Renee Tenison has captured our hearts as she'll capture yours when you view her Playmate of the Year pictorial in this issue and when you view this sizzling video. Approx. 55 min. **$19.99**

Order Toll-Free 1-800-345-6066

Charge to your VISA, MasterCard, Optima or American Express. Ask for item #EJ1714V (VHS only). There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source Code 09024)

Order By Mail

We honor VISA, MasterCard, Optima and American Express. If you wish to charge your order, be sure to specify which credit card and include your account number and expiration date. Or, enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy for $19.99 plus $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order and specify item #EJ1714V (VHS only). (Illinois residents add 7% sales tax. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional per video. Sorry, no other foreign orders.) Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 1554, Dept. 09024, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009.

Also available wherever video is sold.

© 1990 Playboy.

"Staying strong is not just men and machines; it's administration, maintenance and rocks!"

SINGERS!
REMOVE VOCALS
FROM RECORDS AND CDs!

SING WITH THE WORLD'S BEST BANDS!
An Unlimited supply of Backgrounds from standard stereo recordings! Record with your voice or perform live with the backgrounds. Used in Professional Performance yet connects easily to a home component stereo. Phone for Free Brochure and Demo Record.
LT Sound, Dept. PB-06, 7980 LT Parkway
Lithonia, GA 30058 (404) 482-4724
Manufactured and Sold Exclusively by LT Sound
24 HOUR PHONE DEMO LINE: (404) 482-2485

EAST of EDEN
presents
DIRECT FROM EUROPE! their latest collection of stunning super stretchy P.V.C. glamour & fantasy fashion

• Dynamic Disco-wear
• Stunning Swimwear
• Spiky heeled Shoes
• Spiky heeled Boots
• Exotic Dresses
... and much more
Sizes: Petite to Extra large
THREE SENSA-TIONAL FULL COLOR CATALOGS ONLY $9
Send to: EAST of EDEN Dept P1 PO Box 9124 San RaFael C.A. 94912-9124

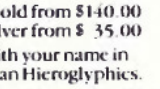
WRAP THAT RASCAL

®
©1987 C.A.C.
"SUPPORT SAFER SEX"
Optional on Shirts No Charge
• T-Shirts—$10 (+ $2 Postage/Ea.)—State Size and Color (Gy, Wt, Bk, Yl, Pk, Trq) • Bumper Stickers—$2 (+ 50¢ Postage/Ea.) • Buttons—$2 (+50¢ Postage/Ea.) • Sweatshirts—$17 (+ $3 Postage/Ea.)—State Size and Color (Gy, Wt) • Hats—$5 (+ $1 Postage/Ea.)—One Size Fits All • Golf Shirts—$18 (+ $2 Postage/Ea.) (White) • Bikini Panties—3/$10 (+ $1 Postage) (100% Cotton Quality)—State Size S, 6, 7, 8 (Wt. Only).
To: C.A. Crerar, Inc., P.O. Box 11707, P-6 Clearwater, FL 34616 FREE BROCHURE

HAND MADE IN EGYPT

Cartouche
18 K Solid Gold from $140.00
Sterling Silver from $ 35.00
A pendant with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.
Free info. 1-800-237-3759 Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc
Or write: Nationwide, Box 8474-3, PGH., PA. 15220

CABLE TV CONVERTERS
Scientific Atlanta
Pioneer • Panasonic
Jerrold • Oak • Hamlin



CABLETRONICS
35526 Grand River • Suite 282 • Farmington Hills, MI 48024
Telephone 1-800-727-2300

To place an ad in
PLAYBOY MARKETPLACE
call 1-800-592-6677,
New York State
call 212-702-3952

all the way out here. You know, it gave me a turn. When you said, 'How about going for a ride? You know, going for a ride. Like there's a connotation."

"Actually," Keller said, "we probably should have taken your car. I figured you could show me the area."

"You like it here, huh?"

"Very much," Keller said. "I've been thinking. Suppose I just stayed here."

"Wouldn't he send somebody?"

"You think he would? I don't know. He wasn't killing himself trying to find you. At first, sure, but then he forgot about it. Then some eager beaver in San Francisco happens to spot you and, sure, he tells me to go out and handle it. But if I just don't come back——"

"Caught up in the lure of Roseburg," Engleman said.

"I don't know, Burt, it's not a bad place. You know, I'm going to stop that."

"What?"

"Calling you Burt. Your name's Ed now, so why don't I call you Ed? What do you think, Ed? That sound good to you, Ed, old buddy?"

"And what do I call you?"

"Al's fine. What should I do, take a left here?"

"No, go another block or two," Engleman said. "There's a nice road, leads through some very pretty scenery."

A while later, Keller said, "You miss it much, Ed?"

"Working for him, you mean?"

"No, not that. The city."

"New York? I never lived in the city, not really. We were up in Westchester."

"Still, the whole area. You miss it?"

"No."

"I wonder if I would." They fell silent, and after perhaps five minutes, Keller said, "My father was a soldier; he was killed in the war when I was just a baby. That's why I named the dog Soldier."

Engleman didn't say anything.

"Except I think my mother was lying," he went on. "I don't think she was married, and I have a feeling she didn't know who my father was. But I didn't know that when I named the dog. When you think about it, it's a stupid name, anyway, for a dog, Soldier. It's probably stupid to name a dog after your father, as far as that goes."

•

Sunday, he stayed in the room and watched sports on television. The Mexican place was closed; he had lunch at Wendy's and dinner at a Pizza Hut. Monday at noon, he was back at the Mexican café. He had the newspaper with him, and he ordered the same thing he'd ordered the first time, the chicken enchiladas.

When the waitress brought coffee afterward, he asked her, "When's the wedding?"

She looked utterly blank. "The wedding," he repeated, and pointed at the ring on her finger.

"Oh," she said. "Oh, I'm not engaged or anything. The ring was my mom's from her first marriage. She never wears it, so I

PHANTOM
FIREWORKS

FUN IN A FLASH!
The largest selection all at
LOW WHOLESALE PRICES!
*ROCKETS * MISSILES * M98s * AERIAL REPEATERS
*PLUS 1000s MORE!
Get your 1990 color catalog
ABSOLUTELY FREE!
For your FREE catalog call:
1-800-777-1699
Mention Code PB60 for faster service.
or send coupon below to:
PHANTOM FIREWORKS
P.O. Box 66; Dept PB60
Columbiana, Ohio 44408
•(please print clearly)•
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP
PHANTOM FIREWORKS; P.O.Box 66;
Dept PB60; Columbiana, OH 44408
VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW

CONDOMS BY MAIL!
All NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS
Imagine getting 100 condoms in a single package by mail! Adam & Eve, one of the most respected retailers of birth control products, offers you a large selection of men's contraceptives. Including TROJANS, RAMSES, LIFESTYLES and MENTOR plus PRIME with nonoxynol-9 spermicidal lubrication and TEXTURE PLUS, featuring hundreds of "pleasure dots." We also offer your choice of the best Japanese brands — the most finely engineered condoms in the world! Our famous condom sampler packages ($6.00 and $9.95) let you try top quality brands and choose for yourself. Or for fantastic savings why not try the new "Super 100" sampler of 100 leading condoms — 16 brands (a $50 value for just $19.95!) Here is our guarantee: If you do not agree that Adam & Eve's sampler packages and overall service are the best available anywhere, we will refund your money in full, no questions asked.
Send check or money order to:
Adam & Eve PO Box 900, Dept. PB67 Carrboro, NC 27510
Please rush in plain package under your money-back guarantee:
☐ #1232 21 Condom Sampler ..... $ 6.00
☐ #6623 38 Condom Sampler ..... $ 9.95
☐ #6403 Super 100 Sampler $19.95
Name
Address
City State Zip

asked could I wear it, and she said it was all right. I used to wear it on the other hand, but it fits better here."

He felt curiously angry, as though she'd betrayed the fantasy he'd spun out about her. He left the same tip he always left and took a long walk around town, gazing in windows, wandering up one street and down the next.

He thought, Well, you could marry her. She's already got the engagement ring. Ed'll print you wedding invitations, except who would you invite?

And the two of you could get a house with a fenced yard and buy a dog.

Ridiculous, he thought. The whole thing was ridiculous.

•

At dinnertime, he didn't know what to do. He didn't want to go back to the Mexican café, but he felt perversely disinclined to go anywhere else. One more Mexican meal, he thought, and I'll wish I had that gun back so I could kill myself.

He called Engleman at home. "Look," he said, "this is important. Could you meet me at your shop?"

"When?"

"As soon as you can."

"We just sat down to dinner."

"Well, don't ruin your meal," Keller said. "What is it, seven-thirty? How about if you meet me in an hour?"

He was waiting in the photographer's doorway when Engleman parked the Honda in front of his shop. "I didn't want to disturb you," he said, "but I had an idea. Can you open up? I want to see something inside."

Engleman unlocked the door and they went in. Keller kept talking to him, saying how he'd figured out a way he could stay in Roseburg and not worry about the man in White Plains. "This machine you've got," he said, pointing to one of the copiers. "How does this work?"

"How does it work?"

"What does that switch do?"

"This one?"

Engleman leaned forward, and Keller got the loop of wire out of his pocket and dropped it around the other man's neck. The garrote was fast, silent, deadly. Keller made sure Engleman's body was where it couldn't be seen from the street, made sure to wipe his prints off any surfaces he may have touched. He turned off the lights, closed the door behind him.

He had already checked out of the Douglas Inn, and now he drove straight to Portland, with the Ford's cruise control set just below the speed limit. He drove half an hour in silence, then turned on the radio and tried to find a station he could stand. Nothing pleased him and he gave up and switched it off.

Somewhere north of Eugene, he said, "Jesus, Ed, what else was I going to do?"

He drove straight through to Portland and got a room at the ExecUlodge near the airport. In the morning, he turned in the Hertz car and dawdled over coffee until his flight was called.

He called White Plains as soon as he was on the ground at J.F.K. "It's all taken care of," he said. "I'll come by sometime tomorrow. Right now, I just want to get home, get some sleep."

•

The following afternoon in White Plains, Dot asked him how he had liked Roseburg.

"Really nice," he said. "Pretty town, nice people. I wanted to stay there."

"Oh, Keller," she said. "What did you do, look at houses?"

"Not exactly."

"Every place you go," she said, "you want to live there."

"It's nice," he insisted. "And living's cheap compared to here. A person could have a decent life."

"For a week," she said. "Then you'd go nuts."

"You really think so?"

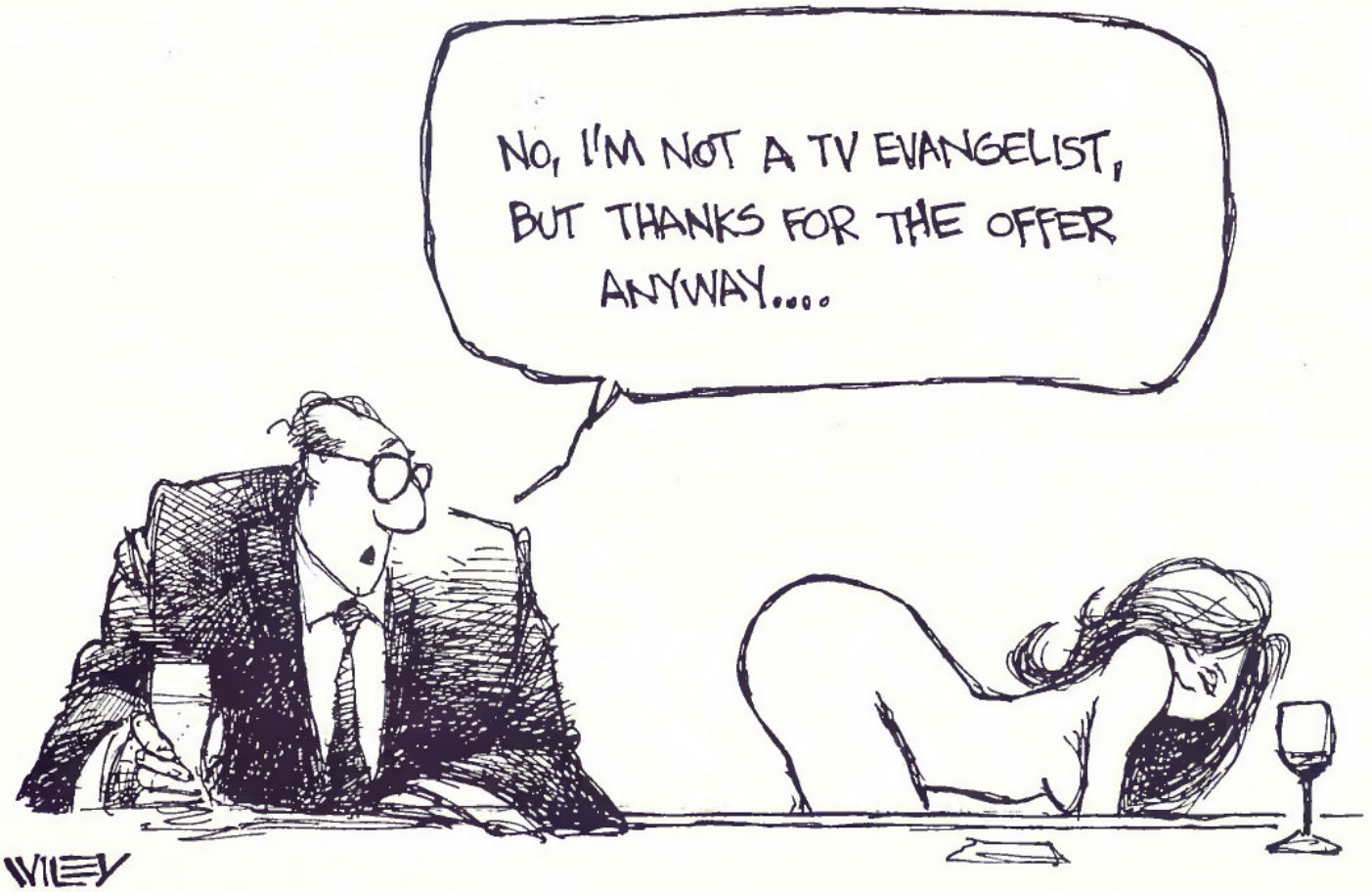
"Come *on*," she said. "Roseburg, Oregon? Come on."

"I guess you're right," he said. "I guess a week's about as much as I could handle."

•

A few days later, he was going through his pockets before taking some clothes to the cleaner's. He found the Roseburg street map and went over it, remembering where everything was. Quik Print, the Douglas Inn, the house on Cowslip. The Mexican café, the other places he'd eaten. The houses he'd looked at.

He folded the map and put it in his dresser drawer. A week later, he came across it and laughed. And tore it in half, and in half again, and dropped it into the wastebasket.



UNHOLY BUSINESS

(continued from page 55)

intrigue with a priest.

Three men have stepped forward to charge Ritter with having used his position as head of Covenant House to seduce them into homosexual acts.

In response to the first accusation, Covenant House officials attacked the messenger, tracking down Kite's father, who called his son a chronic liar. Maybe he is, but after all, Kite went to Covenant House as a runaway; his father may not have been the most dispassionate witness.

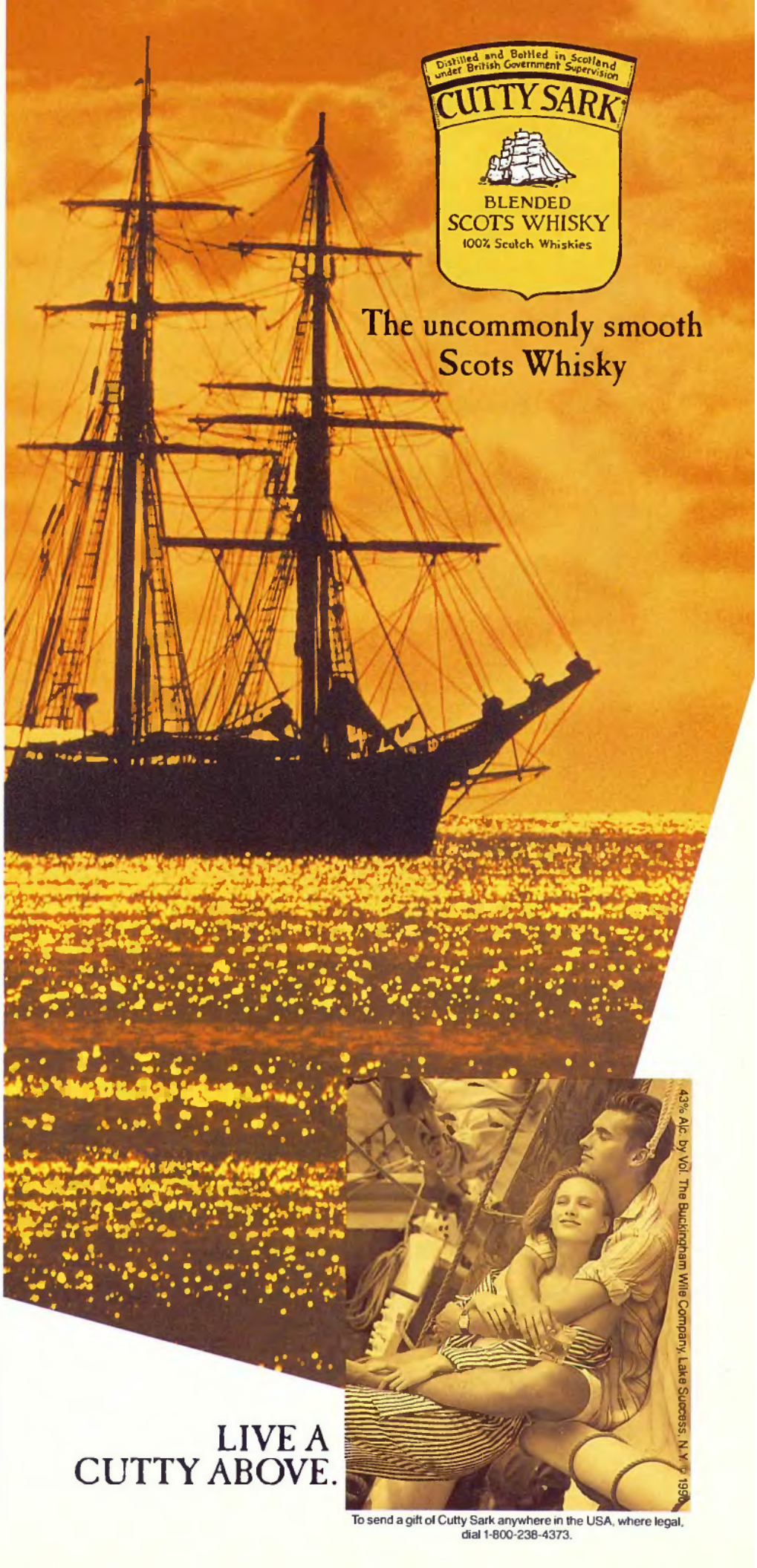
When it turned out that Kite, under a false identity, had obtained funds from Covenant House and admission to a Catholic college, Covenant House officials said he had fabricated his false identity. But that turned out to be wrong with the admission that these same officials, including attorney Loken, had used their links to the Catholic Church to appropriate the name, baptismal papers and Social Security number of a dead Catholic youth. That boy's parents have complained to the FBI. Ritter admits that he showed poor judgment in taking what he admits were overnight trips with Kite, but he insists that it was only in the capacity of a mentor.

Ritter had warned that there would be other copycat accusations, and that's how he and Covenant House officials sought to dismiss the claims of Darryl J. Bassile that he had been seduced as a young teenager by Ritter. But as *The New York Times* reported, "Mr. Bassile had mentioned his complaints against Father Ritter to an Ithaca psychotherapist in April 1989, more than a half year before Mr. Kite came forward. Handwritten notes of the therapist, Daniel Matusiewicz, show this."

Bassile told the *Times* that Ritter had seduced him in 1973, when he was a 14-year-old runaway, and his complaints triggered an investigation by Ritter's Franciscan superiors and the suspension of Ritter as head of Covenant House.

No one denies the value of Covenant House, and given his troubles, it will undoubtedly be more difficult for Ritter or Covenant House to raise money in the future, no matter the outcome of this case. Why not, then, have the Federal Government step in and at least pick up the slack? Presidents Reagan and Bush both celebrated Ritter's work at the same moment that they cut funds for comparable Federal programs. The argument was that the private sector could do it better. Maybe the Ritter case shows that is not always true.

In addition to the charges of sexual corruption, still unconfirmed, Ritter has admitted to a number of highly questionable financial irregularities. Huge loans were made to Ritter, his top associates and even his sister from monies gathered from the public to help runaway children, causing *The New York Times*, a former Ritter partisan, to editorialize that he "seems to have lost the ability to distinguish between the


Distilled and Bottled in Scotland under British Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED
SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies
The uncommonly smooth
Scots Whisky
LIVE A
CUTTY ABOVE.
43% Alc. by Vol. The Buckingham Wine Company, Lake Success, N.Y. © 1990
To send a gift of Cutty Sark anywhere in the USA, where legal,
dial 1-800-238-4373.

FIREWORKS
Firecrackers, Bottle Rockets
Roman Candles, Fountains, etc.
THE LARGEST VARIETY IN THE U.S.A.
FREE • BOTTLE ROCKETS • FIRECRACKERS • COLOR CATALOG
with every purchase of fireworks
1-800-456-2264 NATIONWIDE
305-920-6770 IN FLORIDA
NEPTUNE FIREWORKS CO. INC.
P.O. BOX 398 DEPT. 582
DANIA, FLORIDA 33004
VOID IN CALIFORNIA AND WHERE PROHIBITED.

BE ALMOST 2" TALLER!!

SIZES: 5-12
WIDTHS: B-EEE
FINE MEN'S SHOES
Look just like ordinary shoes except hidden inside is a height increasing innermold. Wide selection available including dress shoes, boots, sport shoes and casuals. Moneyback guarantee. Exceptionally comfortable. Call or write today for your FREE color catalog. MD. RESID. CALL 301-663-5111
TOLL-FREE 1-800-343-3810
ELEVATORS®
RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. PB06
P.O. BOX 3566, FREDERICK, MD 21701

GREAT COLLECTOR'S ITEMS!
FACE · THE · FIRE
ICON PUBLISHING COMPANY
MISS FEBRUARY
18 X 24 AUTOGRAPHED POSTER
$4.00 PLUS $1.00 SHIPPING & HANDLING
AWARD WINNING
20 MONTH COLLECTOR'S CALENDAR
$8.00 PLUS $2.00 SHIPPING & HANDLING
FREE GIFT CATALOG AND TRI-FOLD POCKET CALENDAR WITH ANY PURCHASE
ORDER MC OR VISA 1 (800) 628-8795
PB FACE THE FIRE PO BOX 11125, PGH., PA 15238

CONDOMS BY MAIL!
Sample Pack, Only $6
Your choice of the **best** men's contraceptives . . . Trojans, ribbed Texture Plus with "Pleasure Dots" for maximum sexual stimulation, exciting Stimula and 14 other brands. Plain, attractive package assures privacy. Service is fast and **guaranteed**. Sample pack of 21 condoms, $6. **Write today: DKT International, Dept.*PB11 P.O. Box 8860, Chapel Hill, NC 27515.**

BILLIARD SUPPLIES
FREE Wholesale Catalog
Custom Cues, Cases & Darts
CORNHUSKER BILLIARD SUPPLY
4825 S. 16th. Dept. 7
Lincoln, NE 68512
1-800-627-8888

To place an ad in PLAYBOY MARKETPLACE call 1-800-592-6677, New York State call 212-702-3952

children's welfare and his own."

The whole thing stinks. This guy is supposed to be some kind of Mother Teresa; now it turns out he's into high finance. Ritter set up a trust to "provide confidential, 'safe harbor' support for exploited youth" and used those funds to make personal loans. But to use funds intended for kids to bail your buddies out of some dubious land dealings is unconscionable. Ritter's defense of his personal slush fund was that he started it to support programs that Covenant House could not afford but further admitted using it to hide a portion of his own considerable salary lest he be criticized for getting paid $98,000 a year. Quite a hair shirt, that.

The lesson is clear once again that power, even in the private sector, corrupts, and that the appearance of holy charity may be the best cover for tawdry worldly pursuits. Those thousand points of light don't always flicker so purely, and certainly should not be used as an excuse for gutting public programs to aid the needy. Since Reagan and Bush both held Ritter up as the alternative to Government action, don't they now have an obligation to at least comment on the horrendous mismanagement of this public trust? Charges of sexual and financial exploitation in a program that they held up as a model cannot be ignored, and the silence of two Presidents who so gullibly bought his act mocks their claim of concern for the needy young.

The unraveling of Ritter's saintly image should remind us of how difficult it is to draw those clean lines between good and evil that people such as Ritter are forever drawing. It would be nice to imagine that we do have a neat division in this world between saints and sinners and that all we need for a healthy society is the suppression of the latter with the full force of law by the former. But the world is a murky place, and a suspicious glance at those who claim to be holier than thou is the healthiest response. As Ritter himself put it, in summing up his work on the pornography commission before the recent fracas, "When all is said and done, I am who I am. I cannot exit from my personal skin. I cannot divest myself, any more than any other citizen, of that 'walking-around collection of a priori assumptions' that in part help constitute who and what I am."

That is the point. All would-be censors are just that—walking-around collections of a priori assumptions. One shouldn't ask them to exit from their personal skins and they ought to extend the same privilege to others. As Ritter now slides down the slippery slopes of guilt by association that he helped grease, it is tempting to say, Screw him. He and his ilk so poisoned the public's perception of civil liberties and personal freedom that maybe he deserves what he gets. But no; if we take the presumption of innocence from Ritter, we take it from all, and that is too high a price.

Playboy Hotline!
Call
1-900-740-3311
JUST A PHONE CALL AWAY...
• Playmate on-the-Air
• Playboy Advisor on-the-Air
• The Party Joke Line
• The Playboy Mailbox
For details, please see page 6
Only $2 a minute

KNOW SOMEONE WHO SHOULD BE IN *PLAYBOY*?
***Playboy* is preparing a pictorial featuring tall women (six feet or over). All interested candidates should mail one or more photographs (transparencies, prints or Polaroids are acceptable) that show both face and figure, along with name, address, phone number, age and other pertinent biographical information to:**
Tall Women Pictorial
Playboy
Attn: G. Wilson
680 North Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Illinois 60611
For additional information, call 1-800-992-7766. (9 A.M.–5 P.M. central time)
Applicants must be 18 years of age or older. All photographs will become the property of *Playboy* and cannot be returned. *Playboy* will make no use of them except for consideration for this pictorial.

(Advertisement)

YOU CAN MAKE UP TO

$9,800 in 24 Hours!

Dear Friend,

I made $9,800 in 24 hours. You may do better!

My name is John Wright. Not too long ago I was flat broke. I was $31,000 in debt. The bank repossessed my car because I couldn't keep up with the payments. And one day the landlord gave me an eviction notice because I hadn't paid the rent for three months. So we had to move out. My family and I stayed at my cousin's place for the rest of that month before I could manage to get another apartment. That was very embarrassing.

Things have changed now. I own four homes in Southern California. The one I'm living in now in Beverly Hills is worth more than one million dollars. I own several cars, among them a brand new Mercedes and a brand new Cadillac. Right now, I have a million dollar line of credit with the banks and have certificates of deposit at $100,000 each in my bank in Beverly Hills.

Best of all, I have time to have fun. To be me. To do what I want. I work about 4 hours a day, the rest of the day, I do things that please me. Some days I go swimming and sailing — shopping. Other days, I play racquetball or tennis. Sometimes, frankly, I just lie out under the sun with a good book. I love to take long vacations. I just got back from a two week vacation from — Maui, Hawaii.

I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or may be even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all — peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you $20.00 in cash. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I spend $20.00, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

This secret is incredibly simple. Anyone can use it. You can get started with practically no money at all and the risk is almost zero. You don't need special training or even a high school education. It doesn't matter how young or old you are and it will work for you at home or even while you are on vacation.

Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest *legal* way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practically risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

One of the nicest things about this whole idea is that you can do it at home in your spare time. You don't need equipment or an office. It doesn't matter where you live either. You can use this secret to make money if you live in a big city or on a farm or anywhere in between. A husband and wife team from New York used my secret, worked at home in their spare time, and made $45,000 *in one year.*

This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made $2 million *in just 3 years.*

You can use this secret to make money no matter how old or how young you may be. There is no physical labor involved and everything is so easy it can be done whether you're a teenager or 90 years old. I know one woman who is over 65 and *is making all the money she needs* with this secret.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

The Washington Times:
The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.

National Examiner:
John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

Income Opportunities:
The Royal Road to Riches is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

News Tribune:
Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

Success!
John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

Money Making Opportunities:
John Wright has a rare gift for helping people with no experience make lots of money. He's made many people wealthy.

California Political Week:
. . . The politics of high finance made easy.

The Tolucan:
You'll love . . . *The Royal Road to Riches.* It's filled with valuable information . . . only wish I'd known about it years ago!

Hollywood Citizen News:
He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

The Desert Sun:
Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used in order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

'More Money Than I Ever Dreamed'

"All I can say — your plan *is great!* In just 8 weeks, I took in over $100,000. More money than I ever dreamed of making. At this rate, I honestly believe, I can make over a million dollars per year."

A. F., Providence, R.I.

'$9,800 In 24 Hours!'

"I didn't believe it when you said the secret could produce money the *next morning.* Boy, was I wrong, and you were right! I purchased your *Royal Road to Riches.* On the basis of your advice, $9,800 poured in, in less than 24 hours! John, your secret is incredible!"

J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

'Made $15,000 In 2 Months At 22'

"I was able to earn over $15,000 with your plan — in just the past two months. As a 22 year old girl, I never thought that I'd ever be able to make as much money, as fast as I've been able to do. I really do wish to thank you, with all of my heart."

Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

'Made $126,000 In 3 Months'

"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did — but I am even more lucky that I took the time to send for your material. It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made $126,000 in 3 months."

S. W., Plainfield, IN

'Made $203,000 In 8 Months'

"I never believed those success stories. . . never believed I would be one of them. . . using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over $203,000. . . made over $20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared, but simple, easy, fast. . . John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches!*"

C. M., Los Angeles, CA

'$500,000 In Six Months'

"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made $500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."

R. S., Mclean, VA

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember — I guarantee it.

Most of the time, it takes big money to make money. This is an exception. With this secret you can start in your spare time with almost nothing. But of course, you don't have to start small or stay small. You can go as fast and as far as you wish. The size of your profits is totally up to you. I can't guarantee how much you will make with this secret but I can tell you this — so far this amazing money producing secret makes the profits from most other ideas look like peanuts!

Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

$20.00 FREE!

There is no way you can lose. You either solve all your money problems with this secret (in just 30 days) or you get your money back *plus* $20.00 *in cash* **FREE!**

Do you realize what this means? You can put my simple secret into use. Be able to solve all your money problems. And if for any reason whatsoever you are not 100% satisfied after using the secret for 30 days, you may return my material. And then I will not only return your original UNCASHED CHECK, but I will also send you an *extra $20.00 cashiers check* just for giving the secret an honest try according to the simple instructions.

I GUARANTEE IT! With my unconditional guarantee, there is absolutely NO RISK ON YOUR PART.

To order, simply write your name and address on a piece of paper. Enclose your postdated check or money order for $12.95 and send it to:

JOHN WRIGHT
Dept. 978
3340 Ocean Park Blvd.
Suite 3065
Santa Monica, CA 90405

But the supply of my material is limited. So send in your order now while the supply lasts.

If you wish to charge it to your Visa or MasterCard — be sure to include your account number and expiration date. That's all there is to it. I'll send you my material right away by return mail, along with our unconditional guarantee.

SWORN STATEMENT:

"As Mr. John Wright's accountant, I certify that his assets exceed one million dollars."

Mark Davis

© 1990 JOHN WRIGHT

WILD ORCHID

(continued from page 82)

undercover tumble: Mickey wanted it to be the most erotic love scene ever played on film.

First, the girl had to be tall. Mickey apparently has a penchant for big women. She had to be thin, with full lips, and someone who could measure up against the other woman in the film, Jacqueline Bisset, who's not exactly chopped liver.

Director King saw hundreds of actresses. His first likely choice was Brooke Shields, who, as it turned out, was eager for the part. But there was one problem: She wouldn't do nude scenes.

Next: Cindy Crawford, model and *Playboy* cover girl. King thought he had her. She was even scheduled for a fitting with designer Luciano Soprani in Milan. Then she, too, asked that nudity be written out of the script. And by then, King and the production staff were already in Rio, ready to shoot.

Enter a model named Carré Otis, a wildly beautiful and exotic girl. Never mind that she had never uttered a word on screen: This was the girl. "I have a feeling about her," Mickey said. "I know she can be great." After testing her three times, King was convinced she could do it.

On location in Brazil, Carré and Jacqueline took to each other immediately, Jackie taking the ingénue under her wing and giving her guidance and confidence.

If she needed warming up before the final love scene, Carré had ample opportunity. In the film, her character chances upon a construction worker and a woman uninhibitedly making love in a deserted building. Later, she watches Assumpta Serna, the beautiful Spanish actress who stars in Pedro Almodovar's *Matador*, and Oleg Vidov, playing her husband, make love in the back of a speeding limousine—the result of Mickey's seductive wiles. Next, with one week left in the shooting schedule, there is a scene in which Mickey persuades Carré to make love to another man (Bruce Greenwood). Rumor has it that by that time, Rourke was jealous. At any rate, he insisted on being on the set during filming of the scene.

As the clock ticked toward the main event, for the first time, Mickey refused to come out of his trailer. All of a sudden, he didn't like his wardrobe, he detested the dialog, he hated the make-up. The producers called it Mickeyitis. They had even budgeted for it.

Carré, on the other hand, was calm and controlled. Up to that point, Mickey had guided her, glowing with pride every time she excelled on screen. Now the tables were turned: The student, confident, prepared, had become the teacher. Shooting was scheduled for the following day.

But half the day went by: no Mickey. Lights and camera were ready, the set dressed. The producers paced the halls; King sat in a corner rewriting something. Still no Mickey. And since Carré was always with Mickey, no Carré, either.

At last, word arrived: Mickey had overslept, and so had Carré. Fifteen minutes later, dressed in identical terrycloth robes, the stars arrived. Only those crew members essential to the filming were allowed to stay on the set. The doors were locked, guards posted. Mickey and Carré took their places on the floor at the foot of the bed. A camera pointed down from the ceiling. Another was on the left, one on the right—they were everywhere, because who knew how many times King could actually get them to do this?

King called for action; the scene was amazing. The film's stars really did love each other. It was apparent in their every move and every touch, in Carré's smile and in Mickey's tenderness. The cameras ran out of film; the actors didn't seem to notice. The cameras were reloaded and rolled again; they still didn't seem to notice. In the finished product, it's impossible to see this scene of uncontrollable passion and not wonder, Did they or didn't they? But that's not really the point. They created a scene of courage and commitment. True love.

INTRODUCING THE PHOTOTRON III™
PHOTOTRON™
OVER 100,000 SOLD WORLDWIDE
Hello, my name is Jeffery Julian DeMarco, President and Founder of Pyraponic Industries, Inc. II, and I would like to introduce to you a product so revolutionary, it took thirteen years and 50 million dollars to bring to the cutting edge of technology. It is from this cutting edge that I have been able to successfully promote my product in such formidable mass circulation publications as Discover, Motor Trend, Cosmopolitan, and Rolling Stone, to name a few, and then change the lives of nearly 100,000 people through a state-of-the-art laboratory grade growth chamber called the Phototron III™.
The Phototron III™ is not a greenhouse nor a hydroponic system. It is a self-contained, laboratory grade, growth chamber, honored with fourteen international patents in the U.S.A., Canada, England, Germany, France, Australia, and Japan. It was designed to double the growth and production rate of any plant, thus giving any plant the gifted opportunity to reflower, refruit, or rebud over and over again without forcing the plant to succumb to cyclical, seasonal, or (because the chemistry is so precise) even natural death. Standing three feet tall, the Phototron III™ will maintain six individual plants and allow the operator to manipulate and control each plant through a simplified and precise methodology known as "Growing Plants Pyraponimetrically©".
It is because of these well documented and tested pieces of information that the Phototron™ has been recognized as the most sophisticated growth chamber for plant sciences by over 150 universities, laboratories, and research institutes worldwide such as: Harvard, Oxford, N.A.S.A., U.S.D.A., University of Missouri, and the Max Planck Institute. Instituted into 500 schools through the National Science Teacher's Association, the Phototron's™ basic simplicity is controlled by children from kindergarten through high school, so the children can reap the benefits the Phototron III™ has to offer as easily as a Ph.D.
Unlike a greenhouse, or hydroponic system, the Phototron III™ has been advanced by a high tech., electrically safe and sound, design that allows the Phototron III™ to far surpass any other growing system known to mankind. The Phototron III™ "Garden Series©" will bring the forces of nature into your home or office and beautify your environment at the same time.
In the kitchen, the Phototron III™ is a gourmet herbal garden that will produce garnishments and seasonings (such as basil, chive and thyme) to bring any meal to perfection. For the romantic, the Phototron III™ will unlock the powers of Aphrodite, creating an eloquently intimate mood in any room. Anywhere a lamp would ordinarily be put, the Phototron III™ can replace it. Soft ambient light emanating from the Phototron III™ will give off a pleasing gas lantern effect, while 2,000 foot candles burn in the Phototron III's™ interior to bring to bloom the sensual fragrances of roses, gardenias, and jasmine.
With the Phototron III™, you will receive a 100% guarantee, a 24 hour customer service department, a trouble-shooting/follow-up mailing every 15 days, 24 hour guaranteed shipping, and a client communications network spanning the globe.
I extend to you an invitation to call 1-619-451-2837. Nearly 100,000 individuals have realized the opportunities of this system. Now it's your turn. "If you do not learn more about growing plants than you ever have before, I will pay you for the call."
Jeffery Julian DeMarco
ORDER YOUR "GROWING PLANTS PYRAPONIMETRICALLY©" BROCHURE TODAY. SEND $3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:
PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES, INC. II Dept. PB 6B • 15090 Avenue of Science • P.O. Box 27809 • San Diego, CA 92128-0962
(619) 451-2837

WE'RE COVERING THE NATIONAL PASTIME. FULL TIME!

Without a doubt, nobody's ever covered baseball in such a big league way on television.

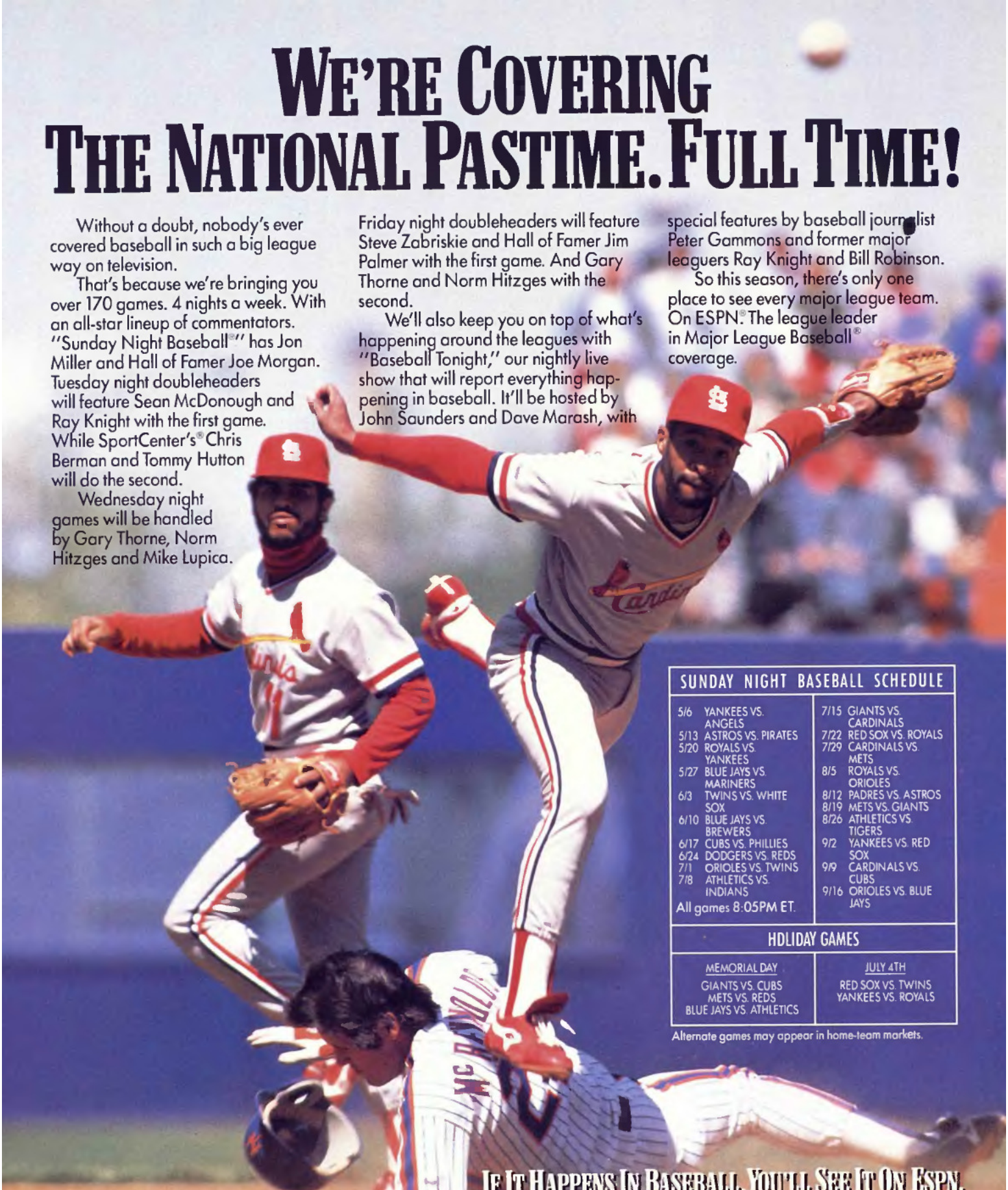
That's because we're bringing you over 170 games. 4 nights a week. With an all-star lineup of commentators. "Sunday Night Baseball®" has Jon Miller and Hall of Famer Joe Morgan. Tuesday night doubleheaders will feature Sean McDonough and Ray Knight with the first game. While SportCenter's® Chris Berman and Tommy Hutton will do the second.

Wednesday night games will be handled by Gary Thorne, Norm Hitzges and Mike Lupica.

Friday night doubleheaders will feature Steve Zabriskie and Hall of Famer Jim Palmer with the first game. And Gary Thorne and Norm Hitzges with the second.

We'll also keep you on top of what's happening around the leagues with "Baseball Tonight," our nightly live show that will report everything happening in baseball. It'll be hosted by John Saunders and Dave Marash, with special features by baseball journalist Peter Gammons and former major leaguers Ray Knight and Bill Robinson.

So this season, there's only one place to see every major league team. On ESPN.® The league leader in Major League Baseball® coverage.



SUNDAY NIGHT BASEBALL SCHEDULE

5/6 YANKEES VS. ANGELS	7/15 GIANTS VS. CARDINALS
5/13 ASTROS VS. PIRATES	7/22 RED SOX VS. ROYALS
5/20 ROYALS VS. YANKEES	7/29 CARDINALS VS. METS
5/27 BLUE JAYS VS. MARINERS	8/5 ROYALS VS. ORIOLES
6/3 TWINS VS. WHITE SOX	8/12 PADRES VS. ASTROS
6/10 BLUE JAYS VS. BREWERS	8/19 METS VS. GIANTS
6/17 CUBS VS. PHILLIES	8/26 ATHLETICS VS. TIGERS
6/24 DODGERS VS. REDS	9/2 YANKEES VS. RED SOX
7/1 ORIOLES VS. TWINS	9/9 CARDINALS VS. CUBS
7/8 ATHLETICS VS. INDIANS	9/16 ORIOLES VS. BLUE JAYS
All games 8:05PM ET.	

HOLIDAY GAMES

MEMORIAL DAY	JULY 4TH
GIANTS VS. CUBS METS VS. REDS BLUE JAYS VS. ATHLETICS	RED SOX VS. TWINS YANKEES VS. ROYALS

Alternate games may appear in home-team markets.

IF IT HAPPENS IN BASEBALL, YOU'LL SEE IT ON ESPN.

ESPN® THE TOTAL SPORTS NETWORK®

Free ESPN Video Catalog featuring great sports videos.
Call 1-800-841-7800.

© 1990 ESPN, Inc. Programming subject to possible blackout or change.

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

(continued from page 137)

of the Year of the Nineties and the first Playmate of the Year of African-American heritage ever. "I don't think of myself as black or white," says Reneé, who had plenty of time to ponder her uniqueness growing up in spuds-white Idaho. Her dad, a farmer, is black. Her mother is white. Unable to find a minister in their home state who was willing to hitch an interracial couple, her parents had to go to Nevada to get married. "Things were better by the time I was growing up. There wasn't much prejudice," she says. Even so, "we knew we weren't like everyone else." She and her identical twin, Rosie—who now signs autographs "Reneé" when mistaken for her famous sis—proudly asserted their uniqueness by "dressing wild" at their nearly all-white high school. In that crowd of Idaho kids dressed in jeans and flannel shirts were two mocha beauties in "leopard-spot suits—we never got asked out on dates, but we didn't mind. It was kind of fun to be different."

Two years ago, Reneé entered the Miss Idaho beauty pageant. She failed to make the top five. At a Halloween party, dressed sexily in a skimpy costume, she was again an also-ran, losing a contest to a girlfriend of hers who was dressed as a candy-coated chocolate. Still, that night presaged the dream come true that lay ahead; Reneé had worn a knockoff of a Playboy Bunny Costume.

Certain that she looked better than her competition, Reneé's boyfriend took a few pictures and sent them to us. In no time, Reneé was Miss November 1989. Soon she was trying to remember her high school French, shooting this pictorial in Paris—our Playmate of the Year for 1990.

Sitting by the swimming pool at Playboy Mansion West a few days after her return from Paris, she is dressed in black and white—black cowboy boots, black-and-white-checked slacks, a black blouse that's transparent from shoulders to sternum, rhinestone earrings white in the sun. She smiles, shaking her head. "I can't believe what's happened. I'm very proud, but it's hard to get used to. I mean, the last thing I ever won was a track event in high school back in Idaho," says Reneé Tenison, Miss 1990. "It's a long way from there to Playmate of the Year."

"But always remember, Son, that today's dorks may become tomorrow's heavy hitters."

Where and How to Buy

Special Offer:
For more information on a speciol introductory offer and where to purchase the International Collection of fine leather shoes at Father & Son shoe stores at a location near you call 900-230-SHOE. Cost of call: $1 per minute.

To buy the apparel and accessories shown on pages 90–95, check listings below to locate the store nearest you. You may also contact the manufacturers directly for information on where to purchase merchandise in your area using the telephone numbers provided.

Page 90: Swim trunks by Gotcha. Grogs, Seaside Park, New Jersey; Gadzooks, Memphis; Hobie Sport Center, Southern California. Her bikini by Jimmy'Z, 714-669-4950.

Page 91: On left, swim trunks by Patrick Einhorn from Kingswood Sportswear, 800-235-4747. Mark Shale, Chicago. Sunglasses by Ziari, 800-848-2226. Bloomingdale's, NYC; Jordan Marsh select New England locations. On right, swim trunks and cap by Big Dogs Sportswear, 800-235-6933. Recreation Equipment, Inc., all R.E.I. locations; Britches Great Outdoors, Washington, D.C.; High Country Outfitters, Atlanta. Her bikini by Darling Rio Swimwear, 305-591-8910.

Page 92–93: Swim trunks by Bad Guys, 212-768-0690. Fred Segal Melrose, Los Angeles. Her bikini by Jimmy'Z, 714-669-4950.

Page 94: Swim trunks by Speedo America, 800-547-8770. Bloomingdale's, Paragon Athletic Goods Corp., NYC. Sunglasses by Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics, 212-889-0500. Bloomingdale's, NYC. Her bikini by Darling Rio Swimwear, 305-591-8910.

Page 95: Swim trunks by Jams World, 808-847-5985. Unique Clothing Warehouse, NYC; Molly Brown's, Balboa Peninsula, California. Her bikini by Darling Rio Swimwear, 305-591-8910. Her sunglasses by Revo, 800-FOR-REVO in California, 800-THE-REVO in oll other states.

The watch for those on their way to the bottom.

Next time someone tells you to go jump in a lake, wear a Timex Marlin.™ It's water resistant to 100 meters. Plus it has both an analog and a digital display with alarm and chronograph. All yours for, shall we say, a rock-bottom price. **TIMEX® MARLIN™**

Suggested retail price $44.95. For the retailer nearest you call 1-800-FOR-TIMEX. ©1989 Timex Corp.

1955.

1960.

1964.

1972.

1984.

1990.

You always come back to the basics.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY.
80 PROOF 40% ALC./VOL. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KY.

PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HOT FOOTIN'

Contrary to popular belief, the beach shoe did not die when *Miami Vice* was canceled. As a matter of fact, since Don Johnson's espadrilles went into syndication, footwear for the hot, wet climes has become even more popular. The traditional boat shoe is still being worn with beach clothes and summer sportswear; but check out Aqua Socks, those mesh-and-rubber slip-ons once worn exclusively by divers and surfers. These hot little booties, in eye-popping colors, are doing everything for feet but walking on water. Away from the sand and surf, lightweight streetwear is being made sturdier, with the soles a bit stronger than their coastal cousins'. But the heat's on. Try not to get burned.

Clockwise from 11: Spandex Aqua Sock Too with stretch mesh upper, molded cup sole for lateral support and an antimotion strap across the top, by Nike, about $40. Neon-yellow nylon-mesh water shoe with black neoprene back and pebbled traction sole, by Ocean Pacific, $32. Mesh surf walker with Nitex back and elastic support straps, by Speedo America, $35. Neoprene Water Dogs with a support strap, by Thunderwear, about $45. Nylon-mesh water sock with nubbed traction sole, by Reebok International Ltd., about $30.

STEVE CONWAY

Don't Walk Away, Reneé

Beauty RENEÉ GRIFFIN came out from behind her shawl to do *Head of the Class* and *Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer* on TV and *Hollywood Boulevard 2* on the big screen. *Grapevine* unwrapped Reneé just for you.

© MARK LEIVDAL

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Tell Tchaikovsky the News

Get familiar with the KRONOS QUARTET. Its repertoire ranges from Bartók to Ives to Mingus to Howlin' Wolf. Kronos has played all over the world and on *Sesame Street*. Look for their latest album, *Black Angels*, and if you don't catch them in concert, American Public Radio has a ten-part series in the works for the fall. Kronos makes the classics rock.

© 1990 SCOTT DOWNIE/CELEBRITY PHOTO

Peek-a-Boobs

Actress ANDREA THOMPSON joined the cast of *Falcon Crest* to play the vain, ambitious Genele Ericson. You also saw Andrea in *Wall Street* and *Doin' Time on Planet Earth*. We've caught her doing hang time.

DEBORAH FEINGOLD

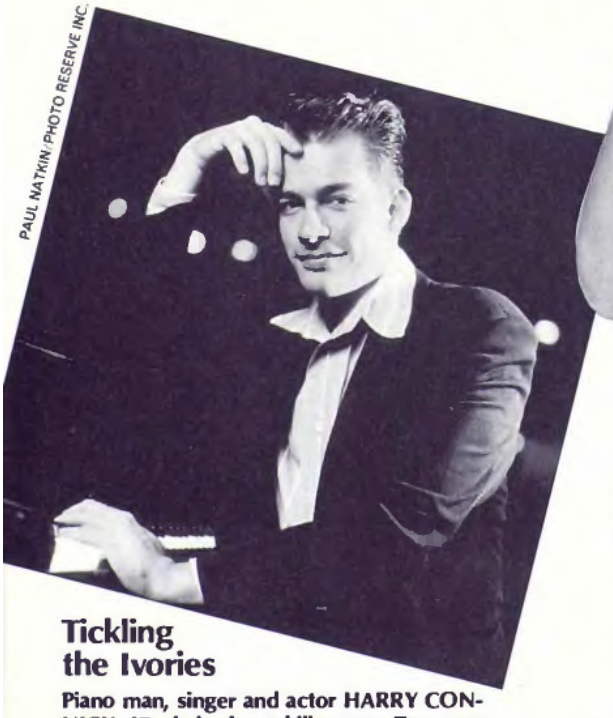
Walkin' the Dog

As a singer, CAROLE DAVIS wants to be the ambassadress of hip-hop. Listen to *Heart of Gold* to see if she succeeds. As an actress, Davis is in *Shrimp on the Barbie* with Cheech Marin. We give her an A for effort.

© NICK CHARLES

Bang the Drum, Slowly

JOEY KRAMER of Aerosmith has a provocative drum kit. The band will be on tour throughout the year, with a stop in the Far East, and *Pump* has gone triple platinum. Joey's keeping time.



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Tickling the Ivories

Piano man, singer and actor HARRY CONNICK, JR., is having a killer year. Two new albums were released last month. He's currently touring with a 30-piece big band, and in August, he'll debut in *Memphis Belle*, a movie about a B-52 bomber crew. We're wild about Harry.

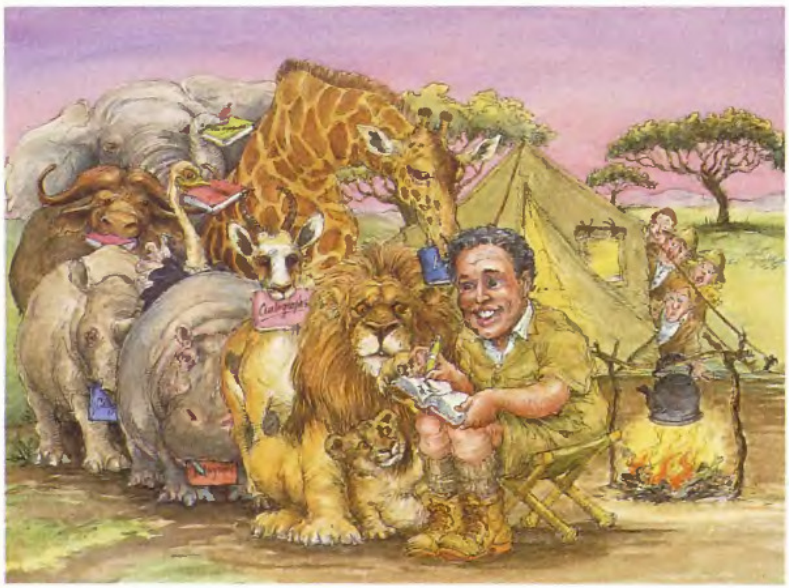
Uncovering the Bare Facts

Is actress TAMRA CARRERA ready for summer? You've seen her on *Baywatch* and *Jake and the Fatman* and in *Back to the Future II*. Tonight you'll see her in your own beach-blanket fantasy—courtesy of us.

ALAN HOUGHTON

IT'S SHOWER CURTAINS FOR THE BRONX

When Murray Leffers, who designs and manufactures bathroom accessories, spotted some graffiti in Manhattan, he tracked down the local "artists," a Bronx gang, the TC Mob, whom Leffers commissioned to create a 20′ x 30′ wall of street art. Leffers photographed the result, named it *Cityscape* and had it hand-screened in a reduced format onto a durable, waterproof canvas shower curtain that's guaranteed to perk up the most mundane bathroom with the look of chic urban blight. Cityscape is available from Gra' feeties, 3047 East Greenway Road, Phoenix, Arizona 85032, for $85, postpaid. Or phone 602-867-8821 to put the curtain on plastic. By the way, the city has whitewashed over the wall, so what you're buying is limited-edition shower art. Tell *that* to the TC Mob.



BEAVER IN THE BUSH

You all remember Jerry Mathers, who entered America's hearts and homes in 1957 as The Beaver in the TV show *Leave It to Beaver*. From October 20th to November third, The Beaver and his wife, Rhonda, will be trading the tree-lined streets of mid-America for darkest Africa, escorting a Kenya camera safari that includes first-class/deluxe accommodations at a number of stopovers, including Amboseli National Park, Mountain Lodge Tree Hotel, Samburu Game Reserve, Mount Kenya Safari Club, Masai Mara Game Reserve and Karen Estates, the home of Isak Dinesen, who wrote *Out of Africa*. Paul Merzig's Adventure Safaris Ltd., Eight South Michigan, Suite 2012, Chicago 60603, can provide all the details (312-782-4756). The price: $2566 per person, not including air fare. Leave it to Beaver!

BREWS FROM THE SOUTH

At $28 a pound, Jamaican Blue Mountain coffee from the Wallenford Estate is the most prized and most expensive cup of Java you can sip. So if you're feeling flushed and want to try some, J. Martinez & Company at 3230A Peachtree Road Northeast, Atlanta 30305, is a great place to start. The Martinez family has been involved with coffee for more than 100 years and its free catalog offers Blue Mountain as well as other terrific brews, such as Kenya AA and Hawaiian Kona Extra Fancy. Or call 800-642-JAVA.

KNOCKOUT RESORT

Safety Harbor Spa & Fitness Center in Safety Harbor, Florida, is more than just another pretty place to do aerobics and catch some rays. It also offers a boxing plan that includes room, meals, equipment, boxaerobics classes, massages, plus more, for prices that begin at $150 a day. And when you're not working out, you can watch the pros pummel one another. Call 813-726-1161 for more info, slugger.

HUNTING QUAYLE

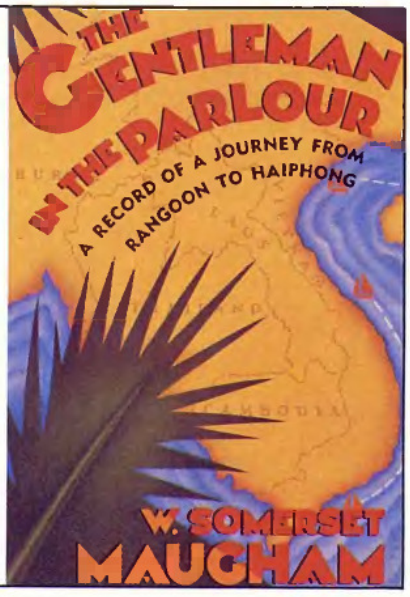
Poor Dan Quayle. While other Vice-Presidents quietly fade into the woodwork, Dan the Man has an entire quarterly newsletter—appropriately titled *The Quayle Quarterly*—devoted to his doings and undoings. The inaugural issue includes a review of *The Dan Quayle Quiz Book*, "Travel Tips for Number Twos" and even an ad for a Dan Quayle doormat. The price? Just $3.95, or $12 for a year's subscription sent to *The Quayle Quarterly*, P.O. Box 8593, Brewster Station, Bridgeport, Connecticut 06605. Stay healthy, George.

HAVE BOARD, WILL TRAVEL

If you've ever seen a photograph of a fleet of windsurfers stretching across a bay like a Chinese dragon, you've been looking at a Mistral One Design sailboard regatta. The Mistral One ($1795) is a durable version of the World Cup–winning Equipe. It comes with state-of-the-art components and a built-in schedule of racing and social events. Olympic medalist Scott Steele oversees the competitions; for the parties, you're on your own. For information, call 301-796-4755.

THE ROAD TO ADVENTURE

Long to leave the beaten path and go adventuring but don't want all the inconveniences of roughing it? Then Paragon House Armchair Traveller Series may be just your cup of tea, *bwana*. The series consists of paperback reissues of such out-of-print travel classics as John Steinbeck's *A Russian Journal*, Sir Francis Chichester's *Ride on the Wind* and W. Somerset Maugham's *The Gentleman in the Parlour*. The price: $10.95. Now, see if you can get your date to serve drinks wearing a sarong.

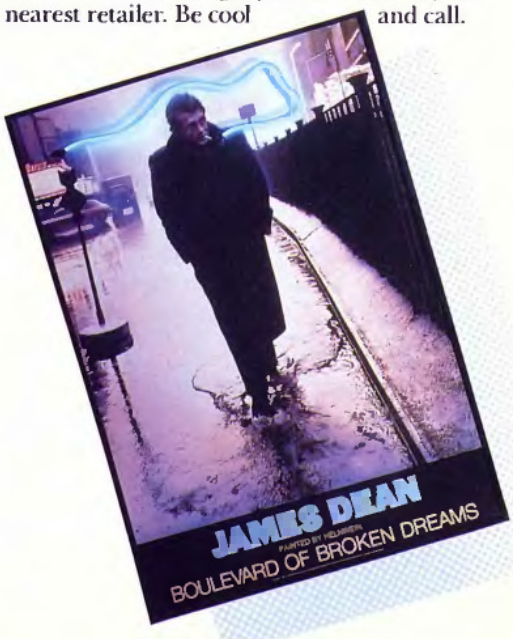


LAST NIGHT, WE DREAMED WE WENT TO MANDERLEY. . . .

For the 50th anniversary of Alfred Hitchcock's *Rebecca* starring Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine, the Voyager Company in Santa Monica has recently released a special Criterion Collection CAV laser video disc that includes original screen tests, a theatrical trailer, a Mercury Theater broadcast with Orson Welles and much more for $124.95. Or you can buy the CLV edition of the movie (no additional material) for $69.95.

LIGHTING UP WITH JAMES DEAN

The classic James Dean on Broadway poster has been around for years, but now a company named Neonize in Huntington Park, California, has brightened his hunkered-down image by adding a thin stream of blue-neon "smoke" wafting from his cigarette. The 40" x 28" poster, which sells for about $300, comes framed and ready to hang—all you do is plug it in. A call to the company at 800-776-NEON will get you the name of your nearest retailer. Be cool and call.



NEXT MONTH

MARILYN REMEMBERED

AARON'S SALVATION

MARRIED LIFE

HISTORY REPEATED

"SOME STILL LIKE IT HOT"—**RHONDA RIDLEY** AND **MARILYN MONROE** HAD SOMETHING IN COMMON. IF WE DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, WE'D SWEAR THEY SHARED THE SAME BODY. SO, IF YOU SUFFER FROM A SEVEN-YEAR ITCH, HERE'S A PICTORIAL FOR A PLACE YOU MAY NOT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO REACH BEFORE

"HANGING OUT WITH THE BUNDYS"—WHILE YUPPIES COCOON IN TV LAND, THE CREATORS OF THE SLASH-AND-BURN SITCOM *MARRIED . . . WITH CHILDREN* HAVE BEEN BUSY HATCHING THE RAUNCHY ANTIDOTE TO COSBYIZATION. A WEEK BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE OUTLAW CAST AND CREW—BY **PAMELA MARIN**

"AARON NEVILLE'S AMAZING GRACE"—HE WAS A LONGSHOREMAN, A THUG AND A DRUG ABUSER. BUT ABOVE ALL, HE'S A SINGER WITH THE SWEET, SOOTHING VOICE OF AN ANGEL—PROFILE BY **STEVE POND**

"FIGHTING THE WRONG WAR"—A TOUGH LOOK AT OUR INTERVENTION IN LATIN AMERICA ON BEHALF OF THE WAR ON DRUGS—AND HOW IT SEEMS A LOT LIKE THE LAST WAR WE LOST—BY **ROBERT STONE**

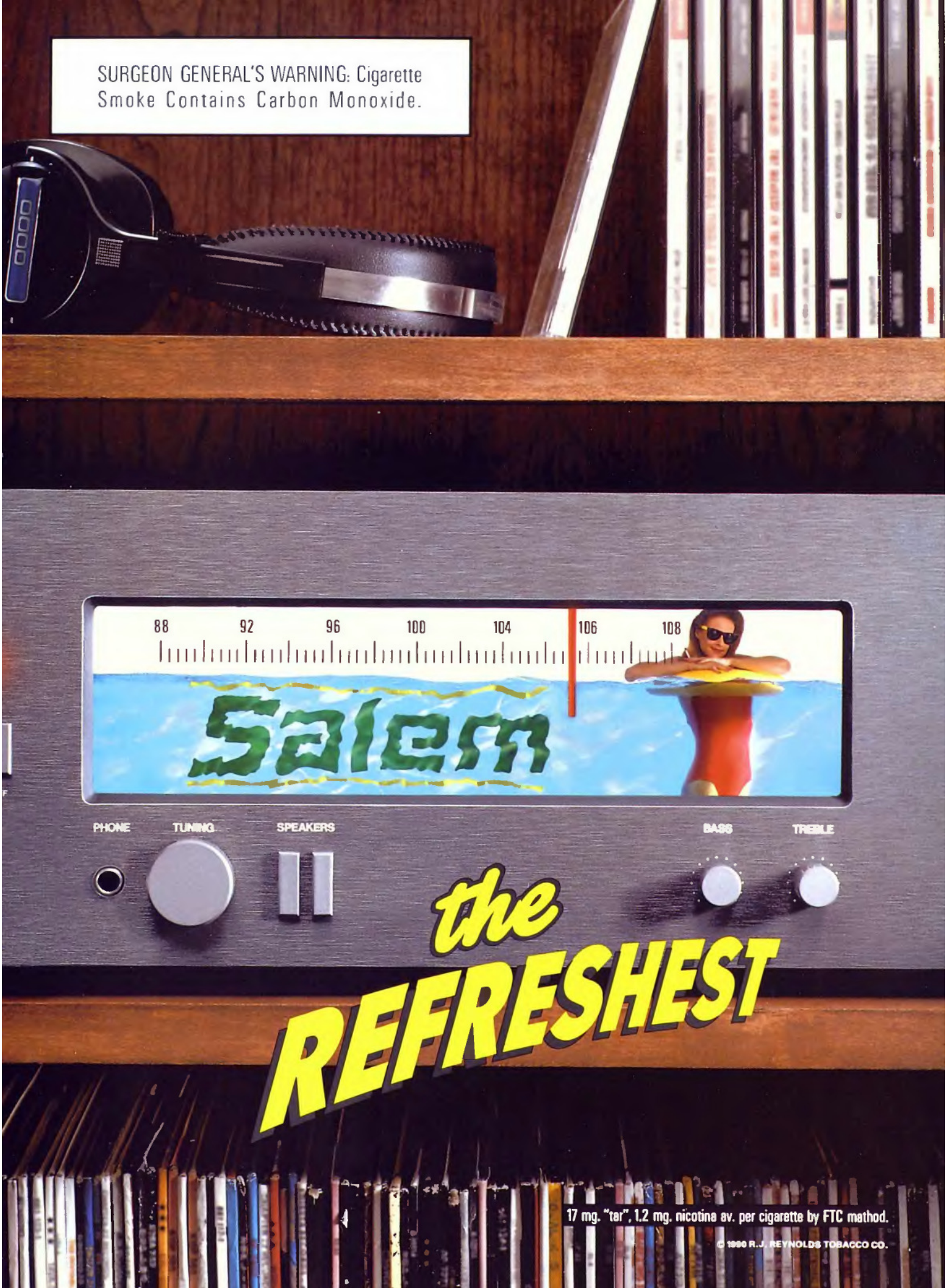
QUINCY JONES, THE TALENTED PRODUCER OF **MICHAEL JACKSON'S** *THRILLER* AND **STEVEN SPIELBERG'S** *THE COLOR PURPLE*, TALKS ABOUT JAZZ, RAP AND RACISM WITH *ROOTS* COLLABORATOR **ALEX HALEY** IN A WARM, REVEALING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"SENIOR LEAGUE BASEBALL"—THE BULL-PEN CATCHER OF FORT MYERS' SUN SOX CHRONICLES LIFE IN THE NOT-SO-BIG LEAGUES, PROVING YOU CAN'T KEEP AN OLD BASEBALL PLAYER DOWN—BY **RANDY WAYNE WHITE**

"THE ALL-CONSUMING"—A JAPANESE GOURMAND FAMOUS FOR FEATS OF INGESTION TRIES DELICACIES FROM A RADIOACTIVE RAIN FOREST—AND FINDS THEM TO BE AN ILLUMINATING EXPERIENCE—FICTION BY **LUCIUS SHEPARD**

"THE GAS-STATION CAPER AND OTHER TALES OF THE NIGHT"—THE BIGGER THE RISK, THE HOTTER THE SEX. MEMORABLE EROTIC ENCOUNTERS AS CONFESSED TO *MEN* COLUMNIST **ASA BABER**

PLUS: FASHION WITH A TWIST: BRITISH DESIGNER **PAUL SMITH** HAS A PASSION FOR THE OFFBEAT, BY **HOLLIS WAYNE;** MAKING A POWER PLAY FOR POWER BOATS—HOW TO PLAY WAVE JOCKEY ON THE BOUNDING MAIN, FROM A 16-FOOT DONZI RUNABOUT TO AN ARONOW ALPHA 45; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE


SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
88
92
96
100
104
106
108
Salem
PHONE
TUNING
SPEAKERS
BASS
TREBLE
the REFRESHEST
17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
© 1990 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

SOMEWHERE THERE'S A POOL OUT THERE WITH YOUR NAME ON IT.

AND OURS, TOO.

Budweiser,® Bud Light® and Bud Dry™ are giving away up to 100 in-ground Bud Label swimming pools this summer.

And you could be one of the lucky people who win one.

You can also get all kinds of other Budweiser label merchandise. Beach towels, lounge chairs, pool rafts and more. Just look for our display wherever you buy Budweiser, Bud Light and Bud Dry. Who knows? You may end up making a big splash with your friends.

WHEN IT COMES TO STAYING COOL, NOTHING BEATS A BUD.

Void where prohibited. © 1988 Anheuser-Busch, Inc. • St. Louis, MO